WHEN MAYFLOWERS BLOSSOM

A ROMANCE OF PLYMOUTH'S FIRST YEARS

ALBERT H. PLUMB

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A Romance of Plymouth's First Years

BY

ALBERT H. PLUMB

"What the fathers with greatest difficulty accomplished, do not basely abandon."
—Inscription in Latin upon the monument
of William Bradford at Burial Hill, Plymouth

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DEDICATION

Infinite Father, thy supremacy is sure. The multitudes of mankind, from age to age, appear and vanish. But thou hast revealed to us the continuance of life unceasing and joyous for all who worship thee. Heeding thy voice within them and in thy written Word, our fathers walked before thee in this world and have gone to thy supernal presence. For a season we remain. Help us who now are here, to fill our day with deeds acceptable to thee, and for the good of our fellows.

May this child of our gratitude reflect thy praise, and that of thine adorable Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. Let his empire of righteousness and peace now be established in all lands, and thy will be done on earth as in Heaven. Amen.

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In loving remembrance of my Father, Albert Hale Plumb, for half a century a minister of Christ in Boston and vicinity, and of the eighth generation from William Bradford, with gratitude for his leading me in the durable way of the Pilgrims.

FOREWORD

UNWILLING to trouble eagerly credulous minds, or persons of suspicious temperament, it seems best to help candid readers who wish to discriminate between the actual and the imaginary, by making certain statements concerning this historical romance.

Every event and circumstance mentioned with reference to Plymouth Colony, and all other historical narration, has been collated with most scrupulous regard for the truth. Following this principle, sentiment has been sacrificed without hesitation, wherever prosaic or unwelcome fact might have been colored by some pleasing fiction, or even by desirable supposition within the limits of possibility, which, however, lacked sufficient basis.

The leading, and often the only final, authorities are Bradford and Winslow, the one important for the long period his history covers, the other our great benefactor for the almost minute detail of his account of the first three years at Plymouth.

Outside of historic portrayal, the remaining contents of this book are generally unreal, though uniformly consistent with contemporary life. Native manners are carefully observed, Roger Williams being the most notable source of information, all whose observations do not pertain to the Rhode Island Indians alone.

Beyond what vital statistics and a few familiar declarations show concerning them and theirs, the acts of the

hero and heroine, John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley, are almost entirely the creation of fancy (exceptions being evident); as are their conversations and those of all other personages, with various attendant happenings of no colonial significance.

Some may wonder why, in the dialogues, there is an easy change, and seemingly without cause, between the ancient and modern uses of verbs and of pronouns in the second person. The King James Version of the Bible has an unbroken uniformity of archaic dignity. Also present poetry, whenever it adopts the ancient mode at all, is required by good taste to be consistent. It is not our purpose here to lay down certain apparent rules governing this changeable manner in the familiar conversation of the seventeenth century; but if any are in doubt, who look for the undeviating Scriptural style in the common talk of the Mayflower voyagers, we refer them to such classics of contemporary English as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the works of Shakespeare, as well as to Bradford's own history "Of Plimoth Plantation."

ALBERT H. PLUMB.

ANDOVER HILL.

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I

TEMPEST ON THE DEEP

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
(E'en such as these rude buffetings, perchance
Some day, will please the memory's backward glance.)
—VERGIL, *Æneid.*

THERE are places and objects so intimately associated with the world's greatest men or with mighty deeds, that the soul of him who gazes upon them is lost in a sense of reverent awe, as it listens to the voice that speaks from the past in words like those which came from the burning bush, Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. On the sloping hillside of Plymouth, such a voice is breathed by the brooding genius of the place, and the ear must be dull that fails to catch the whispered words.

The shore, the streets . . . of Plymouth, make the most deeply interesting and significant spot in the western hemisphere. Nay, I should go further than that and state that to an American at least, excepting only the Holy Land, pressed once by the feet of the Nazarene, there is no spot in the wide world that represents more to the discerning mind.

—ROGER WOLCOTT.

"MAN overboard!"

The cry of the forward watch found instant echo within the seamen's forecastle, whose occupants rushed forth to the rescue.

Almost as soon, up from the hatches poured the

male passengers, from their quarters in the waist of the Mayflower.

All eyes turned to the ship's side in the lee of the wind, where already a dozen sailors crowded the rail.

The good ship Mayflower was in trouble. All had gone remarkably well with her, from the final start until she was nearly half-way across the ocean, the north-northeast moderate gale holding day after day, as if to waft her straight to Virginia, though not until after a whole month's deplorable loitering on the English coast in company with her betrayed consort of then ironic name. When certain secretly conspiring managers had succeeded in their plot and withdrawn the little Speedwell, stopping the mysterious perforation and trimming her masts so that the strain and leakage ceased for later voyages; then the Mayflower, herself weighing only one hundred and eighty tons, fairly groaned with her supercargo of transferred passengers and freight, sinking in the water sufficiently even for fair weather.

Happily, the September equinoctial storms, usual in the North Atlantic, were delayed almost a fortnight. When the gathering tempests broke at last, and their continuous fury strove to atone for tardiness, it was then too late to turn back again toward the home-land; for the risks were about even for sailing west or east. Nevertheless it was only after much discussion, both on the part of passengers and crew, that the counsel of Captain Jones prevailed, who was as shrewd a ship's-master as he had been an unscrupulous, red-handed pirate and ex-convict. He was even at this

time evidently an unrecognized joint-thief of the Pilgrim colony, carrying them north of their intended destination, and hired by the unprincipled Sir Ferdinando Gorges; as the latter was willing to patronize colonists of moral worth, since his previous schemes of exploiting New England had failed on account, partly, of the unreliable character of the persons sent over.

No one could now doubt the sincerity of the rough mariner's decision to proceed. For was not their lot his own? And had not many of his profession frequently crossed the Atlantic, to one shore or another, and learned its severe tests? Thus they rested on the captain's assurance that his ship was neither old nor unsound beneath the water-line. And though others beside the women shuddered at the surging billows too near the main deck, even racing across it at times, yet such a craft while dangerously top-heavy fore and aft, careened the less because of her now more deeply submerged keel, weighted with extra cargo.

The story is familiar, of the great iron screw which has been termed "a turning-point in History," because of the doubtful outcome of the voyage but for its aid. Tremendous was the strain on the vessel's upper-works, to have cracked one of the largest beams, and necessitated its propping up. That done, all hands went to work with a will, caulking the crevices of the deck-boards. They accomplished this the more speedily, because the crew of thirty had little else to do when all sail was furled, and under bare poles she

lay "at hull," drifting in wind and tide, keeping her head rather against the gale. At its worst, however, few could be of use on deck, or could easily maintain their footing on the slippery, slanting surface. With a slow, heavy roll, monotonous and most trying, the bulky hulk also kept up its plunging motion, hardly less alarming, now rising like a rocking-horse on the crest of a liquid mound, again subsiding low in the succeeding trough, with dreary alternation varied only by an occasional access of ferocity in the wind and answering wave. Then men set their teeth, wondering whether she would founder, or right herself yet again. Oh, the weary waiting of an hour, nay, of a day and night, or more, when only waiting remains for human flesh to do! A number of such tempests beat upon the Pilgrim bark.

During "a mighty storm," as Master Bradford spoke of it, John Howland, "a lusty young man," ventured above for some purpose. He emerged at a moment when the scene was enough to kindle his soul, its savage sublimity fascinating his gaze. And the danger was not so apparent, when for some seconds the ship stood in motionless suspense on the summit of a hillock of water.

But alas for Howland! In all things insecure, the higher the ascent, the more horrible the descent. With a mad plunge, making her inmates hold their breath, the much vexed Mayflower fell over into the abyss. Our admirer of nature, having neglected to step where he could lay hold of something, before he knew what had happened lost his balance and slid down the for-

ward deck, in a twinkling cleared the rail, and fell from the ship.

It was well for the venturesome youth that from the mainmast there depended the topsail halliards, which had trailed overboard as the vessel lay, with rudder lashed to leeward, riding out the storm. Even in the instant's fruitless struggle, the ready wits of Master Carver's secretary asserted themselves. As he met the nearing water below, he reached for the curling coil of rope afloat upon its surface, and seized it with the grip of a dying man. The part grasped proved to be the whipping end of the cordage, which of course went down with him some distance.

With the water's hideous gurgling in his ears, Howland only tightened his hold; and the rope came taut more quickly, because to his weight was added the force of his fall. And the superincumbent liquid mass was not enough to resist the rebound, which aided the natural return of his air-filled body. With the celerity of desperation and the agility of a drowning cat, he began to climb upward hand over hand, never miscalculating his actions and wasting no precious breath by his exertions, his mind meanwhile singularly alert and cool under the very stimulus of the deathly crisis.

"O priceless air!" he wished rather than thought. For despite his heroic, persevering endeavors, the rope still kept him under, because like a plumb-line it had sunk to perpendicular close to the keel. The impact against the hard wood was not enough to stun him; rather, its solidity lent courage, and instinctively he

pressed his feet against the ship's side to aid his ascent. That was a long minute in the life of John Howland. Memory held it vivid ever thereafter. Just before the growing roar in his head would have given way to the dizziness which destroys energy, he felt a tug and lift at this his veritable thread of life. As he opened his eyes a moment to look upward, the awful darkness, hitherto unrealized, changed to gray, then quickly to an assuring light hue. The fearful fluid broke from before his face, and a draught of October ozone rushed sweetly to his nostrils.

Then came a critical reaction upon his enduring brain. When he felt the upper pull resuming, whose rhythm had paused at the gladdening sight of him, immediately he darted one hand out in protest, then as quickly returned it to its life-and-death tenacity. To those many intently focused optics, his flushed face, and panting, open mouth welcoming its natural element, were eloquent of his need for an instant of rest.

The instant sufficed. The dimness threatening his senses, and the weakness creeping to his fingers, happily came too late. The muscular desire to relax vanished, replaced by an insurging terror at his still doubtful predicament. Directly they saw him bend about the rope with no uncertain clutch.

"Ready there now!" they warned him. And together the sailors hauled on the line, to which he simply clung without more climbing. From a porthole, daringly opened at the moment most suited to the action of the surge, a friendly board had shot out when he appeared, on which his feet had rested a moment, for

well they knew the firmness of his hold was quite as necessary as theirs, and it was evident his undesired dive had greatly weakened him.

Another second he swayed in mid-air before they had him fully up; then a long pole with sharp boat-hook was carefully advanced beside him, gently seeking a convenient place in his clinging wet clothes. It grappled his doublet, and fast as many stout arms could take up the weighted pole and rope, they landed their aquatic prize, most unwilling companion of fishes.

The uproarious cheer of the men over their success died out suddenly, and sank to the silence of pity. The passengers' grizzly-bearded Governor Carver had clasped his assistant and friend, all dripping, in his arms, claiming him with speechless joy; when with a languid look of recognition, Howland slid from the venerable embracing form and lay in a faint on the deck, lifeless and white now as a corpse.

No time was to be lost. The angry sea, cheated of its intended victim, lashed itself in redoubled wrath, as though, if it were not granted one, it would demand all. If such was the design of Neptune, he was near to victory. The men knew it. They realized it lacked but little that their whole company should be overthrown and engulfed, with no witness to relate the tragedy to the world. Watching their chance, the sailors made a dash for their forecastle, or crept there by aid of the life-lines now gotten out. The Pilgrims, with their own hired seamen, Trevore and Ely, took up the limp body of the rescued one; and, with an

eye for their not over-well senior, all hung upon Howland's rope now aboard, proceeded cautiously to the hatches, then hastily disappeared below.

The incident which was almost a tragedy was not unnoticed by Captain Thomas Jones, who watched his subordinate officers throughout. Though ready in case of need, he regarded the event with a professional nonchalance: and later observed to the reporting mate, that if the young fool had got his deserts he would have made them less trouble and risk; that he was a fair sample of the whole daft lot; and as for himself, he would thank his stars on the first night he was rid of them. His remarks were interspersed with a plentiful peppering of profanity.

Then, with better mental industry, he listened to his fellows' proposition to lighten the ship. The weather worked on his temper, but his shrewdness did not fail. Knowing peace to be politic, especially in relation to the powerful patrons at home, he contented himself with growling about the overload of accursed stuff belonging to those pious fanatics; and agreed that if the gale increased at all, he must insist on sacrificing something. The man of the sea, inured as he was to its capricious behavior, added this far from cheering confession, "May foul fiends roast me, if ever I saw sorrier sight than this, saving but once, in an East India typhoon; that passes all else."

The storm did not increase. Though its intensity continued throughout the dull sunless day, with an occasional incubus of black cloud rolling the lone voyager in deeper twilight, yet before thicker gloom

again settled down upon the wide wilderness of water, the three rocking masts began to reduce their arc perceptibly, and no longer seemed likely to snap and come crashing down. Despite the still continuous creaking of the sides and the pounding shock of huge billows, the more experienced navigators discerned a diminution in the force of the onset. The vanguard of Boreas had passed. His wet war-lions, with foaming teeth and roars of disappointment, slowly retired, skulking and sulky; for their impetuous charge had failed. And though a fierce host of saline forces assailed the wooden fortress during many days, with slight intervals to distinguish their grand divisions, no oceanic foe displayed more titanic rage than this tempest, and its leader that cracked the beam.

Next morning when the sun rose murky red, like a wounded warrior in flowing blood lifting himself from a battlefield, the occupants of the besieged castle lay in a heavy sleep, their ears jaded with the martial din, their bodies worn with tossing to and fro.

II

STEPPING-STONES TO PLYMOUTH ROCK

SPEAKING in general, all Pilgrims were Puritans. . . .

Had there not been first a Puritan there would have been no Pilgrim to write a new chapter in the story of Christianity and human progress. Had there been no Pilgrim to emphasize with heroic daring and large sacrifice his sense of the need of reformation in the conduct of religious life and in the management of ecclesiastical affairs, Puritanism, in all probability, would have been like one of those western streams which starts in the mountains, and is clear and vigorous in its flow for a while, but before it reaches the ocean is lost in the sands. . . .

The truth uttered by Wycliffe, so long before the great German Reformer had acted his part in the sublime drama of human progress, baffled and arrested though it was, never lost its hold on the English mind. The light shed by Wycliffe, who with justice has been called "The Morning Star of the Reformation," obstructed and refracted though it was, never wholly faded out of the English sky. The seed scattered by Wycliffe, who was following the Master in His spiritual husbandry, trodden underfoot though it was by the iron hoof of blind persecution, never ceased to hold in it a germinating power. From Wycliffe's time on Puritanism was in the air.

—*The Pilgrims:* FREDERICK A. NOBLE.

WHO were these men and women, with children, that were wending their way at this time over the unfathomed deep, or drifting helplessly upon its agitated bosom? What was their quest, and what the antecedents to their marvellous purpose?

The untraced path of the Mayflower forms a lengthened telescope, through which the inquiring eyes of a nation, nay, of many peoples in Christendom, peer wonderingly, pondering on those causes which produced an exodus so strange.

As our observation sweeps slowly through the ages, certain outstanding features appear.

The geographical procession of the continents would seem, to a superhuman being regarding them at a distance, like the rough-forged shoe of some incredibly immense Bellerophon, with more correctness than the imaginary shapes of constellations appeared to astronomers of old. The far Oriental interior, or toe-piece, of this huge horse-shoe; also its left end, comprising Africa; and its right side, forming the Pan-American continents, for a long time lay shrouded in mystery, not only to us Caucasians but to all the world outside the respective sections named.

Comparatively early in the day of striding bipeds known as men, in that third millennium before Christ, while the Euphrates and the Nile were witnessing almost prehistoric achievements of mortal renown, India's mighty triangle received the inrush of her human hosts; and along the Asiatic centre the Mongols swarmed toward the Yellow River and the shores of

far Cathay. These outlying Oriental peoples became so separated from the rest of their kind, that whatever records may be gleaned concerning their earliest conduct, must be accepted mainly at their hand. It was not very long before the coming of the despised Nazarene, that Alexander reputed Great, after smashing decayed governments in his ambitious adventures, disclosed to western knowledge the land of the Sanskrit bards, and wept that his Macedonians would not let him do more. And up in the very heart of Asia, the old Kalgan stone has testified to the rapidly increased following of the Babe of Bethlehem. Except for these two liftings, the curtain of obscurity separated ancient farther Asia for æons, from our gaze.

In the present time of much vaunted breadth of mind, often by its very latitude dissipating to the thinness of mist that which should be sound and substantial, men do not need in religion the lesson of the church in Alexandria, whose leaders' acrimonious discussions as to whether, for instance, an angel could stand on a needlepoint or not, prevented the growth of Christianity in Africa, and invited its actual overthrow by the scimitar of the Saracen. For that reason, and because of difficulties of access, this tip of the great terraneous horse-shoe remained a mystery close to Europe; and the enigma of the Nile was solved only within the nineteenth century lately passed, while the Congo, curving northward like a defiant bow, was uncovered but a generation ago.

In this list of the long unknown, what of America? How soon her dusky denizens arrived, rearing their

tremendous mounds, erecting their Aztec palaces, and tunnelling through mountains at the behest of proud Incas, is known to no present resident of our planet. Rumors are rife here, and speculation supplements them. Certain it is, that prehistoric man was well established in the two most western continents, as surely as in those other two western which are tied to old Mother Asia.

The ethnic effects of the delimitation of land by water, are important. As political Europe was made possible by the partition of the Spanish headland from the Moorish coasts, and by the conversion of primal lacunar basins into the Mediterranean "Great Sea," so on a grander scale the whole Eastern Hemisphere was left separate, to keep not only its joys and prosperity, but its sorrows and failures, all to itself, apart from the vast West. This was well, till mankind might grow in knowledge and wisdom.

The secret beyond the seas was not to be withheld too long. It was divulged slowly but surely, after the high tide of Arabic and Ottoman monotheism, less pure than the Hebrew belief, had thundered, through nearly despairing Dark Ages, against Terra's most diminutive continent, both on its south and at its very centre, threatening the infancy of Christianity there in Europe, the latter herself scarcely emerged from the uncertain combination of northern barbarism and effete southern civilization.

The solving of the Occidental riddle, with its latent new opportunity for humanity, was accomplished first by certain of our racial fellows who kept it to them-

selves, because to us they could not reveal it. The continents of their discovery made them exiles for ever. Probably much later, in our far north-east, along the curving nautical course between Iceland and Greenland pointing to Labrador, the well attested voyages of the Norsemen were made, to their Vinland, America's New England.

These last described their way hitherward when our globe had whirled around its annual orbit not over a thousand times, or thereabouts, after the Galilean carpenter wrought his wonders. To Leif Erikson, at the time of Christianity's introduction to Iceland, belongs the honor of the first discovery of America recorded with clearness sufficient to dispel all doubt. He was impelled to the search, by the storm-tossed Bjarni Herjulfson's previous sight of strange wooded shores unlike those of Greenland. The subsequent zealous expeditions of the Northmen, consistently narrated, and their temporary settlement on our New England coasts, all ceased, when to other hardships was added the plague.

Their predecessors here left evidences of at least preponderating Asian strain, rather than Iberian and Transatlantic derivation. And though Chinese junks, presumably directed by their own discovered mariner's compass, are said to have been occasionally found on the Pacific coast as far back as the era of Spanish exploration, the bulk of immigration was undoubtedly over the adjacent Arctic lands of Siberia and Alaska. Our natives at Bering Straits now frequently cross to the other continent in their little fishing boats.

Dim as these beginnings appear, one need not go so far as to consider prehistoric American myths and wholly untenable propositions as to the influx of our genus. But in regard to the immediate successors of the Icelandic pioneers on our soil, the evidences of the Welsh entry under their exiled Prince Madoc, and of their gradual absorption among the aborigines during seven centuries thereafter, were so repeatedly shown by witnesses in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that this claim should now command the same respect it formerly did.

Not only, however, did the prows of Scandinavian sea-dogs cut the salt spume; not only, again, may the Cambrian chronicles correctly claim that their brave navigators steered westward, trained to adventure beside the tempestuous cliffs of Wales; but another severe naval school, the notorious Bay of Biscay, sent forth later its experienced pupils toward the setting sun, presumably in the wake of the Cabot brothers. Jacques Cartier, a leading pioneer himself, found numerous Basque whalers in the St. Lawrence Gulf, quite familiar with that region, to which they had given names. But they were seeking neither fame nor fields. They earned their livelihood from the sea, as fishermen, and they wanted neither competition nor colonization.

There was then little general interest abroad, in the vague shores supposedly about the same whether west or east of Greenland, or anywhere near its lonely latitude. The recollection of a fair western Vinland of previous centuries, had now faded from the prac-

tical, unimaginative northern mind, though preserved in well-guarded records. And what idea could the Basque sailors have had, of the wide extent of these unknown abodes of savage men and ferocious beasts, beyond their own chilly resorts? Doubtless they rejoiced with their welcoming families, when home again in France after their arduous annual tours. Although the Anglicized Cabots at Labrador had rediscovered the American mainland, bringing it for the first time to the notice of Europe as a whole, just before Columbus, having found various islands, discovered the South American continent, nevertheless people remained comparatively indifferent much of the time, later explorers' terrible disasters or mysterious disappearances cooling every outburst of public enthusiasm.

It is a singular honor which Italy enjoys, that beside sending her imperial governors over pagan Europe, she furnished to her former maritime provinces of Spain and Britain Cristoforo Colombo and that venturesome Venetian, Gabotto, forerunners of exploration in South and North America. The honor of originating the name of these united continents was allowed Amerigo Vespucci because, though not specially prominent in discovery, he was able to give to the world the first intelligible chart of the Western Hemisphere as far as then ascertained.

Though Spain, founder of the oldest European town in North America, was so checked by the continued, impetuous resistance of the Florida natives that at one time her government forbade further expeditions hitherward, nevertheless she slowly came to

occupy the lands of tropical fertility. For had not Pope Alexander VI, the recognized head over heathen tribes, drawn a line from pole to pole in magnificent allotment of all the Western Hemisphere to Spain and Portugal? This papal decree for a long time caused the inaction of such English kings as were either sympathetic or afraid. Thus the Spanish name of Florida lay over the entire Atlantic seaboard, which had soon been found to border a land not identical with India, and large enough of itself.

Then a woman came to the British throne, who dared to give to Sir Walter Raleigh, a man who was the mirror of his times, the right to claim for England all North American territory "not actually possessed of any Christian Prince or People." So was confirmed the long-neglected authority given by Henry the Seventh to John and Sebastian Cabot. Raleigh made, in vain, an attempt at English settlement in 1584, when Queen Elizabeth bestowed the name of Virginia, in her own praise, upon all her territory in the West.

Yet as Virginia had the power of Spain on her south, so to the north France was long allowed, even by treaty, to hold the country entered by Cartier, the Stanley of the St. Lawrence and Canada, and covered by Samuel de Champlain. New France, destined to endure long enough to give a lasting character to Canada, was extended to the Great Lakes and the Father of Waters, reaching around through the *hinterland* till it touched Spanish territory on the south. Not only the fur-traders, who were averse to colonizing projects, but the Jesuits, those intrepid heralds

of the Cross, penetrated far, and displayed a marvellous fortitude.

And just before the English settled at Jamestown, heroic de Champlain, whose personally discovered lake by the Green Hills of Vermont is a lovely reminder of his life, surveyed the northern coast, and left a recognizable map and description of the final harbor of the Pilgrims. No sooner had the English taken a site in Virginia, than rocky Quebec, the key to Canada, was occupied by Champlain, on the third of July, 1608.

In the same year of Jamestown's beginning, 1607, the English Plymouth Company built fifty houses, an intrenched fort, a church and storehouse, on the Kennebec River in Maine. But after winter had frozen their harbor, fire razed their fort, and death slain their leader, the Popham colony was abandoned.

To this general section, "the parts of Northern Virginia," the name of New England was given in 1614, by Captain John Smith, the Jamestown hero, who thereafter wrote his famous and eloquent treatise urging settlement here. He was disappointed that the Mayflower expedition did not solicit his guidance.

But before the colony in Maine endured its one winter, indeed before any English visitor had built an abode in New England, almost in the very opening of the seventeenth century, Bartholomew Gosnold, boldly taking a more direct route across the ocean which shortened that dread voyage by fifteen hundred miles, came straight to the Massachusetts north shore; then found and named Cape Cod; and erected a storehouse of stone on a pond at Cuttyhunk, the outmost

of the Elizabeth Islands, which comprise the present town of Gosnold. But from fear of their numerous foes, his little company soon forsook their refuge, the first English dwelling-place in New England, even as their compatriots, sent by Raleigh, had either perished or forsaken Virginia before the founding of Jamestown. Similarly, the fishing settlement of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who established the British claim in the north, at Newfoundland, in 1583, had been abandoned for a time, following his death at sea.

The first child of English parentage in America was Virginia Dare, born at Roanoke Island, August 18, 1587, her mother one of the seventeen women under the fort's brief protection, her grandfather the annually visiting Governor, John White. Raleigh repeatedly sought in vain for any trace of this colony. Their generation who shall declare? Presumably it ceased, or was fused with aboriginal blood.

The first specimen of English literature regarding America was John Smith's account of the settlements, entitled " True Relation of Virginia," written in 1608, and published the same year in London, shortly before Henry Hudson found the river which was named for him, at the site of New Amsterdam.

Such were the historical antecedents, the march of ethnic events, leading to the advent of the Pilgrim Forefathers and their residence in Northern Virginia, latterly called New England.

And what was their own reason for coming?

The English Reformation, in the grand program of Europe's Renaissance, had indeed created a national

Established Church, independent of Rome: but ecclesiastical conduct by the Thames came to resemble that by Tiber, so much at one time, that Puritans sought to give the English Church a truly spiritual character; and their more forward Separatists, or Independents, could not even remain in that Church, considering its elaborate formalities and political complexion to be no better than a second, and smaller, rival papacy. This view was far from agreeable to king and clergy. Persecution waxed bitter. Yet Puritans and Independents increased in numbers and in recognized godliness. Their movement acquired such momentum as to win much popular favor; and they were enrolled by the thousand. Their enemies derisively designated the Separatists as Brownists, after a discouraged leader who left them; and the whole Puritan constituency were taunted with the contemptuous name of Round-heads, because many of the men cropped their hair, in revolt from the effeminate tresses of others, and the general luxury and laxity of the time.

When, because of governmental violence, life itself came to be an uncertainty in the Motherland, the Separatists sought exile in place of imprisonment, confiscation, and death; since to disobey conscience they would not. They believed the saying of John Robinson, who became one of their most beloved leaders: "Religion is the best thing; the corruption of it, the worst."

The young Netherlands Republic, exulting in its escape from the grip of Spain, afforded a happy haven

to all who suffered for their faith. Thither fled the Pilgrims, as these English Separatists termed themselves. There they rested; for William the Silent, the hero of Holland, had been asked "to maintain the exercises only of the Reformed Evangelical religion, without, however, permitting that inquiries should be made into any man's belief or conscience, or that any injury or hindrance should be offered to any man on account of his religion." The world had long waited for such an attitude of civil government.

Holland had entered upon her era of excellent development, in things metaphysical and material. The Pilgrim congregations were received in a spirit of kind toleration, and prospered spiritually; while their bread-winners busied themselves in various honest trades, for the space of about twelve years.

Then the natural desire prevailed, not to be absorbed in a people of strange tongue and nationality; and they hoped to be allowed to live by themselves undisturbed, in some distant colony under the British Crown. Finally, the decision was reached, to embark for Virginia, there to establish their homes and temples. And this was the purpose of the Pilgrim voyagers.

Such purpose was in keeping with the temper of the age. Blind formalism failed to perceive the strength of this genius of protest and progress, and fought against it with a ferocity that was only equalled by stupidity. Proud conventionality, in its medieval mood fancying itself secure, had been aroused from slumber too late to preserve its mastery.

But note the mental processes in the religious move-

ment of centuries, forced to its final happy expression, in the English instance, through the hostility of King James and the narrow order of spirit which he most fittingly represented.

In the boyhood of Jesus of Nazareth, the supreme governmental machine which permitted his crucifixion made its last offensive campaign, and disastrously, against the Germanic power, in the Teutoburg Forest of the North, to the consternation of Cæsar Augustus and the perpetual glory of Hermann. From that time, the fallen republic which with base inertia placed all its hard-earned popular offices in one deified man, the empire which could tolerate the actual enslavement of persons superior to their brutalized masters, this sickly, voluptuous shadow of departed Roman valor was only able, by aid of its hired barbarian soldiery, to maintain the defensive against the coming race, the hardy ancestors of Luther. These men talked with enterprising traders from the supposedly eternal city; they felt the pressure of savagery behind and the lure of Italian landscapes before them, while their vigorous and virtuous women nursed a numerous increase. Also the Gospel of Pilate's Victim came among their border tribes, when but three centuries had rolled from the dark hour of Calvary; and the Empire, by recognizing Christianity under Constantine, was the more prepared for the influx of strange northern blood.

Then when, as a degraded and restricted Western Empire, Rome was about to draw its last gasp, Bishop Leo saved the capital city from the atrocities of those horrible little Orientals, the Huns, in a marvellously

successful embassy to their conquering leader Attila. Popular gratitude was unbounded, and it was just. However, it was only a respite, for the hitherto slow decline of imperial Rome was now hastening to its final fall.

But unhappily that vestige of former power did not utterly vanish until it had seen the secularization of the Christian Church within it, and a gradual lapse from early apostolic purity. The original spirituality of the body of believers on the Tiber, that faith which had survived many pagan persecutions, was afterwards rewarded first by the toleration of government, and lastly by its sympathy. Then, in the crumbling of that government, Christianity became unequal to the temptation of temporal power. Its ecclesiastical head, now receiving political responsibility, was flattered with the title of " Papa," in the people's affectionate recognition of his protection amid the barbaric chaos. Such was the origin of the later official title of Pope. And its paternalism was excessive. Leo the First, instead of being humbly thankful to Providence for the strange turning away of the Asiatic scourge, seemed to be elated with a sense of superiority over Church and State, and the vision of unlimited worldly splendor, shrewdly promoted by religious pretence.

Here was Cæsar revived under the safe covering of churchly armor. Neither the daring Julius nor the adroit Octavius would have known such a son in their room, but the genius was much the same; and the ruling personality again accepted a veneration that

was practically an idolatrous deification. Declarations as to the authority and inerrancy of the professed ambassador of Jesus Christ on earth, blasphemously assumed certain prerogatives and functions belonging to Divinity alone.

It mattered not that the new despotism was disguised under an enormous incubus of sacred terms and conventionalities. The mask increased the menace. The ruse of employing ecclesiasticism to hide political cupidity and universal covetousness, operated so successfully that, notwithstanding centuries of remonstrance, it has never been abandoned.

Nevertheless, with all this accretion of Christless characteristics, there was still found an element of true religion, lowly and unpretentious and befitting mortal creatures. Men of God were by no means wanting, willing to be hidden under the heavenly glory of the Master they proclaimed. Gregory the Great, the first Pope and one of the best, joined with Archbishop Augustin and King Ethelbert in the establishment of Christianity among the Saxons, at hoary Canterbury, first city of the faith in England. With all her errors, errors unperceived at first by the sincere, Rome was our spiritual mother. And only her usurpation of divine offices and civil rights would justify the severe denunciation that has followed her. The monasteries stood like castles above the wild social disorder, the feudal fragments of states; and within their quiet walls were conserved both religion and learning, till Europe came from its seething crucible a vessel of form and stability. The Teutonic peoples,

checked in their course as they neared the Atlantic, rested from their roving life; and seeing the benefit of planted fields in Italy, they began to make clearings in their native forests and drained their swamps, instructed largely by those earlier monks who, far from the luxurious ease of Rome, toiled as faithful heralds of Christ.

Eventually, however, the Church of Rome, standing unchallenged over the ashes of ancient magnificence, became intoxicated with power; and extended a baleful influence over the lands of her missionary enterprise, seeking to dominate their local rulers, in secular affairs as well as in sacred matters. In thus descending from her proper sphere, the mother disgraced before her children her own self and that Holy Name she had told them. She lost the simplicity of the spiritual life, and sank to the level of her material avocations. In point of interest, they became her main vocation.

The bitter fruitage of this policy soon showed itself. Europe had been rescued from the unspeakable Hunnish hordes, and the Germanic irruption was becoming a blessing rather than a curse; but her corrupted Christianity required flagellation by the Moslem, the fierce Ishmaelite inured to conflicts in the desert, and desperate with the courage of fatalism. To save even her nominal Christianity, the Holy Roman Empire arose and formed a long, solid wall from south to north, composed of old Roman traditions, fresh Germanic might, and vast ecclesiastical assumption. This combination was effectual for the preservation of

political Europe during a long period; but its very success foreshadowed its fall, because of the increase, to an intolerable degree, of effrontery and audacity on the part of the reputed representative of Christ. When at one time a papal minion kicked from him, in cool contempt, the crown of England, pious arrogance struck at itself.

This medley of piety and politics knew no bounds. It carefully placed on record, as for its own condemnation, obtainable statements that have never been retracted or effaced, affirming absolute right over all civil states and over every human mind, and declaring to be evil the toleration of other forms of Christian belief as on an equal standing with itself.

Such a condition could not indefinitely remain unchallenged. The inability of the Crusaders to wrest the Holy Land from the Mohammedan grasp, revealed the weakness of the papal, pseudo-Christian paganism, the disguised idolatry of things ritual, in conjunction with sincere yet fanatical devotion in semi-barbarous breasts. But the density of popular ignorance was partially dispelled by contact with the Orient, in those calamitous Wars of the Cross. Europe was liberated from its intense provincialism, and, while solidified by religious federation, became susceptible to the best which the older continent could offer, particularly in the establishment of commercial relations. Through such interchange, the free Italian cities, and various northern marts, prospered. Diplomatic reciprocity also developed, in some instances. And the way was

opened for the gradual reception of the literary and scientific wealth of Asia.

All this did not make for the security of the Roman Babylon, as the papal power was sometimes named in the days of its undisturbed tyranny. Insurrection, incipient Protestantism, increased. Even as early as the introduction of Christianity into far-away Iceland and the discovery of America by the Northmen at the end of the first Christian millennium, and following the darkest of the Dark Ages, there were visible signs of protest against the depravity of the Roman Church.

The failure of the Crusades, to restore to Palestine the Cross without its Christ, was a lesson unheeded by the hierarchy, which then began to vent its venom at home, in the indescribable refinements of cruelty Inquisitorial. In the sable-draped, subterranean Chamber of Horrors, again the true saints of Jesus Christ refused to recant, as they had done in the days of imperial persecution. Heroic men and women, humanity's true nobles, calmly accepted those prolonged and elaborated torments which were resorted to in the Romish determination to rule. But such measures betokened the fact that sanctified rapacity had beclouded reason, and was sure to awaken dissent in multitudes long quiescent.

In process of time the art of printing fostered general learning, and prepared the way for the Reformation's magnificent outburst from the fetters of the Dark Ages, dark with priestly hypocrisy and popular superstition. The Greek Church, for political reasons

cordially hating the Church of Rome which it closely resembled, invited humiliation by the Turkish devastation, only lately broken in appreciable degree; though the last of the Mayflower Pilgrims lived to see the day when three hundred thousand Turks were hurled back from the heart of Europe, flying in terror from the gates of besieged Vienna under an eclipse of the moon which Moslem banners represent as crescent, and the King of Poland, John Sobieski, exclaimed as his unequal force advanced to battle, " Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thee be the glory."

Fourteen centuries had not elapsed from the Holy Nativity, before the Roman papacy was split betwixt north and south in the Great Schism, as if pierced by the Alpine heights, for a score of years. And no movement from within availed to revive her lost vigor and restore her purity. She remained deaf to persuasion by the honest within her fold. Human progress on a large scale was to be accomplished by a complete breaking away; although, as by allopathic treatment, Romanism has falteringly followed the Protestant advance, only as far as was necessary to save her face and not be quite cast aside, before the prevailing enlightenment.

But the European nations had been subjected to the Italian blight for too many centuries, to emerge entirely untainted. Protestantism earned a glorious freedom, yet the marks of previous mental training lingered for a time, and in some cases the Reformers even reverted to the old methods of intolerance and persecution. To a very prominent extent, this was

unhappily true in England, where the Protestant Reformation did not at first permeate the masses as in Germany, but awaited the Puritan movement as a second reforming principle, for the attainment of spiritual health and mental breadth.

And in some respects, notwithstanding their true excellence of character, even the Puritan advance was not quite free from intellectual narrowness, as was discernible in the colonies on Massachusetts Bay. It remained for their more aggressive branch, the Independents, to display a nobility of thinking unimpaired by the errors of the past. Here, among these Separatists, the liberation appears final, the most happy fruitage of the long Protestant struggle, in its English example.

The Puritan breadth to be more generally reached in the eighteenth century, was destined to remain. Its metal was so well wrought in the opposing fires, that it did not crumble or become shattered. The liberal license of thought which broke out early in the nineteenth century, was in reality not an advance on that which was essentially complete, and as demonstrated and final as mathematical truth; rather, that liberal license was the perversion of the Puritan mind toward the extreme of spiritual anarchy, in the name of intellectual liberty. That sort of liberty, gone to seed in license, though often connected with humble piety and scholarship, yet found congenial soil in laxity of the ethical life, its special boast, and in weak thought confined to segments in the great circle of Truth.

Such, in general, were the stepping-stones to Ply-

mouth Rock. The actual witness itself, of pioneering prowess, is a little monolith; but it borders a continent. They who trod it were a feeble force, if ever there was one, and might well have provoked derision from the weak among colonial adventurers. Their temper let no man ridicule. That spirit, wherever found in any people, has been the choicest outcome of ages of wrestling and agony, and is still sustained, shining serene as diamond in the lustrous crown of Progress.

III

VIRGINITY FACES VIRGINIA

Lord, guide my hart, that I may doe thy will.
—From Lora Standish's sampler, in Memorial Hall, Plymouth.

LORD, almighty God, Maker and Ruler of all creatures, I beseech thee for thy great compassion, and for the token of thy holy cross, . . . and for love of all the holy things and their merits, that thou mayst guide me better than I do to thee; and direct me according to thy will and for the needs of my soul better than I myself know; and render my heart steadfast to thy will and to the needs of my soul; and strengthen me against the temptations of the Devil, and then remove from me vile lust and every unrighteousness and defend me against my adversaries, visible or invisible; teach me to do thy will, that I may worship thee fervently before all things, with a pure mind and a pure body. Because thou art my Creator and my Deliverer, my Support, my Comfort, my Trust, and my Hope, be praise and glory now and for ever and ever unto thee for the world without end. Amen.

—KING ALFRED, in his *Boethius*.

THE war-song of the deep, with all its wildly surging symphony, had sunk to a rest, by such silence to make more emphatic the crash of recurring sound, ere the Oratorio of Ocean should cease, for an audience compelled to hear it through.

Despite the restless working of the water as if in bitter recollection of its whipping by the wind, everybody aboard the Mayflower breathed more freely; and those who were well enough to stand, returned to their usual tasks; particularly the women, to their deferred cooking in the passengers' sand-hearth.

"Younker, what's amiss? It is now a se'nnight since I saw thee, and yesternight methought thou wast like to die by the whining I heard from thy bunk."

Small Jaspar More, thus accosted by the Billington boy, flushed scarlet over his pale cheeks, and was about to go down again from the forward deck, where both had come for air and prospect.

"Whither away, lad?" exclaimed young Billington. "Tarry a space. I meant nothing churlish by my talk, if you did cry like a sick maid," his eye twinkling as his companion winced.

"There was naught to laugh at, leastways, in that storm," protested poor Jaspar in self-defence. "It is already two days agone since the mates themselves were shaking their heads for evil boding, and like enow they got all they looked for."

"See, Jaspar," his fellow broke in here, "that halliard is now made fast to the mast, which served John Howland full well. Had the men given it more than a turn or two when they hasted to furl the sail, the wind had never shaken it free and over the rail."

"In good sooth, his hand was clever to come anear it in any wise, on such a sudden," remarked Jaspar, feeling of the kindly cordage still damp.

Suddenly he put a question, "Prithee, say, where-

fore came thy father in this company? He seemeth not specially given to churchly concerns."

"Hark ye, lad," replied the other with dignity. "My father is like to many that come to these parts, for he loveth adventure well, sith his is a right valorous mind."

"But," in apology, "I heard my master wondering how he came to be admitted of them."

"Why, that is easily related. My father also hath wit; and he told one of them that though he was not in their fellowship, yet might he later think upon that; and as for such a matter, Master Standish had not put his name, either, to their church list. Why should not he as well, go with them, not disturbing their ways of devotion, and be for their help?—But beshrew me if I will longer bide this early chill, with an empty stomach. Do you not scent something savory coming up the portholes?"

"Fain would I eat, after this draught of air," agreed Jaspar, "for I verily have a surfeit of fasting." And he lost no time in following his boy companion down the nearest hatchway.

Presently, in the hatchway's rough wooden frame, the face of a maiden appeared, pausing to take breath. In another moment she was on deck. She stood with the firmness of a statue, looking around to sense the situation; then, seeing no one about, she climbed the steps to the forward deck, advanced to the front railing, and leaned upon it in a reverie, looking forth into space. So she remained for some minutes, mute and motionless.

An artist would have had a fortunate opportunity to study Elizabeth Tilley, for she it was, as she took her customary morning observation. Indeed she was worthy of a painter's eye, both in form and complexion. Coarse and gray was her Pilgrim garb, save for the white about her becoming hood, and her neckerchief; but a long braid of bright, sunny hair swayed in the fresh breeze, over shoulders which revealed much youthful vigor, as did every curve of her body.

An extra chop of the vexed sea flung a few drops of spray up to the blonde full face. Recalling her glance from the monotonous horizon, she looked down at the plowed waves, as she raised her plump hand to wipe away the salt drops. Even as she half turned her face in that action, anyone approaching would have been impressed with but a glimpse of a sweet mouth, telling more plainly than its words, of a character knowing only honesty and purity. And when the brine had been brushed from the long lashes, her eyes, opening well to look at the saluting surge, revealed in their blue depths a thoughtful, well-poised mind, unshadowed by gloom.

Lips, still red with health, parted, and a voice sounded, softly, like the rippling of a quiet tide upon a pebbly beach.

"What a cold bath had that John Howland!" she mused, with a shiver traversing the solid shape of fourteen summers, and a quick, wise recoil of her vision from the seething inconstancy below.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, wherever hast thou fled?"

The features of Desire Minter appeared above the forecastle steps.

"Here, Desire dear," rang out the cheery reply. "I was on my morning lookout, and thinking——"

"Of much, I ween," laughed the other, "judging by so marked a quiet."

"I pondered a bit, how many more lookouts I must have before aught else shall appear but this. And then, Desire," she added with a sudden seriousness, "what? Aye, what then?"

"God alone knoweth," returned Desire. "But I came to say, thy mother would have thee help serve our folk with breakfast, that being near cooked by this time, I trow."

Oh, fair she looked, as she turned her head and well-rounded figure, and came on toward her friend! And with arm about each waist, the two hastened away to their tasks. For Puritan matron and maid had a mind to work, and leisure was but an interlude in their life's anthem of honorable, habitual labor.

"Whelm yon cover over this porridge, Goodwife Winslow," said busy Mrs. Tilley to a lady near the dish racks. "Thank'ee. 'T will keep it hot, now, for our sorry diver. Come, Elizabeth, fetch it to John Howland's berth, and say I sent it against its cooling, and that Dr. Fuller charged him to make faithful trial of our dishes for his rallying."

"What, Mother, I?" exclaimed Elizabeth in round-eyed surprise. "Why should I go? Let me call one of his mates."

"Tut, tut, child!" laughed her step-mother, seeing

the scarlet mantling the blonde cheek. "'Tis ready now, so tarry not. Here, lass," the quick cook called to Desire Minter, "go with her, and tell him the goodwives sent ye."

Mary Brewster, the Elder's wife, seeing Bridget Tilley's kind remonstrance in spite of fatigue and poor health, admired her, and whispered in passing:

"Thou art not one to say, that weariness may excuse a harsh tongue, and that overworked folk are exempt from the law of patience. Yet let not ambition break your body, Mistress Tilley, for we women are all here to help, who are not flat on our backs."

Meanwhile obediently the virgin feet tripped away, but the flush on the face of Elizabeth departed not so soon. Desire suddenly noticed the red on her friend's features, deepening rather than fading. She stopped short, with a "Gramercy, silly child! Can you not act as waitress, and on the sick at that, but you must needs blush? Suppose you, he will think on you at all, faint and ill as he is? Come away, be not thus foolish." With these words she quieted her companion's timidity, and presently they asked a passing seaman to show them to Howland's berth.

"Here, sir!" the sailor called when opposite the place, after making sure he was awake. "The women of your company have sent you somewhat."

"Aye, Goodman Howland," said Elizabeth Tilley, stepping forward as the man went on, and promptly repressing her embarrassment. "Please to accept this oatmeal porridge while it is yet warm. My mother bethought her of the sick folk the first, and our physi-

cian hath commanded thy prompt provision, if it be not too ill set forth for thy need."

John Howland, unaccustomed to be an invalid and so perhaps less easy in the experience, had languidly turned his head on his pillow when Jack Tar accosted him, and listened again at the sound of a gentler voice. Not yet had the sickening surge of the sea left his brain, and he was faint some days from the fearful experience. To one who weakly tries to resist a still lingering disagreeable motion in his head, and rueful sights that sleep will not at once drive out, such a vision is welcome, as met John's eyes. It was fortunate that the maidens came. Slowly the thraldom of his unhappy sensations broke, not to return. The young life, and the scent of food, smote upon his lethargy, but not until his brown eyes had dreamily looked a few moments on the fair picture, with a gathering apprehension of things real. It was to him a fair picture indeed, and one that fitted well in his vacancy.

Elizabeth, not so oblivious of time, did not understand this silent observation of the half-opened eyes. All her color returned with a rush. She wheeled on her heel and handed the dish to Desire, with a puzzled look. Howland noted her discomfiture, resolutely shook off his dreaming, and said with feeble haste, "Thanks, young ladies. I recall our physician's instructions."

Then he added, as if to atone for any seeming discourtesy, but more in hope that the welcome vision might stay, "You see I am scarce awake, nor myself,

good friends; and my fumble-fisted hand, I fear, is as slow as my wit. Prithee, so I ask not too much, Maid Elizabeth, do us the favor to give me of this bounteous breakfast at your hand. I am verily yet weak." An unfeigned sigh verified the remark.

Though assured of Howland's ever abounding honesty, awkwardness seized the feminine pair, the worse because they tried to hide it. Elizabeth attempted to make Desire act the nurse, and Desire, dismayed, silently insisted that Elizabeth take the dish. "Thy mother sent thee," she managed to articulate in a half-whisper, and passed it back, removing the cover.

Finding it hard to stand and stoop while she fed with the spoon, Elizabeth sank on one knee beside the berth, and strove to master herself and attend to her task. When extreme youth is extremely timid, it is fairer so than if too forward. In later years she remembered how at this first proffer of food to John Howland, she endeavored not to spill the treacle from the trembling spoon. Some indeed dropped over, which she deftly caught in the napkin beneath.

"Reck naught of that, my child," he said, with innocent kindness. "The holding hand needs no honey for ensweetening."

She was not enough at ease for any artless compliments. Her eyelashes fell, and held some tears of bashfulness that welled up. It seemed as if even her neck was afire with a flame of shame. She regained her composure with a dogged determination. To the now furtive glances of Howland, her modesty and dignity made her natural beauty appear complete,

glorified also with that true and indefinable soul-lustre which continually abides with consistency of excellent character.

The young secretary was by nature a thorough gentleman, and he troubled the misses with no further remarks. The oatmeal refreshed him; and Elizabeth, perceiving his weak condition, felt the rise of pity, and let him take his time, which John was very willing to do. He discerned her patience, and inwardly blessed her for it. She read his genuine, inoffensive nature, and dread departed from her. Meanwhile Maid Minter, balanced upon a shipping box, maintained that demure quiet which became a Pilgrim daughter, and enjoyed the situation as something seriocomic.

The dallying repast ended; the porridge was sooner consumed because, unfortunately, there could be no excuse for very much mastication. Dr. Fuller's patient thanked them heartily for their kind service; the young ladies arose, each made a curtsey, and withdrew without a word.

The matrons accepted their explanation of delay; for they had every reason to trust the two, say rather, the three. The mutual acquaintance of the Mayflower passengers was at close range, under tests severe, during time protracted in such confinement, and compulsory. Whether they would or no, all realized they were thrown together unavoidably now, and possibly for life, as indeed it proved with most of them. Happy were those whose growing knowledge one of another found proximity pleasing.

Dame Tilley had been gratified at her step-daughter's modest reluctance, followed also by her dutiful compliance. For she believed the adage: Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and thou mayst teach him what thou wilt. And Goodwife Winslow congratulated her, recalling how Pastor Robinson, well versed in the Classics, had quoted once the biting irony of Plautus, who said in Rome's moral decadence: "The laws are more subservient to customs, than parents are to their children."

"He could not have said that of you," observed the lady.

After the first zest of the long voyage gave place to the sense of monotony, when even common duties were soon performed and sickness was not yet severe, how welcome then the few books aboard! So it came to pass that Deacon Carver and his secretary Howland had some leisure for perusing what they owned or could borrow. And during the latter's brief illness, he recalled the unfinished enjoyment of a book or two. With that recollection, the wish was born that one fresh from schooling might read to him as he lay. And who could do it better than Elizabeth Tilley? For did she not seem an intelligent, capable lass, though hardly more than a full-grown child? But how to obtain this privilege?

His breakfast was a feast to the memory, but his dinner was quite a prosaic affair, and uneventful. Jaspar More brought it, and left him to feed himself as best he could. Presently his physician visited him, found the promise of improvement, and took a new

tack in the direction of mental assistance. Wishing to encourage his patient, Dr. Fuller chatted pleasantly with him a few minutes before passing upon his rounds.

"Why, John," said he, "your visage is much likelier this day. You will soon be on your feet again. Only be willing to wait till the morrow noon."

"How now, sir, and what must I do the while, who am all unused to my bed by day? Might I read somewhat?"

"Not in such recumbent posture, my son. But anyone might envive you by some neighborly service, who is willing; and if the matter of reading be not too weighty for your weary head, let it be that. I could bespeak your need to one of our masters."

"Nay, by no means trouble the worthy gentlemen to pleasure a penclerk," protested poor Howland, then added, "I heard Dame Tilley's child reading the Scriptures with her friend Desire Minter, and in truth she did credit to our English schools on Dutch soil. Might she come with others and so beguile my waiting? For it wearies me to have one and another stand before me and say, 'How is it with thy state now?' and, 'What is your comfort?' so soon as I am any bettered."

"And they should not harry you thus. I shall disallow them," said the Doctor with decision. "I will humor any fancy of thine within reason, at this time. Here, thou Billington boy!" he called to a flitting form. "Betake thee from mischief, go to the sandhearth or up to the cabins, till thou findest Mistress

Tilley—yea, wilt be a proper lad and go for us now? —Tell her then, that Dr. Fuller requests her to choose whom she will, if not too numerous and garrulous, to attend her daughter Elizabeth hither, and cheer toward health our good neighbor Howland by the reading of books some while, as she knows to read full well. Master Howland will instruct her what to fetch and where to find it."

He tossed a penny to the youngster, who thereupon developed more of alacrity.

"Blessed man!" exclaimed Howland reverently, as Dr. Fuller vanished. "Thou shalt be my friend henceforth."

Long enough it seemed, when the steps that do not stamp were heard approaching. This time Dame Tilley herself, kindly but self-contained, appeared with those other two who had come at breakfast-time. She inquired his welfare, and said it was the Doctor's direction that he be not burdened with many visitors, but "mayhap he would not mind three."

The very honesty of John Howland responded to this display of propriety in a matter of entertainment. He was equal to it, and Mrs. Tilley was gratified to see that his professions of appreciation were sincere.

The little group thoroughly enjoyed the reading, particularly the hearty indignation which some authors expressed against the extreme effeminacy of the court fashions, aped by many among the affluent or those who would be such.

"That is a spirited passage, certes. Read it again,

daughter," said Dame Tilley on hearing Rowland's "Look to it, for I'll stabbe ye."

Elizabeth repeated it, abandoning herself to the writer's stern mood:

"'You whom the devil (pride's father) doth perswade
To paint your face, and mend the work God made;

. . . . . .

You velvet-cambricke-silken-feather'd toy,
That with your pride do all the world annoy,
I'll stabbe yee.'"

Master Carver's scribe then asked, "Permit me to find a few less vehement lines of another author. Pass me that other little book, child."

Elizabeth held it out to him, dropping her eyes the while. With equal gravity he received it from her hand, whose approach was to him like the bending of a fragrant pine bough, swept by an easy breeze. Rising on his elbow, he proceeded to read, with deliberate emphasis, lines like these:

"'Here Fashion, motley goddess, changing still,
Findeth her subjects to obey her will,
Who laugh at Nature and her simple rules.'"

Not wishing to embarrass a shrinking maiden, Howland returned the booklet to Dame Tilley, which pleased that lady. His consideration also eased the artless lass, who was abashed before the striking beauty of his well-advanced youth. His every action and constant courtesy impressed the sedate matron, in spite of her disinterested bearing.

"Verily those words are much to the point, in these soft days at home—or what was once our home," he began to make comment. "Ere we left England, one told me of some catch-rogue grim-sir, a human puppet in a white waistcoat with garish breastplate of purple and gold, powdered with jewels. Thus were his inner habiliments, all bedizened with gewgaws, and without he was altogether emblazed. Oh, bigly he looked, in such finifying of his attire—and who but he? Report hath it, that their gilded and gemmed shoes reach the value, with many gentlemen, of a thousand pounds."

"Why, Master Howland!" exclaimed Dame Tilley in surprise, though more to avoid uncivil silence. "Had we not known thee to be the soul of truth, I should now have suspected thy care of language, or else believed thy fancy affected by thine illness."

"Nay, Mistress Tilley," John maintained, nothing daunted, "howso languaged, I do but speak facts."

"And here is a confession of one victim of a past mode," quoth Desire Minter, who had picked up the booklet from a feminine interest in the topic of costume. "Hearken to it: 'One's boots and shoes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneel in God's house.'"

"They had best tied their toe-points back to their ankles, then, as certain of them did ere they left from wearing such foot-gear," laughed Elizabeth lightly, the child-mind in momentary mastery of her. "And how may they bow their heads at devotions with such stiff ruffs hanging about their necks like wheels? Their

long locks mix with point lace, much differing from the plain falling bands of hated Round-head Brownists! Mother, did you mark how that plumed lady on the quay at Plymouth would glower askance upon our hoods? Herself was the very none-such, and so bedight with her sundry appurtenances that she looked to have lately stepped from the shop of a miscellany-madam."

Elizabeth's composure and self-forgetfulness was what the man of twice her winters had been waiting for. Suddenly he addressed a question to her. It came straight as an arrow, with the more solemn, older form of the personal pronoun: "Mistress Elizabeth, it is not a far cry when thou wilt be a young lady indeed, with thine own ideas of life. Answer me, what recks an honest heart whether its covering be silken or of coarse tow-cloth?"

She looked up to reply, but the great brown eyes, meeting hers, betrayed a tenderness and earnestness which she could not endure. Why was he so interested, in such a general query? She could only murmur something absently, and felt immensely relieved when Bridget Tilley spoke, whose love and care resembled an actual mother's, for this interesting charge of hers.

"Surely, sir, sincere souls think lightly upon raiment," she observed rather dryly, not daring to disclose her own questioning, now, as to the child's influence upon Master Carver's scribe. Though a humble woman, she would tolerate no serious sentiments toward her step-daughter, on the part of anyone, without due consideration.

Even in the brevity of Dame Tilley's evasion, Elizabeth's momentary confusion gave way to a sense of assurance. She felt herself sustained and encompassed by a spiritual effluence of peace, of purity, and of power. She rested in it with a strange new fearlessness, as in an effulgence of sunshine. She recognized that his mind was penetrating hers, and approving. From that day, she knew that she was known, and her crystalline clarity leaped to his light. Words and conventionalities followed later, with due counselling of self and longer lapse of time; but here was the meeting and merging of two psychic streams essentially alike in the quality and fulness of their flowing.

Goodwife Tilley arose. "God rest you, Master Howland; we must now betake us hence. Maids, restore the loan of these books, if I apprehend you are sufficed, sir."

He acknowledged their curtseys with what graces he could command from a bed; and so they parted. Parted? Yes, from personal presence. But back flew two minds, as birds repair to the same nest; and each, though in bodily absence, studied the other, pondering, wondering, peering into the mutual mirrors of unconfessed love.

The damsels, older and younger, proceeded in silence up to Carver's cabin, rapped, and on admission, deposited, with Howland's thanks, the literary treasures, precious enough in those days of scanty publication, but doubly dear to those who had turned their backs upon the civilized world.

It is hard to hide anything from an intimate. As

they were coming down from the high stern cabins, Desire said softly to her bosom friend, albeit of discrepant age, "Didst thou espy, my little virgin, how civil thine uncle bore himself?"

"My uncle! I sorry thee. Summon a physician for thy brains. Thou art on the wrong side of the hedge this time."

"In sooth, he would make a good uncle to thee, Sweetness, if—if he be not somewhat otherwise." This last in a whisper, with a swift kiss following, and a merry, hearty laugh.

Elizabeth stood irresolute a moment, not knowing what to say or do next. How could she respond, when she did not exactly know herself now? Was it to laugh, or weep? Where was gone her simple, comprehensible self of yesterday? The temper of laughter won, in her mental commotion. And with assumed impressiveness she asked, "Said I not well, that thou shouldst hale a surgeon, to set some bone again in thine altered cranium? Thy folly may infect me, thou teller of riddles none can unravel, so I abide longer with thee."

She belied her pretence of severity, with a return kiss and embrace. Then with a forced slowness she walked away, in quest of welcome solitude. The human soul, during life's deepest experiences, avoids the company of its kind.

Desire looked after the retreating form of her friend. "Ah," she thought, "what fortune, if a maid like that might some day marry such a man! Never an ill piece of a flirtigig will she be; and he is neither

a paper-faced prig of a carpet-knight, nor a bookish, wan-cheeked candle-waster, nor yet a hulky plow-swain that loves the alebench at a tavern. What a helper each would be to the other! for both are well beloved of this whole company, and with right."

Noble Desire, to forget yourself utterly, in admiration for your heart's younger sister! O sacrificial Love, living for another, and rejoicing most in her promotion!

IV

THE PURITAN MIND

From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
—*Psalm Ninety.*

NO advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom—not even science, with all its marvellous inventions and discoveries—can help us much in sustaining this Republic. Still less can any godless theories of creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from His rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford us any hope of security. That way lies despair!

—Governor Robert C. Winthrop
at Yorktown Centennial, Virginia.

Christian theology, sufficiently summarized in the Apostles' Creed, is the best root of energy and sound ethics.

Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Priests and schools may doubt who never have believed;
But I have loved:

. . . . . .

I know Him, for I love Him.

—Chesterton, *Early Poems.*

ONE morning after a storm, the Mayflower stood lifeless, as if exhausted like its opponent, with all sail set, vainly trying to make headway. This also was one of the trying experiences, in the days before steam power. But under the present

circumstances, few regretted that they were becalmed awhile.

In the early fog, the shapes of mariners, occupied on the forward and lower decks and up in the canvas, appeared like moving phantoms to William Bradford, as he stood alone on the high stern muffled in his mantle, his mind equally enwrapped in thoughts suggested by the still environment. Presently the seamen finished their tasks, except the intently peering forward watch, and departed to their breakfast in the forecastle.

The figure at the rear rail of the ship after a long time enshrouded his limbs in a blanket, and seated himself on the deck, his elbows resting upon the knees, his cheeks in his hands. Later, he lay down upon the boards, with his arm for a pillow, and fell asleep; but soon sat up fully awake now, and found a comfortable back-rest at the railing. Thus he remained, his gray eyes looking straight before him yet seeing nothing, until the mist slowly grew thinner, the blue showed through, and at last the sunlight dissipated every obscuring vapor. William Bradford arose. The blanket slipped to the deck, revealing a well-built man in the prime of life, about thirty-two years of age. With features radiant in the victorious sunbeams, he removed his Pilgrim hat from a high, commanding forehead, lifted his glance to the unfathomed vault above, and so stood, worshipping.

"The Lord bless thee, Bradford my brother!"

"And shine upon thee, my beloved Elder!"

The hearty address and response were followed by

a cordial grasp of hands that lacked not evidence of manful might.

"How long hast thou prevented me?" asked Elder Brewster, who was also elder in years, by almost as much again.

"Since early twilight."

"What brought thee forth so soon?"

"The quiet was so welcome both to body and soul, I could not abide below, but left my berth softly—and the labored breathing of my brethren certified to me I disturbed them not."

"If we did not arouse you by such stentorian sounds," said the Elder with a smile.

"Nay then, sir, I wake for no man," pleasantly answered Master Bradford. "But let me tell you of the strangeness of the scene, and resultant sensations, upon my ascent hither. In truth it was monotony's extreme. Death were not more dull—no sky evident, no sea discernible save directly beneath, in by no means a cheerful direction. Beyond the Mayflower, herself as death-struck, everything was one indistinguishable gray. We seemed cut off from all the world. Above, the vast infinite; below, unmeted depth. When the mariners, after trying vainly to coax life into the vessel in its annoyous becalming, departed within, of sounds there were none, not even the breath of a breeze brustling, and of motion scarce aught. The pall of the wild wastes, ethereal and aqueous, enveloped me. Then vanished the sense of direction. Where was I, and who? What right had our lone craft to pierce the expressionless realms of chaos and its unity? If

such was to be our vision, how differed it from the invisible? Where were we bound, or was there anywhere, and had somewhere become nowhere? When the thick cloud shut down and mingled with the ocean, only more condensed than itself, I fancied we were sailing through the infinities of space, now faring forth into unimaginable expanse, again exploring the endlessness of minute areas."

"Beware," broke in Brewster, "of such daydreams, when near a ship's railing."

"Aye, well said, I seized the same, ere dizziness might gripple me. And though I felt neither giddy nor affrighted, I momently could not tell whether we drifted forward or aback. In this universal disconnection, I know not when I sat me down, and anon I found myself stretched upon the planking, having been in sleep no more unreal than the revery preceding. Æschylos, that giant among Greek poets, termed the dreams of day stranger than those of night.

"Then I said in myself, verily thus it is with a soul, with all souls, toward their Creator. Nature, if alone, is put to a maze. As the patriarch Job asked, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' Though we are his children, made in his image and capable of thought, yet if we frowardly become infatuated with our own mental quests, and crave not his heaven-bright Presence as blessed as incomprehensible, we wander for ever."

"Yet though we may not comprehend him in his infinity," the Elder intercepted, "we can with certainty apprehend."

"Rightly observed," returned Bradford, and proceeded. "Methought then, the final despair of that self-centred soul which chooseth to ignore its God, is semblant to the slow settling of a ship in the sea's profundity. But it glads me at the heart, Brewster, that to every man comes many an opportunity to repent, unless at the last his own fumish perversity seals his doom. The willing Savior lamented the gain-striving stubbornness of Jerusalem in refusing the mercy of his divine Father; and he complained of those religious teachers who in their fraudful faith-breach not only declined to enter the door of hope themselves, but still and anon prevented others from so doing.

"The enormity of a created being's persistive refusal of Heaven's proffered light, denying to God that free choice of himself which he rightly doth expect, this is a greater miracle than the oversteppings of Omnipotence, whenever he is pleased to set aside laws known to us since our racial day, on this microscopic dot in the cosmic world. For, as one hath lauded him, 'God is the high astripotent auctor of alle.' And Daniel the prophet recognized his sovereignty when he said, 'He doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.'"

"The utter ingratitude and folly of the creature were inconceivable," said Elder Brewster sadly, "had we not well nigh limitless exhibition of the same. And not only our own faultful hearts, but our minds as well, sometimes strive to drag us down to perpetual destructions, until, above the storm of the soul, riseth a sweet, kingly Voice, commanding, 'Peace, be still.'"

"For ever blessed be his holy name," exclaimed Bradford, and resumed: "This daybreak experience hath caused me to appreciate afresh our helplessness in the mighty hands of God. Yet happy is he who would be there.

"At the age of twelve, becoming interested in religion and already given to study, I asked: What is the soul? I ask that of thee now, Elder Brewster, and belike I may ask in vain, so long as I shall occupy this tenement of flesh; for to the immensity of such mysteries man may not lay the tape-line of his natural understanding. We are unable to explain thoroughly our own being."

"Of a truth we can better analyze our bodily composition than our spiritual constitution," responded Brewster. "Though we know we are immortal, yet it is humbling withal to consider that if thy potent brain were destroyed, Bradford, there could be no return of thought through that material medium, which surgery showeth to us as convolutions of gray matter."

"And shall we call that the soul, good Elder?" asked Bradford, and answered for himself, "Verily not. Rather name it the soul's seat."

"Even so," agreed Brewster. "When the dream of death cometh, without awakening in this world, then is man's mortal crown a mere crust of hardened dust, equally inglorious with his hip-bone. And the cerebral organ of his intelligence is a nonentity, like unto the stones among which his cranium lies, resembling them. That brain, which was wont to be

aroused even from the helplessness of sleep, now cannot so much as effect the removal of the putrefying, pestilential body attached—thus complete is its deathward impotence.

"What then? Is that all? Is this the end for the spirit as well? We are perforce driven to conclude, that the soul, the undeniable, evident and real life in every individual, is something distinct from all this corporeal substance, and independent of it, though closely connected with it and even transfusing it. We have bodies, we are souls."

"Thus it is, brother," replied Bradford. "Yet what hast thou said? Simply this, that the psychical transcendeth the physical. It still remaineth to inquire, What is the former? We behold its marvellous operation, its positive self-witness to its being, but cannot tell what it is; or whenceforth, save that it is of God—and there we must pause with reverence, as believing, yet seeing not all."

"Goodman Bradford, thy wisdom doth well to be humble. For the laboratories of our Cambridge cannot dissect this glorious property, the human soul.

"Forasmuch as no man, excepting him who spake as never man spake, is able to reveal unto us the continuance of life after bodily dissolution, Faith standeth in the doorway of woe-worn despair, forbidding us in any wise to enter there, and inviting to her own bright portal. She unrolleth, like a long glistering scroll, the sure evidence of things unseen."

"Yea, my worthy Elder; and your speaking of Cam-

bridge reminded me, how even in our most strict science we do constantly make recourse to that evidence of the unseen. Also, when we found some strange creature which almost refused to be classified, yet whatever it was that bepuzzled us, if it had but a stomach or lungs, we students doubted not it must have had some nourishment and oxygen to develop those parts. The children of God would not show as much vigor as they do, were there not a certain heavenly food and celestial air, in place of chaff and noxious gases, to infuse power within them."

William Bradford ceased. The Elder then observed:

"What black-mouthed, blear-witted folly it is to say, that the doctrine of the being of God is mere inconsequential theorizing, a question for schoolmen and the curious to take up and lay down as they list. How poor the earth-bound inspiration to noble living, if He were not, and ourselves were only intelligent brutes!

"The great Father of souls must be. We inly behold him. Our spirits are of him, and can be united to him; yet never the same, never identical with the God of glory. Men got themselves in a sorry plight, who fell into the meshes of the Greek pantheists and that delusion of the Platonic all-soul.

"So you might name your own subjective consciousness God, I say you are an infidel. Atheists are autotheists, deifying themselves. They enthrone their own mind, in the place of any objective, external authority whatso. This for them is a passing delightsome idea.

William, we seek to be free; but God save us from the deceptious, false liberty of religious anarchy."

"Which is unutterable, though unconscious, slavery to Satan," interposed Bradford. "Let me rather be, like Paul, a bond-servant, or more exactly, a slave of Jesus Christ; here alone is real freedom. And his beneficent will becomes our own."

"Close on the heels of doubt as to God's wonderful works," said Brewster again, "comes disbelief in the Deity himself. This bepuffed assumpt is the natural sequence of discrediting the operations of the Almighty. With some the chain of error may be so lengthened as to end in the next generation, in others it endeth in the individual with whom it began. But observe, that in every age the advance of skepticism is the same, terminating in virtual atheism. And when theology runs out in philanthropy alone, the worship of God ceases in the wholly atheous and aviled self-gratulation of man. Then they who were restive under authority rejoice. But their rejoicing is short; for it is ever true, that sooner or later the denial of divine authority leads to social lawlessness, with all the attendant terrors.

"When Israel in penitence turned to the Lord, he raised them up judges who restored their civil state to its former integrity; until their ultra-independent, fool-bold perversity chafed under Jehovah's benignant reign. Then he left them again, to their silly choice of themselves. We in the seventeenth century should be too old as racial world-residents, to fall into such a fearsome mire of selfish misery,—and call it liberty!

"Our posterity, so the Most High give us herehence a stock in the new land, will be more foolish and inane than we might be in such case, if, drunk with freedom, it should futurely ingreat itself and forget the God who forms the ground for our weak feet to tread upon. Verily, he who gave us breath may claim with right the obedience of our lives, the allegiance of our hearts.

"Also, my friend," continued Elder Brewster, "it is marvellous in mine eyes, how they who go so far as to acknowledge a great personal Mind, guiding and seeking to persuade them, can be thus unjust to themselves that they will go no farther, in acceptance of his mighty miracles. For already they have admitted a miracle so vast, in the fact of his distinct and absolute, yet immanent Being, that any chosen expression of his in creation is credible, whether ordinary or extraordinary.

"Instead of every man's groping to find out God as best he may, rejecting what he will of the written Revelation, contradicting Christ's reiterated clearness, while he termeth Heaven a state of mind only, and making naught of the Master himself save as an uncommonly worthy man—instead of that, let us never pause after confessing the universal presence of the Almighty Person, till in seemly humility we admit that nothing is too hard for such a Being as he.

"Why not be consistent? Once concede the crowning mystery of all, even the divine Mind, with its power in every consenting human mind and body, and hesitation thereafter at his other miracles is unreasonable, even foolish; as over the unique physical person

and works of his Son. Forsooth, he who hasty-witted doubteth the supernatural interventions of Almighty Power, should logically end by doubting the mystery of Divinity itself. If you perceive the supreme miracle of a personal God, you will not be troubled by any other wonder."

"Upon the by, it is markworthy, and hast thou never observed, Elder Brewster," inquired Bradford, "that the teaching of the timid in faith is particularly welcome unto such careless souls as seem by their conduct of life to say of Jesus Christ, 'We will not have this man to reign over us'?"

"I have observed it all too frequently," assented the Pilgrims' acting pastor, and added:

"As for the Bible, solitary in the immensity of its revelations on all these themes, it is a marvel of such magnitude, and doth so grip the nations in its magical force from God, that we are constrained to aver, the sacred volume is verily out of comparison with all the writings of man, even though many of them contain much Heaven-sent truth. We need not fear to believe all that is written in the Book of books.

"We are not afraid of truth from any source; but we are on guard against what is idly trumpeted as truth, which never yet was demonstrated to be that.

"They who decry the need of creeds have a creed of their own, to which they hang as a bulldog to a bolting ox: to wit, that what runneth counter to natural law is incredible. This assumpt, this unproven presupposition, is back of well nigh everything which

they do deny. Such overfar questioning of the incomprehensible giveth faith the overthrow. And it is old as the perverseness of Arius."

"Gramercy, man," spoke out Bradford, "I trow they will get their stomach full, who swallow such betrayments of truth. And next they should be loathing that light chaff, and, let us hope, be looking for life-giving nutriment."

"Provided pride do not lead them still every whither, in purpose to snatch some glittering, flickering will-o'-the-wisp, in the bog of their envapored self-conceit," remarked Brewster, and further declared:

"To the crude superstitions of mythology and barbarism we give no credence. But he is dull of discrimination who confounds with the same, the dignified self-attestations of Omnipotence. We see him upon occasion flashing forth, as in Jesus the Morning Star, out of the grief-shot night of dreary doubt, till darkness is all dispelled. What though we may not compass all heavenly facts? What avails misthinking, outscorning denial, or why argue against the heavenly splendor? Whilst men are loudly cavilling, our Morning Star in silent beauty still shineth. He draweth nearer as the Sun of Righteousness, arising upon us with heart-easing healing in his wings. We do more than admire, we adore Jesus Christ, who is one with the Father, God blessed for ever. And in so doing we are not polytheists.

"We do not oppose the utmost researches of natural Science. But, though stars be among her trophies, her province is limited, as her champions grant. In

the presence of the Infinite One, quietness becometh her tongue."

Elder Brewster paused, then added slowly, as to himself:

"Surely here is no place for blusterous boasting; it is inhibited: even as I deserve no praise for not sinking in the salt deep, since it is the ship which sustaineth me. So the Lord upholdeth and leadeth the seeking soul of the lowly-minded. The proud see not, neither the rebellious. To the meek he revealeth himself. What we know of him is not of our own deserts, but through his grace."

"God with us. How wonderful!" exclaimed the future Governor. And both men, covering their faces, stood awhile in silent worship.

V

IN THE UPPER CABIN

THEY are dead, God rest their souls, but their lives are still the strength of ours. . . . Let us stand aside in silent veneration of their heroic characters and achievements, and thank God who strengthened them for labors we cannot even comprehend.

—JANE G. AUSTIN, *Standish of Standish.*

Religious faith must ever be the motive power of humanity, and whatever might become of despotism, with or without, it is absolutely essential to democracy.

—GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York,
at the Champlain Tercentenary, Vermont, July 9, 1909.

The best inheritance they have left us is the New England conscience. The Puritan's habit of self-examination and prayer has left its impress on the habit of thought of the great nation that has risen where he showed the way.

—GOVERNOR GUILD of Massachusetts, at the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin, in Geneva, Switzerland, July 9, 1909.

"WILLIAM, is it well with thee?" sounded a voice from one of the windows just beneath, where the Elder and his friend had been conversing.

"There be two Williams here," replied Bradford

cheerily, "and both I judge are well. Of which dost thou inquire, my spouse? If of me, I was purposing shortly to come, and will even now."

Then he said to his fellow, with a changed voice and a look of concern:

"I like not my Dorothy's depressed mood, which hardly gives way to my best efforts."

"Mayhap it is the common effect of this ocean's lonely extent, Goodman Bradford."

"I deem it so," rejoined her husband, as the two left the stern deck.

He found her leaning upon her window-sill, and gazing out with an almost vacant look of sadness. A feeble but sincere smile played upon her features as she turned to him and said, "Methought ever and anon I heard thy voice and the Elder's speaking overhead."

"Yes, Dorothy, and thou hast been too much alone. Let us have his company out in the cabin. What ho!" he called, stepping to the stateroom door. "Have you passed? Will it pleasure you to tarry in the cabin with us, so you be not occupied immediately?"

"I shall be occupied immediately, if I find myself in such company as yourselves, my worthy friends," responded Brewster, returning. The words of concern for Dorothy which her husband had uttered had not left his mind. Together the three resorted to the upper cabin, and seated themselves where they could look far down and back, over the wake of the Mayflower.

Mistress Bradford, sated with her early soliloquies, welcomed the honest, sympathetic countenance of the Pilgrims' acting pastor.

"In sooth, sir," she exclaimed, "it heartens me to see our earthly Shepherd. I confess to some sadness now-a-days, which I cannot well dispel, though I would willingly shift it."

"How now, Goodwife Bradford? Why such a mood? Rather play the brave dame. For we are not yet at a stand. Not a few tempests are past, the which our vessel did outride so gallantly, I durst adventure she could withstand other such. And this day finds us far forth on our way."

"Which way, Elder?" she asked, with an amused glance of her intelligent eyes. "We who abhor revels have danced so mad a whirl under the starless skies of late, I make not but that we may come out presently at gracious old Plymouth whence we betook ourselves hitherward. 'Pon honor, 'twould be a shrewd jest on this venture," she added with a momentary ray of pleasantry, then with her settled sadness returning said, "The sun and our siderial directors on their reappearance would quickly correct that; and besides, the compass is true. Oh," she cried out in a burst of pathos, "this ship floats forth awave as glides a dirge for a departed queen of magnificency. Britannia was our queen-mother, and I fear that to us she is all the same as dead."

"Not so, sweet spouse," interposed Bradford, coming to her with a husband's pity, and throwing his arm about her rather frail body as he scanned her

face. "Such an ill idea should not be with any allowance to engage thy wits. And wert thou too hard put to it, England is alway there, whither I'd send thee if that must needs be, till the tide of thy better strength; and son John would be of age to attend thee hither then. Travel is safer now. It is a long time since mariners commenced to traverse this expanse in the oceans, and they do take a growing cargo of human flesh as well as fish."

"Rightly observed on that last," broke in Brewster, "but wrongly on your counsel, sir. Why, lady, bethink you whether you could brook any blandishments of Albion, and leave the best and bravest consort in this company!"

"What! no falsifying with the Preacher," laughed Bradford, pleased more to divert his wife, than at the compliment to himself.

"Silence, young man!" said the Elder with assumed gravity. "It is quite in naughty wise to interrupt my sermon. Ah, my true hearts, levity aside, ours is great occasion for thankfulness, who have been delivered from the depths of the sea, and are now well sped over its course."

Then he hastened to take the attention of his friend's mate away from herself, and began to draw their conversation by a comparison.

"Our case reminds me of the Spanish voyagers' experience, who came with steel-clad and iron-hearted Menendez to found St. Augustine, it is now fifty-five years agone. Their chaplain's grandiose name outsyllables my plain English one; and with some of

those dignitaries you would fain sit down, saving for courtesy's sake, whilst you pronounced a salutation. Perchance, Mistress Dorothy, you could have addressed that priest in one breath, as Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales. But like Paul on his way to plant the church in Rome, this Romanist was equal to the trial that befell his own comrades, for in an awesome wild-wind he also exhorted them to be of good cheer. He records, 'I represented to them the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, his justice and his mercy, and with so much success that I passed the whole night in confessing them.' All next night, too, he declares that he preached to the crew, and exhorted them to put their trust in God. Then gratefully the priest attests, 'Our Lord deigned to have compassion and mercy upon us, and calmed the fury of the winds and the waves.'"

"Such is his goodness to all that call upon him," observed William Bradford. "And looking abroad this day, I realized how of his clemency we likewise had been spared. He is thankworthy, for that his mercies have been thick-coming since the day we were inshipped, nor doubt I their continuance till we fall with land.

"Ah! I had not told thee or anyone yet," he added suddenly, "and I had myself forgotten the rather uncertain sign Captain Jones informed me of, as we met adawn today outside our opposite staterooms. He said the mate reported a mist at midnight, which lay heavy upon us but without rain or much air stirring. This they consider a probable token that some

land is not far on, exactly what territory I hope we may be able to descry before very long."

"God grant it," was the Elder's fervid word.

"His will be done," was the woman's only utterance.

But the vigorous younger man proceeded with elation:

"We'll bid farewell to this watery wasteness, then. Stern was its embrace, but it hath held us not so long, my dear, as it kept Magellan, who was nevertheless minded to persevere in spite of tempest, shipwreck, and mutiny. We are not so troubled as he. What solitary glory is his! A century ago this year, he was circling the globe, soon to be killed where Asia's eastern fringe was reached, or ever he could know that he first among men had by experiment proved the earth to be round."

"And the church fathers had adjudged his theory to verge upon heterodoxy," remarked Elder Brewster, "even as they condemned Copernicus' idea that the world was a planet, that is, a wanderer, around the sun. Of a truth, after such clerical folly ourselves need not to be maligned, if we only confine orthodoxy to holy themes, lest laxity take on the breadth of misty dissipation of doctrine."

Unheeding his spiritual guide, the coming Governor continued:

"And to Verazzano, nearly a century back also, belongeth the sole credit for dispelling the idea that America was an adjunct and part of Asia. What a discovery! Then the earthly sphere appeared nigh double its supposed size. What triumph, to sweep

along the seaboard and chalk out a continent in itself, from the Atlantic to Balboa's Pacific! Is it not exceeding magnifical? And thither we go."

The fire of adventure seized both men. Dorothy regarded them in thoughtful silence, then said, "The Lord forbid I should chill your proper ardor, but oh—the very vastity of the vision is what would fright me. And whiles I'd think scorn to be life-weary, were I not a woman of will I would shrink from that uncertainty which only whets your appetency. It irks me the rather, with my manless unmeetness. Yet what though? I too can man it out, and shall not be unqualitied.

"You spoke of St. Augustine, my Elder," she went on, "but was not its settlement when the smoke of Fort Caroline's ashes were scarce passed from Florida's balmified air? Meseemed, that priest had need to shrive his men, ireful murderers as they soon became, of Coligny's French Protestants there, all gentle and virtuous men. These latter had received kind entertainment from the natives, for whom at the first they knelt down upon the strand, the nodding palms for witnesses, 'to give God thanks,' so they recorded, 'for that of His grace He had conducted them to these strange places, and to beseech Him to bring to the knowledge of our Savior Christ this poor people.'

"Well, let the prayer stand for other salvages,—but the bones of the massacred, ground to powder, could not have whitened the big blot of infamy on the name of Menendez."

"Truth, madam," said the Elder sadly, "and that

though the popishly-disposed, benighted Spaniards believed, like deluded Saul, they were doing God service in the extermination of supposed subjects of divine wrath, whom in the Florida instance they designated as Lutheran heretics. Doubtless however, again, we may be confident Saul the persecutor was not a whit like unto those who invented the refined torments of the Inquisition."

"Now thou be my priest, and let me also confess," resumed Mistress Dorothy, "firstly, that thou didst truly say, my consort was of the best and bravest; secondly, that it is dark as I strive to see a home for him and me in the winter-beaten wilderness of Northern Virginia. Henry Hudson found a fair land, I ween, but all our fisher folk report the frosty seasons are fierce as those dreadful men who abound there. The uncanny people somewhere in those parts scared away doughty Captain Gosnold's comrades, for leaders are not independent of their following. With that ye must reckon. And Popham's colony had lossful adventure sufficient to send them home from their fast encrystalled harbor, at the first thawing.

"But enough," she exclaimed, rising and resolutely suppressing her emotion. "Women have not such a sum of bodily force, but ours is moral might; and we hold to it, upon the whole matter, when some men's bravery flows out from their bloody wounds. You shall not see me go a-carping, mean space, though we are ware of these gruesome facts; nor will I flinch like a hare-hearted maid-child, my husband, and my soul's watcher."

"Nobly and hardily said; there speaks a true woman," cried William Bradford in unfeigned admiration. "Dorothy, what time you are bestraught with evil boding in respect of our new estate, do you mind those sweet lines of Anatolius the Greek:

"'Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest.
Wail of Euroclydon, be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be, darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light, Peace! it is I.'"

"I thank thee, William. I am helped, and thou shalt never find me downlooked and bitter at my lot," quietly spoke his wife.

"It would seem," said Elder Brewster, "that Shakespeare was within the mark when he professed, 'Courage mounteth with occasion.'"

"Yea, Goodman Brewster," quoth Bradford, "and my lady's calm response, but now, puts me in mind of another utterance of the bard of Avon, which doth so fit her case, that I count myself favored. For saith he of someone in their plays:

"'Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low,—an excellent thing in woman.'"

"That is not strange, sir," replied the other, "for courage and quietness are boon companions in character; the braggart brayeth."

"Gentlemen, you speak too fair: I beg you stay such flatterous, applausive words," expostulated Mistress Dorothy, eliciting their laughter, while her hus-

band averred: "Leastways, our words be sincere, without mere lip-comfort."

Then he turned to his fellow with a sudden query, "Goodman Brewster, thou hast taught English in Leyden University. Vouchsafe me thine answer. What sayest thou of this William Shakespeare, lately passed from the world? Speak thy mind."

"My mind is, that he will never pass from the world," came the swift rejoinder. "I know he loved not us. But 't is questionless, his penetration of humanity's thought and life was so amazing, that he became a faithful recorder of the same. Notwithstanding, if in mining we must receive diamonds in dirt, we speedily lave them from their soil; and, not willing to rail, I must yet confess, the dramatist's diagnosis of life is doubly disagreeable when offered as divertiment, in those cases where he doth portray manifold pollutions."

"Brewster, thou sayest truth," cried Bradford, striking his fist upon the other palm. "We'll hold to that against the world."

An emphatic pause followed this declaration. Then Dorothy exclaimed with warmth, "As for me, I'll not dissemble, the license and guileful bemirement of language in these days, on the part of many, is something I do not regret to leave. I account that we are prettily quit with it, since living terms were denied us, so that we do not appear to fly from ours of choice. Merry England, thus they say of her. Merry indeed! Sorry rather, and sore at that,

wherever folly hath prevalency, from brutish king to boorish clown."

"May God bring the people to a better mind," the Elder said. "And doth he not so? Behold how mightily our cause waxeth strong, which we humbly trust is his own cause. As said the prophet, 'Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision,' forsaking their sin, longing for real rest in righteousness and holiness before God.

"And now, Mistress Bradford, to say out my say and make a full end on't, I perceive your readiness to address yourself to the untried doth evince that quality of courage which, upon the occasion, mounteth indeed to God its source. Therefore, my good woman, let not your mind dwell too largely on those beginnings of American enterprise which have gone acrook. All do not so miscarry.

"In addition to those footholds already obtained to the south and north of our allotted lines, by colonists of our own and other nations from Florida to Newfoundland the first of English settlements abroad, what pleasure it also is to anticipate our arrival in vicinage of the New Netherland Company's premises! How favored are we Pilgrims to abide by our Dutch friends on both sides of the sea! The very year we escaped to Holland, its people were aroused over Hudson's discovery of the great river and harbor, and those aborigines of amicable bearing, richly clad in furs."

"It is reported for a truth," remarked Bradford, "that our royal master James is restive under Hol-

land's occupancy there, but we may well afford to be content with such neighbors. Time will tell, however, whether the Dutch plans for America, which were made in 1609, shall be transient like to our hope in Holland, whither we fled that same year."

The Elder was not quite through with his attempt to lead from passive to active interest, the wife of his influential fellow-Pilgrim. But not wishing to betray his motive by overdoing the matter, he adroitly addressed her husband: "Goodman Bradford, while we speak of undertakings that already promise much, had you thought how Lutheran advanced and Jesuit receded, in the hearts of the heathen Five Nations, in that decisive year of 1609?"

"Now you have me. Pray relate, who may those salvages be, of such imposing designation?"

"There you ensnare me likewise," laughed the good Elder, "for I could not well remember one of their outlandish names, had it not absurdly suggested 'more hawk,' Mohawk; and their residence is somewhere, I cannot describe, within this Northern Virginia of our charter rights."

"I would fain hear this other point on 1609, Elder," asked Dorothy eagerly.

Brewster, pleased at her attentiveness, replied, "It is verily of moment, since our project includes the Gospel promulgation, and the looking to our speedy security from indamagement in our new homes. Thus it was, then, that Samuel de Champlain, albeit a man of goodly parts and honest intent, chanced to light upon a native war party in his travels that year, and

naturally thought it to his own better hap to be on good terms with them. But his firearms, which he offered, shot death into the bodies of their foes, the Five Nations' warriors, on a grievous scale; and more hotly sent a lasting hatred in the worsted people's breasts, against the French. Belike those natives will not soon forget that perverse carriage to them.

"On such wise," he proceeded, "may it not be with Virginia as with our Motherland, where, as in almost everything else in the world, the beginning of Christianity was small? Think you, how that when Rome's commerce had flowed adown the Rhine and across to the Thames, when Londinium, thronged with traders, was enjoying abundant prosperity, Christianity also followed, and subdued the British Kelts to such an extent that early in the third century Tertullian rejoiced because even the places there unvisited by Roman armies had been overcome by the Galilean; and a few years later the pagan Emperor Septimius Severus died at York whilst he was preparing to enter unconquered Caledonia. Notwithstanding all this, the imperial power proved to have been an unconscious patron of Christianity, for when the former withdrew finally in 426, the British Church succumbed to the return of barbarism, leaving such signs of its previous life as the ruins of St. Martin's at Canterbury."

"Have you the idea," questioned Bradford, "that as the Kelts were forced back in our island, and beyond it, so these bronzen forest folk will be driven by the Crown to the regions far within?"

"Ask not of me, Bradford, for I may not certify you there. Possibly English arms may so prove masteries, in the later event; yet it is our Christian hope to avoid that, and to dwell with them peaceably in some proximity where and when we may, even as brave Queen Boadicea's people have not wholly departed from Britain.

"And briefly to resume," he went on, "the Christianized Briton, while yet his Church remained alive during that generation between the going of the Roman and the coming of the Teuton, learned to be quite independent of Italian authority. Was the lesson ever entirely forgotten, Brother Bradford?"

"I am not sure that it was forgotten of us all, as first taught then," Bradford answered thoughtfully, "though nearly a thousand years ran on before the Bible men, as they were called, or the red-cloaked, barefooted Lollard followers of John Wycliffe, himself a thorough Puritan unnamed, labored in communities which were the choicest seed-ground for our Puritan and Separatist teachers and martyrs now over two hundred years still later. But you were minding us of the ancient British Church as an example of Christianity's struggle for a foothold in England, that we be not disheartened who now face new English lands in a more enlightened age."

"Yea, and that was at first a losing struggle for England," observed the Elder; "because the first century and a half, of Anglo-Saxon settlement on our island, represented a prolonged act of attrition by savagery, till that Church of the Britons, like some

shortly after apostolic days, faded away, to be revived on the same soil in the Angles and Saxons themselves."

"And now for our part, in the comparison," said young Dame Bradford with a prophetic animation, "let us look to it better, and not imitate our ancient forebears in hindering the grace of God among these poor children of the wild, in the abodes of our exile."

"Amen," responded Elder Brewster. "And if of their number some in divers parts have professed conversion to the Papists, why not as well others to the Protestant faith?" Then he added, "Is it not full strange, and enough to make one astonied, to behold how these slight beginnings of our English Christian faith were repeatedly prepared for in history's massive chain? There is your Savonarola in the Roman fold, and John Huss the heretic full-fledged, and other such, shining like stars in the galaxy of noble spirits, before Martin the monk set Europe aflame with light! or rather let us humbly say, the splendor of our Lord Christ brake forth then anew, after dark ages and the wandering of barbaric nations whose conversion was ofttimes merely nominal. Luther was our Teutonic Isaiah, prophesying faithfully and fearlessly. Rather was he the Paul of the North, not disobedient to the heavenly vision which his clear eye caught, but also the actious cause of mighty commotions."

"Rightly related, my Elder. And grateful to God am I that the resultant Continental commotion spread to the Isle of Albion," observed Bradford.

"When Robert Browne, from whom our enemies name us, joined our movement, it had been gathering force for nearly two centuries. They tell us that even from the time of William the Conqueror, the brave people of the Netherlands had gone across to our Norfolk, until finally its county-seat of Norwich was more than half full of these weavers, with their solid Dutch independence. For a hundred and fifty years before young Browne came of age, they had refused to be ranked in either Roman or Anglican Church. Long before Luther's day they rallied around Wycliffe, none more ardent and faithful than they. Like their shuttles, they passed back and forth on a hundred-mile space, as Norwich drew their trade or Amsterdam received them out of persecution."

"Red-dyed was their blessed texture," commented Dorothy, "not seldom dipped in martyrs' blood."

"How they prized those Dutch Bibles they printed and brought over!" said Brewster. "The shameful ban of our government, procured by the Court imprimery, could not stop their use. No wonder our Pastor Robinson imbibed the popular spiritual atmosphere of Norfolk when he came from Cambridge to preach at Norwich year after year, till the Archbishop silenced him too late."

"None can stay the hand of the great Bishop of our souls," spoke Bradford in reverent tones. "And how the pure spirit of the Christ breathes upon the people again and again!

"Therefore thankful also am I for such progress of religion as makes our congregations despise those

dishonorable, dreadfullest teachings of certain priests of the past. Think of Clement of Alexandria solemnly advocating the utterance of truth at all times—when convenient, and falsehood at other times! Under an ecclesiastical skirt the devil's hoof creeps, and you might hear the loud-lunged laughter of fiends; for he may file with fools indeed who would act the liar's perilous part from no utilitarian motive."

Indignation blazed in Dorothy's eyes, as she asked, "Said a churchman that? He were excellentest mate for Machiavelli, who wrote that all too truthless treatise now as famed as it is infamous, as to 'Whether Princes Ought to be Faithful to their Engagements.' He also advised perseverance in truthfulness,—unless the art of diplomacy called for prevarication for the sake of advantage thereby gained.

"The touch of such snaky slime doth stir my blood; and gladly would I have challenged his silly declaration, had I heard it when he said, 'All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.' Any honest soul could read such a fox, I care not how clever he was."

"Offend a true woman, at once you strike fire," observed her husband, well pleased. "And in good sooth, death is not the worst evil; it is better than dishonor. The price of present existence hath been everlasting death, in many a pitiful instance. To balance consequences, and say the thing which is not so, is in any case impossible in a faithful follower of Jesus. Give the slave of expediency a copy of Thomas à Kempis' 'Imitation of Jesus,' and its flame

of unquestioning devotion will soon cure him of hair-splitting compromise and hesitancy."

"Would that all men of good intent," said the Elder with a sigh, "might clearly understand, that when once the golden chain of verity is broken, and the lips are stained with denial of any truth, there is the crash of character. Trust such a one no more, unless penitence cometh, like the shamed face of setting sun peering out from under a murky cloud, at the dimming of a doleful day.

"I rejoice that while our Pilgrims maintained a discreet and proper silence when their persecutors demanded of them unfairly, never to my knowledge hath a man, woman, or child been guilty of deceptions, or misrepresented his position, to save his present life. To be offered a coffership from the king, and live wealthily ever afterward, would not tempt the poorest of them. I glory in my people. Like those of old, whose name of Christian meant something, these are my joy and crown. They do not wear Satan's mask in hopes to gain a Christian, only to be a black sheep in the fold when he is finally got. Now mark you well, William, as true as our baptismal names be one, there is in our little flock the making of a noble nation."

Dorothy heard not, for she was still nursing the inclement wound which Clement the devout Church Father had given her. Then she spoke, "I fear me I was withal too severe, to match with Machiavelli a good man used of God in Alexandria; but doubtless he lacked discretion, to cast flies into the apothecary's

ointment, as it were, whose stench is not departed yet. The blackness of Ethiopia was not overcome, by such a distorted and fading Gospel light, never spreading far within her gates.

"And thinking of the courts of justice, so-called, whither king and clergy were wont to summon us, the very stupidity of some of the lawyers is a marvel that would be amusing were it not so momentous. We in particular have had occasion to observe this corruptive duncery. And since it is generally patent, that the ordinary advocate will defend an unworthy client while inly having no confidence in him, and even after a secret confession of guilt, therefore the more he waxes eloquent, astrut, and shouts and goes posturing about with a lamentable voice of wounded innocency, or blustering denunciation of his opponents, the more grievously ridiculous and contemptible doth he show himself in the popular eye. Oh, how are wit and dullness commixed!"

She arose, paced to a farther window in the cabin, and looked forth on the watery expanse as if she saw there, in its monotonous extent and treacherous depth, a spirit congenial to the choice entourage of the king. Then she returned, for the Elder and Bradford had stood up simultaneously with her. The former, with a kindly bow to both, remarked, "Your entertainment hath been acceptable to me, but I will not presume of your patience with my presence and long-tongued tediosity out of reason."

"Say not so, Elder," returned his brother Pilgrim. "Thine is ever a welcome face with us. Even were

tongues to tire of pressly speaking, then our mutual acquaint could be enjoyed in a common silence.

"Thou knowest it was said by one of our Dissenters, that John Robinson was the 'most learned, polished, and modest spirit' ever emerged from the Established Church into our order. Likewise all our preachers receive praise, not only as insisting upon a right quality of life, but as the most clerkly men of wit, for a class, among the clergy of England. In this character I consider our Elder hath full share."

"And surely I stay not to listen longer unto language so extravagant," that one answered; "rather I'll apply such eulogy to the one who said it, where confessedly it is deserved." And with a bright and fatherly smile upon the couple, he turned and walked away.

Dorothy watched him departing, then looked up at her own William, and said, "Dost thou descry with what humility yonder good soul holdeth his faith, not to make a show of it, as a man might bear about his coat-of-arms? It would be much to my liking to have such an one for my spiritual Shepherd, if Pastor Robinson be let from journeying unto us. But it is borne in upon me that the time is short when I shall need his guidance."

Her gentle words with their sad meaning sounded to Bradford's ears like the fall of an avalanche, and caused the same dismay.

"What, what, Dorothy!" he cried, whirling about to face her squarely. "You who but now made my

heart glad with loving admiration by your happy speeches, why talk on this fashion?"

Unheeding his protest, the young woman went on, almost as in soliloquy, while her gaze returned to the ocean outside, "King Alfred put his own noble soul into his translation of Boethius' Consolations. The Saxon king, sufferer as he was, could sympathize with that last and loneliest of the Roman philosophers. Thus he spake:

> "'Why will ye ever
> With unjust hatred
> Your mind trouble,
> As the ocean's
> Waves lift up
> The ice-cold sea,
> And agitate it through the wind?
> Why upbraid ye
> Your fortune,
> That she no power possesses?
> Why cannot ye now wait
> For the bitter state
> Of that death
> Which for you the Lord ordained?'"

"Dorothy, cease!" exclaimed Bradford in alarm. "I cannot bear it, and I am in a strait to make your meaning from words so strange. Are you ill, spouse?" he asked tenderly, studying her countenance.

"Nay, nay, William, I am not brain-sick; no frenzy-distemper holds me: fright not yourself in any wise. And Heaven forbid that I should be aweary of my life, since I must not be so, even if our undertaking

is awesome to me, both in vastness and strangeness. I abide by what I declared, that I would not shrink from duty, as a wife, an Englishwoman, and a Christian."

"Then wherefore spake you so perplexly, my love? To rend the caul of my heart without reason?"

"Reason I cannot give, dear husband, for my premonition, though I am convincible. I do not court it, but the same pursueth me. What of that? I fear it not, on perceivance. Whether it be God's voice or no, is to me unkent; and I care not greatly, so I be his alway."

William Bradford turned his face, in vain attempt to stay the swelling tide of his tears, while she proceeded in her low, sweet tones:

"Happy words those, of Giles Fletcher, in his 'Excellency of Christ.'

"'There is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distrest;
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when tempests lower.'"

The man hurried to the other side of the cabin, to stifle the sobs surging up. He leaned against the wall, his head buried in his arm. Then he felt her light touch upon his shoulder, as she quickly, noiselessly, had stepped over to him.

"Do not sorrow, true heart," she said. "I meant not to grieve thee."

"Oh, my life!" he returned. "If thou art persuasible in truth, pray talk not further thus without proof of thy suspicion. Labor not to make me believe it."

"But premonition hath no proof," she replied with a quiet smile.

"Then dismiss its pesterable evilness, my dearest."

"Indeed I have endeavored to do so, William, nor have I dwelt upon the idea, although I confess a certain sweetness inheres in it. Rather it follows me without my volition, as if to show itself perforce, in my thoughts. But if I am not terrified by such presension day after day, why do you start at its momentary appearance? Come away then, no brinish tears!" she expostulated, her whole thought directed toward restoring his composure. "Lift up thy face, my man,"—this with a kiss on his blanched cheek,—"look upward, see how bravely our Lord endured, whom Albert Dürer painted, wondrously depicting that agony upon the cross. Think on that; remember his sorrow; and then despise our own, if—if indeed we are to be separated, some day, to meet again beyond all the turbid seas.

"And whether I be here or there—what matters? Fortify we our troubled breasts—since the sight of your sadness begets the like in me—by such comfortable words as these I love, from George Sandys' ascription, written at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem:

"'Saviour of mankind, Man-Immanuel!
Who, sinless, died for sin; who vanquished hell;

The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness; in whose death we live,—
Oh, strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may Thine obey!'"

Without a word he returned her kiss, fervently, and with a man's strong embrace.

Suddenly they were startled by a glad cheer, which seemed to arise from about everybody aboard ship. Even Mistress Allerton, who had kept her bed all through the rough weather, now tottered down from her stateroom to investigate. As the Bradfords followed, the cause of the rejoicing appeared over the vessel's side, where many fingers pointed. There on the water floated a balsam fir bough, freshly torn from its tree by the winds, and mixing its dark green with the sapphire of the sunlit sea.

"And look away yonder!" bawled the brazen throat of a seaman.

"Mother Mary presarve us, it is the sea-sarpint!" howled another sailor, a son of Erin.

A shiver traversed many a sturdy frame, at the black object beyond. Could it be one of the dreaded monsters which haunted the Atlantic, as some claimed? A few seconds more, and the menacing head was seen to be the scraggly roots of a big pine, whose body even the most timorous now recognized. It must have fallen in a land-slide from some coast that could not, at most, be many days distant.

A hum of discussion ensued, in the offering of opinions and conjectures. Up from within the pine, a couple of huge petrels started, flapping their wings

and flying off, when their temporary arbor of rest drifted nearer the ship.

Shortly before dark that day, the watch descried another prize torn away by Ocean's teeth, in the form of a humble scrub-oak; and again all hands rushed to the rail. The declining lord of day rested lovingly on this token of man's proper element, the brown earth.

The passengers' Governor, Deacon John Carver, stood with their Elder, his companion in age, in the centre of the Pilgrim band; the faces of all appearing as if cast in a mold of ruddy gold, while they faced the sun's disk now near the horizon.

"Carver," said Brewster, "as Kamphuyzen in paraphrasing the Psalms doth represent the Lord rejoicing over the concord of brethren, so may he not rejoice with us upon the approach of this sign?" Then, quoting the original Dutch, he softly repeated these lines, from Holland's favorite religious poet:

"'God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixed prosperity, which brings
Long life and ease beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune, that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.'"

A soft breath from the south blew into the nostrils of the watchers. They knew not that it was the herald of renewed hostilities from another quarter of the winds, determined if possible to keep them yet from making land. Now, as the sun began to sink

in the sea, the filmy clouds, forming above it, became all aflame with the ruby rays, mingled with deepening violet.

"Come, good people," called out Carver, "sing we all now that hymn of the German giant, the Reformer Luther."

Used though they were to render chiefly the Psalms in their worship, the Pilgrims joined heartily in this classic hymn. And as with gathering vocal volume they took up the second stanza, their countenances glowed not only in the solar sheen fast fading, but in that better light that never failed on land or sea.

Thus their ringing tones rolled forth, in a powerful chorus of men and women:

"Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle."

VI

IN NEW ENGLAND

THE noblest ancestry that ever a people looked back to with love and reverence.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Such men make not only the true church but the true state.

—JOHN D. LONG.

The host that heeds not hurt nor scar,
Led by the bright and Morning Star.

—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SILENCE and solitude. Such was the appearance, looking seaward and alongshore. The Cape extended its far-stretching forearm, with its shifting sand like a white man's gleaming skin, covering bones of granite. But was its gesture one of invitation, or menace? It has defied Ocean from time immemorial. To the distressed seaman, however, its huge hand holds an ample harbor, whither he may fly from fury of wind and wave, and rest quietly.

One serene morning about three hundred years ago, sky and sea were placidly blending their colors in an unbroken line as far as the eye of the eagle swept, as he sat upon the topmost bough of his pine tree lookout,

'A sudden slight motion in that blue line of union, a mote stirring at a single point. Then the glint of something white, like a sea-gull's wing, yet it hasted not. Of water-fowl it was companion indeed, but not of their kind. The king of birds stood up, spread his pinions, and soared forth to meet and challenge the unknown apparition, nor stayed his curious gaze till he had circled around it again and again; then back to his watch with screams of surprise he sailed through space, to observe the progress of the incomprehensible thing.

Alone and unheralded, steadily advanced the veritable Ship of State. Soft airs of early day, playing lightly on the swelling surge, sounded the symphony of a Pilgrim Chorus in honor of their advent. Heaven, mark the day! Earth, rolling eastward to meet the sun, cherish the hour unknown to men, when on your breast that small craft crept to land; for here, in the New England, through the clemency of God was founded a double empire; one with human appointments of the social state, the other a spiritual planting with its roots in time and its final fruitage in eternity, "the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

What though the land they saw was not the same they looked for? It was land, and that seemed enough now; for of water they had more than enough. It was recognized quickly as Cape Cod, 'already famed for the fish that frequented its surrounding shoals and depths. The uncivil manner of the autumnal Atlantic, and their long contests with it, made the Pilgrims

more willing than ever, to adopt the new land as their own, hereafter.

It was not even permitted to extend the voyage coastwise. The attempt to reach the Hudson River region was abortive. Whether that attempt was honest or feigned, who shall say with certainty? To every appearance, the soon arrested run down the Cape was a ruse. It was overruled for good, to the further formation of sterling character amid rough conditions. Here was to be an environment less congenial to the life of lyric ease, more helpful to produce the epic mood, and heroic heights of soul.

The Mayflower was soon on a dangerous shore and though she could easily have cleared it, standing out to sea and rounding the Cape southward, the captain took the summary action of returning at once to the original landfall and seeking the first available haven. He wished to retrace his course over the ocean as soon as possible before the depth of winter was on them, and rations should run short. He even threatened to deposit Pilgrims and personalia on any beach at hand, if a desirable harbor was not quickly discovered.

Thus Cape Cod, the old Cape White of Champlain and White Point of Hudson, with mesmeric charm beckoned again not in vain. To it came the Mayflower back, and soon was in the hollow of its hand. The oceanic journey was ended.

One little flight across the Bay, and the carrier's duty would be done. Meanwhile the Pilgrims, thankful that for them the briny embrace was finally re-

laxed, rejoiced in the possession of liberty at last, in a land practically theirs alone.

The bruised state of the shallop aboard testified to the violence of the Mayflower's previous buffetings, and delayed the intended exploration around the Bay within the Cape, until repairs could be completed. But the adventurous hearts could not be withheld from the joy of making acquaintance with New England. Though her sable draping, shaggy with forest effects, was mingled soon with a whiteness too ghastly, she gave promise of a country not unattractive in summer dress. The fathers courted her, and while the carpenter repaired their shallop during three weeks following their arrival, they tramped as far as Pamet's little harbor on one excursion, and again went out with Captain Jones and a number of the crew in the ship's longboat. The open weather favored them during those last ten days of November, till December set in with a marked change, and snowfalls embarrassed pedestrian effort.

At length came the time when Cape Cod Bay, examined by ten Pilgrims and eight chosen seamen afoot and by boat, sent its yet unsatisfied investigators up from all its interior coast below, to its northern confines on the mainland. Their first advent there was bitterly contested by ferocity animate and inanimate. Sunlight itself was about the briefest then, of all days in the year.

With united prayer for guidance and protection, that trying Friday, December eighteen, commenced. They were inside the elbow of Cape Cod; and as they

prepared for breakfast, they encouraged one another to go forward. They had sighted natives the evening before, and heard a terrific clamor at midnight, their sentinel also rousing them with his call to arm; but on the discharge of a couple of shots the uproar had stopped, and they decided it was the howling of wolves or other beasts, as one of the sailors likened it to what he had often listened to when near the wild animals of Newfoundland. Therefore, weary with their journeying and some of them not well, they completed their rest in the barricade they had made, such as they were wont to build every night. It was formed of logs, stakes, and thick pine boughs, raised to a man's height and open to leeward, with a fire in the centre, as a shelter from the winter weather, and to serve as a little fastness for them, in case of circumvention by any of the Nausets.

This tribe, occupying the Cape proper, had lost seven of their number by kidnapping for export, and suffered other indignities from foreigners, so that they were eager to wreak their vengeance on any white people who might dare to land amongst them. Thus at one time they had poured out their fury and contempt on some wrecked Frenchmen. They were further enraged, by the recent appropriation of a little of their corn by these latest comers, whom they classed with all the rest, and had no idea that the Pilgrims would ever make compensation. With justice partly on their side in their previous experiences with Europeans, they were the more ready to give vent to all the needless exaggeration of savage retribution, glut-

ting their cruel propensities by the torture of their victims.

Now, while breakfast was being made ready, the Englishmen began to carry their arms down to the vessel, in the early twilight; but on the expostulation of a few who would not part with their pieces, and because the boat had lowered with the ebb beneath the bank where it was moored, most of the muskets were laid on top of that bank. Then the men returned to take their food.

Suddenly in their ears the warwhoop rang, which they now knew to be what they had heard at night:

"Woach, woach!—Ha, ha, woach!"

If "woach" was a word at all, in barbaric challenge, the hearers knew not its meaning, but it had a woeful sound, surely. It was the first of many such challenges New England ears were destined to hear. All too common became those dreaded voices, as one beginning with a roar of full virile power, changing abruptly to a blood-curdling screech, high-pitched like the Rebel yell of our Civil War.

When this outcry came, a person who had gone aside rushed back to the camp, calling to his fellows, "Men! Indians, Indians!" At the same time a shower of arrows sought the barricade.

Only four had their guns in that camp. Of these, two stood guard in the entrance, but were ordered to reserve their fire until they could have a good aim. The other two discharged their pieces, and then followed in support of the general sortie which was made to gain possession of the muskets. Some who

had armor donned it and caught up their cutlasses, defending their comrades in the charge, and soon the guns on the bank were reached and used with a quickly quieting effect, although the Indians, on observing the sally, had ceased attacking the camp and with redoubled cries had raced to intercept the white men from their purpose. And before they finally retreated, one of them took his stand behind a tree whence he sent three ineffectual arrows, and tarried for as many return shots, till the last one, ripping the bark by his head, elicited a yell of rage and dismay from him, and none of them waited for more.

The explorers, posting some of their number to stay by the boat, pursued a short distance, with a little shouting and firing, to leave in their antagonists' minds a fair impression of their spirit.

They named this place The First Encounter; but though the experience was more dangerous because quite novel in kind, and an assault by surprise, the engagement proved to be a harmless skirmish, instead of the massacre that must have been if the Indians had secured the muskets, as was done in the tragedy of Bloody Brook at Deerfield in later history, when the flower of Massachusetts forfeited their youthful lives because they had laid aside their arms for a while.

Nauset arrows transfixed the English coats that hung in the barricade, and some of them had whizzed close to their intended human targets. The white men, pardonably a little more pale-faced this morning perhaps, collected eighteen of these darts, just as many as their own number, and tipped with corroding brass,

horn, or eagles' claws, which they afterwards sent to England.

Glad for this deliverance, the Pilgrims joined in rendering thanks to God. Then they proceeded on their way, in quest of a suitable harbor. None, however, appeared, as they passed up the uninviting coast. But their pilot reminded them of that good port which he had once visited himself, and he thought they should make it before night, though the short day would darken all the sooner because thick weather was setting in fast.

In the afternoon snow and rain began to fall, and later a regular tempest came upon them. The rudder gave way under the strain, and two men had to struggle to steer the cumbrous shallop by means of oars.

At length Coppin the pilot told them to take courage, for he could discern the harbor. But the fury of the storm increased as daylight lessened. They ventured to put on what sail they could, in order to pass in clear of the rocks before they would soon be unable to see anything. And for this extra canvas they almost paid with their lives. The mast snapped in three pieces, and the sail went overboard, nearly capsizing the small craft. They righted her quickly, and, relieved to find themselves not completely swamped, made for the natural port.

But now, when their expectation seemed about to be realized, their guide failed to recognize the place, a general view of things being impossible in the dimly glimmering light. Darkness strode rapidly over the

deep, darkness growing thick as that beneath the cold, swollen breakers. Sandy shore and wooded hills faded away, seeming to melt in the dreary deluge of rain. The bear's plaintive, childlike cry, the wolf's long, echoing howl, the weird, penetrating screech of sinuous feline things, these were the sounds that made the gloom more terrible, around the sickle-shaped harbor—its contour when visible suggesting soon a weapon of death laid down by the dread Harvester after thorough work—the harbor of Patuxet bereft of men.

Bereft, was it? Had such a wild ever known human inhabitant? Yes, but the fires had ceased which the forest folk were wont to make before the fearful days of the plague. That was but a few years previous to this December of 1620. Then the land lay still, grieving for its many generations of dusky denizens finally gone; and its quiet seemed expectant also. For was the desolation final? No, not unless those unfriendly waters might swallow up this infinitesimal atom of democracy.

Hark! in the deepening darkness voices, instant with resolution, defying despair. Listen again! The groaning of oars in the gunwales of some ghostly invisible boat. The owls of Manomet hoot at this mystery. Who, who are these, in that speck of something now passing the point? What do they attempt? Direct them, unerring Providence, for the vision even of a strange landscape is denied. The only hope of attained discovery, resting insecurely in the doubtful recollection of one man, this hope is doomed to disappointment

before the rough and mocking little cove of Saquish. And where they are they know not.

Courage! The disappointment will not be long. A sea-faring son of Albion forbids them to beach the boat in those breakers. They turn about. Unawares they had passed in from the Gurnet; and soon a softer sound is detected by keen ears, the sound of waves washing some protected strand. Thitherward their stout arms ply the oars. There at last they ground the keel.

Not knowing whether they were close to the haunts of atrocious savagery or not, some preferred to stay in the boat, muffled against the nightly damp and chill, till the gray dawn should reveal the nature of that place. But the cold was intensified by their inaction; and as a freezing wind arose after midnight, all were emboldened to come on shore and seek the fire which their more forward comrades had lighted with much difficulty in their wet surroundings. Then in the solemn silence they tarried hour after hour, at the portals of their unrecognized future residence.

Welcome was the dawning which showed them the safety of isolation. For they who had fled the sea dreaded to tread the mainland in their present plight. They stood in the borders of Nature's rage and the wrath of primitive Man. And though daylight found them armed and ready, they were poorly prepared for any unfriendly aggressions, and so were pleased to find that in their predicament they had been placed upon an island.

How cheering too was the return of a day not sun-

less, a morning when they could warm themselves under the solar benediction added to the campfire's zeal! Also the wind went down, so that even on their exposed situation the winter day was mild. Again they praised the Lord for another deliverance. They made good use of that Saturday to dry out their soaked belongings, prepare their firearms, and gather strength for the untried business ahead, in a region inviting enough to be well occupied, whether it was so or not. Though signs of human life ashore were lacking, there was an appearance of open, possibly cultivated, land in places. Could the inhabitants be in hiding? While they thus waited, the tides showed them the restrictions of the harbor for sailing vessels; and before they finally landed they sounded the water to discover what use, if any, it had to offer.

On Sunday they still kept their island refuge, and assurance grew while no hostile outcries saluted their ears, no heathen clamor disturbed the sacred quiet. But not from fear did they wait. In calmness they contained themselves, and doubtless became more eager for near discovery as the probable fitness of the situation for settlement became apparent. This, however, was the Lord's day; they would not go abroad. Instead, they kept the Sabbath holy, according to the imperial mandate of the ever-living Jehovah, their Creator. To him they lifted their thoughts, in meditation and prayer. In that act, their spirit rose up and out from their uncertain surroundings and the circumstances of feebleness. When mentally they returned to earth, it was with an infusion of strength

not of their acquiring. God whom they sought had visited them.

In addition to the blessedness of habitual worship, special happiness was theirs at this time, in the consciousness that the Almighty had led them along the path of duty, and would now undoubtedly direct and protect them. Daily communion with the Highest had taught them to confide in his keeping care, like little children.

Monday morning saw the party of men again come forth on their earnest business, the quest of a new home. First to decide, was the harbor fit for shipping? The plumb-line found depth sufficient for ordinary tonnage like the Mayflower's, inside the bar composing Plymouth Beach. Avoiding the flats which they had seen dry at low water, they made toward the mouth of a brook. Here, as they completed their examination of the natural port, they purposed to bring their boat to the side of a conspicuous rock upon which they could more easily disembark, and leap thence to land without the wading which had cost some of them, at the Cape, serious and yet lingering colds.

At last they arrive, with none to welcome or oppose. If any witnesses are present, they are unseen. But fear nothing. God still leads. Come, progeny of sea-girt old England; come on, first men of New England! Let this little pier receive you, who tread it unaware that the block, itself a solitary pilgrim from more frigid seas, serves as the doorstep of a nation bordered by two oceans, and whose territory stretches beyond illimitable fertile plains, past stupendous silent heights, even to those ice-locked shores of Arctic loneliness.

VII

THE FIRST WIDOWER

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.
—*Psalm* 116: 15.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE Pilgrim explorers, and attending seamen, were satisfied that this was a place suitable for settlement, and the harbor such as would serve. Their comrades would be pleased with the report when they should hear it. They would all be

thankful to God, that now when the season was very late, and the shipmaster insistent upon returning to England, they could bring their families, and an increasing number of the sick, to a location which would justify the building of habitations.

The place thus favorably to be reported was recognized as that to which Captain John Smith, who visited it, gave the name of Plymouth upon his map of New England, also named by him. It had been visited again, in this very year of the Pilgrim advent, by Mr. Thomas Dermer, "a gentleman" agent for Sir Ferdinando Gorges, chief patron of the Mayflower venture. Dermer had recognized the harbor from the chart of Smith, and approved of the situation for colonization, if fifty or more could be induced to come there. (Wise counsel: the more came; the fifty survived.) And he wrote to that effect to "his honored freind" in England. Of course a faithful factor is expected to report to his head. And if Captain Dermer's honorable friend was the same person as his employer, Sir Gorges, the latter would only have been consistent with his eager cleverness, in being content to keep a duplicate of the report, after showing the original to his fellows in the Council for New England, and then presenting that original to so influential a colonist as Bradford, ostensibly as a mere matter of interest, but really for the encouragement of the desired planters after they should come there by seeming accident.

Bradford did not say who gave him this epistle of Dermer's. The Puritan soul of the Pilgrim nar-

rator, too great to be flattered by any of worldly title, would naturally prefer not to name in his History, in apparently close connection with himself, a man of Gorges' known reputation, lest two such opposite characters of sincerity and craftiness might seem to have been in collusion. Contemporary interests were concerned.

The lapse of time between the date of Captain Dermer's writing to Sir Gorges and the sailing of the Mayflower, was two months and some days, about as long as the Mayflower then required in her voyage from the English Plymouth to New Plymouth. That voyage of the bulky, overloaded passenger ship, in a stormy season, was protracted beyond the time of fair summer sailing for a courier dispatch from American fishing waters. And be it noted, that in August, by modern reckoning, the Plymouth Virginia Company was superseded, under the King's warrant, by the Council for the Affairs of New England, Sir Gorges himself being a prominent patentee. He had ample opportunity to instruct that experienced mariner Jones, who was about to conduct the mysteriously delayed Mayflower forth, professedly to go to the vicinity of the Hudson, actually to arrive at the shores of New England.

Gorges had been unsuccessful in previous efforts to exploit this more inclement coast, and popular enthusiasm regarding it had sustained a chill. This time the venture was to be made regardless of the public mind concerning it, and particularly regardless of the colonists' own wishes. The required royal war-

rant, to the created Council for New England, was issued while the Mayflower lay at anchor in Southampton, supposedly ready to start when the Speedwell should arrive which followed her from Holland. But this patent was not formally sealed until after the Mayflower, every necessary and novel arrangement being completed, had finally departed. The voyagers thus had no knowledge then, of the royal act, until after they had settled in their unexpected district.

Captain Jones did not take them directly to their destination on the mainland, either to Plymouth itself, or Charlestown the alternative suggested by Captain Dermer, on a better harbor but with natives more numerous and strong. Instead, he cast anchor at the present Provincetown, after his short run coastwise toward Chatham and the direction the colonists expected. But if to their mind circumstances required their acceptance of New England, especially the fact intimated by them, that they were in the hands of their conductor, the main question of location was decided. And if, as was likely, they would not be satisfied with Cape Cod, Mate Coppin could be trusted to find a better place not far away. A little exploration, assisted by hints, would reveal the general situation to them, and incidentally lessen the appearance of a previously concerted plot.

Tisquantum, more briefly called Squanto, the native of Patuxet who became the colonists' valued helper, was one of a score in that region whom the infamous Captain Hunt captured to sell as slaves. Report had it that he spent several years of his stay in London,

after fleeing from Spain, at the house of Gorges; in which case the latter, as an ardent exploiter of northern lands, would be interested in the fond descriptions of a homesick, liberty-loving child of the wild, and one who was afterwards found to embellish his speech with more aboriginal eloquence than Christian truth. It is not known where his nineteen fellow-countrymen passed the remainder of their lives, nor what marvellous tales they might have told of their native far-stretching lands where they roamed at large.

Thus by French, Dutch, English, and native American testimony, Patuxet, later called Plymouth, had become fairly known to the observing.

Soon after settlement, the colonists went up the coast, found the descriptions true concerning Massachusetts Bay and the excellent harbor there, and came back with a realization of its superiority to the place they had chosen. Nevertheless they decided to remain where they were, though they could have removed, and the whole land was before them with none to forbid, unless the natives, who naturally frequented in greater numbers the most desirable places, should dispute a proposed joint tenure with an alien race. This consideration was not a trifling one, to a weak and now steadily weakening group of strangers, whose better weapons were still no match for swarms of savages.

Though Plymouth and its environment did not afford the best opportunity for commerce, what was the result of this recognized fact? Colonial expansion, early begun and often renewed, as more attractive

and extended sites invited men forth to gain a good livelihood for themselves and theirs. But if Patuxet was not of the very choicest, it was by no means the worst. It promised good gifts to the thrifty tiller, and a haven commodious for the fisher folk to return unto, who went beyond its harbor's embracing arms to establish posts of trade northward along the New England coast. New Plymouth, as it was sometimes called to distinguish it from the English port, presented a pleasing landscape, with all its stately environs and far curving shores, its contour broken with little hills.

Within the hand of Cape Cod the Mayflower and her precious human freight awaited the return of the vanguard of men. A young woman took her station upon the high stern early one Thursday afternoon, watching where the sun lowered in the southwest upon its short December course. Forebodings filled her heart, though she struggled bravely to repress them. Dorothy Bradford, for she it was, had passed a sleepless night, listening to the low wail of the wind and the wash of waves against the stern below, and appalled by the awful loneliness of the situation, a loneliness intensified by the absence of her husband. This was the seventeenth day of the month, but the seventh in the old style of reckoning time; and the very calendar, both month and day, to her sensitive soul presaged completion. She had tried to help the other women in the morning, willing also to divert her thoughts from the sombre setting which the circumstances forced upon her. But her increased weakness

from vigils excited such pity that her female companions urged her to retire for rest. In vain. Though Dorothy was submissive to good advice, sleep would not come at her bidding. Reason struggled to banish useless concern for her husband; but the events of the preceding day were grim and melancholy indeed. The wintry cold, which had been increasing, then became intense; and so rough was the water, that the departing shallop could not put up sail at first, but crept away under the slow motion of rowing. With two of the men seized by nausea in sight of the ship, all this was not a reassuring start for parts unknown to them all, except Mate Coppin. Thus they had gone from her view, Masters Carver, Standish, Winslow, her William, and other representative men of their company who were able.

The same day that the boat went, saw the second death since they had made the land, less than a month before. Young Edward Thompson was already gone, and yesterday the body of poor little Jaspar More was laid away in the frozen ground after funeral service aboard. Master James Chilton was in a moribund state, his wife and fourteen-year-old daughter weeping beside him.

"Alack for our American babe, Peregrine White," said Dorothy to herself. "Shall this child of Monday endure, if our men do fail? And what of us women?"

Early Thursday afternoon Mistress Bradford had risen from her bed. Even in the harbor, the wind caused such a disagreeable motion of the Mayflower as to induce a now intolerable degree of nausea. This

seasickness was not new to her, and she was accustomed to overcome it by resorting to the fresh air. Weary and faint, but too ill to eat anything, she had wrapped her head and whole person in blankets, and feebly ascended the deck over her stateroom. There, as the sea breeze revived and quieted her, she sat watching, and wondering what day, if any, would bring back her loved one and his comrades, the flower of the colony. She tried to encourage herself by reflecting that if they found a proper harbor in the south of the Bay, they would not have to complete its circuit, and would the sooner return.

The sun shone in a dull sky, and imparted slight warmth. Dorothy enshrouded herself more closely in the blankets. Poor young woman, little did she know she was enshrouding herself preparatory to a sleep not elusive like that which she had sought.

The salt tonic was welcome to her nostrils, and she was able to nibble at some ship-biscuit which she had wisely carried up with her. A box turned bottom side up served for a seat, rather high, yet not so raised but that she could rest the lower part of her back against the rail, the top of which supported her extended arms. Occasionally, when the ship's slow, slight roll lowered the side she occupied, she involuntarily bowed her body a little in the other direction, to preserve her balance so near the edge of the high, top-heavy deck.

As the ozone of ocean brought bodily ease, drowsiness began to steal over her tired senses. The physical restfulness encouraged quietness of spirit also. Then

some lines occurred to memory, from the earliest of Anglican bards whose language is generally comprehensible now.

"O Chaucer!" she murmured to herself. "Friend of our Protestant faith and lover of Wycliffe's first English Bible, how sweet those words of thine upon thy death-bed, uttered almost a century before the Cabots found this continent!

> "'Be thou serene, nor at thy lot repine:
> He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resigned;
> Nor way, nor weather, will be always fine;
> Beside, thy home's not here, a journey this;
> A pilgrim thou, then hie thee on thy way;
> Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss,
> Take what the road affords, and praises pay.'"

The words lingered fondly in the weary brain. The worn soul, too tender for this rough way, whispered the lines over, till she came again to this one:

"'Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss'"——

Sleep, eager courtier hitherto denied, now seized her unconscious form. Sundown did not bring a calm. To-morrow's storm, that Friday tempest which was almost to overwhelm her husband after his escape from the savages, was now brewing outside, and ruffling the waters of the harbor. The tall, round-keeled vessel increased its gentle rocking, like a huge cradle. The sleeper knew of nothing around her, in dreamless slumber.

As evening came on, one of the women went to the Bradfords' stateroom with some refreshment, since they supposed she would be waking and faint. The woman listened outside, but heard nothing, not even the sound of breathing; rapped, but without reply, and more loudly again, yet to no purpose; opened the door, to find no one, perceived with quick feminine eye the drag of lessened bedding, and divined the occupant's purpose, knowing of her frequent nausea and usual means of alleviation. Unsuspecting, she hastened above. The deck was deserted. She saw a box by the rail, and some cracker-flakes wind-swept in a corner. Fear filled her heart. She ran to the spot, and looked over. In a splinter below the outer edge of the rail, some shreds of a woolen blanket fluttered. Stepping back in a sickening horror, the woman rent the heavy air with a scream. The alarm was raised, and the fruitless search began.

Why did not the Elder, with his sympathetic soul, conduct obsequies over the body of this one, as in the case of the serving-man and the small lad? Ask the sadly sighing south-easter which then arose; ask the swirling ebb-tide which received her all unconscious from the concussion; ask the shifting sand: the first was her mourner, the second laved her frail form, and the third is still the ashen-visaged sexton in the wide cemetery of the sea.

When the shallop came back, with its occupants' eager faces and confident words before they mounted the Mayflower's side to her main deck, Elder Brewster stood at the rope-ladder with eyes intent upon his

friend, and disregarded the salutations of respect. A strange silence, the silence of sorrow and pity, pervaded the company aboard and subdued the zest of the incoming band. When William Bradford came up, the Elder without a word put his arm about him and led him aside; and then with tears sought to break the news of the tragic event. Solemnly he began:

"Friend Bradford, thou knowest the hand of the Lord hath been heavily laid upon our assemblage even thus soon, taking one after another in divers manner——"

"Speak plainly, sir, in God's name," cried Bradford in shuddering apprehension.

Then he told him. But first he related the fact of James Chilton's death, and his family's grief. Brewster was a discerning man, and understood this: that our own suffering is somehow less acute and unbearable when we know our neighbor is prostrated with a similar affliction. Yet when he revealed the tragedy concerning the wife, at this time, the terrible truth was staggering, for it exceeded the hearer's worst anticipations. He alluded to it once in his published accounts, but avoided the matter as a mountaineer recoils from the brink of a hungry abyss.

Though the information of the death preceded the mention of its manner, by drowning, when the force of the fact first smote him he turned suddenly, threw back his head, with hands pressed over his face, and slowly went to his room, uttering no cry, but swaying from side to side under the appalling blow. There he remained for some hours, irresponsive to any voice;

and they wisely concluded to leave him alone. At first his breathing was labored, with occasionally a deep groan denoting the depth of his anguish. Sometimes, those who feared to leave his door yet dared not enter, overheard smothered, choking sobs. Once only he spoke:

"O Dorothy, Dorothy, thou hadst knowledge of what was to be!" Then for a long time he lay still. Faithful friends, watching outside in turn, went away finally when the quiet came.

In the darkness of midnight, a man all unobserved paced back and forth upon that deserted high deck, till ease succeeded to his agitation.

Then he paused, and uttered in tones as subdued as the night, the opening words in German, of an ancient Ode to Eternity, afterwards elaborated by Wulffer, a contemporary of Bradford:

"'Eternity! eternity! how long art thou, eternity!
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like a war horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O man, eternity.'"

He resumed his pacing, but after a while paused again at the rail, and spoke with a stronger voice than before:

"Ah, Sir Walter Raleigh, writing but recently in the fateful Tower thy History of the World, thou didst truly say in its preface, discoursing upon the

Mutability of Human Affairs and the dubious prospect of careless folk hereafter:

" ' I must except who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear, and embrace both as the necessary guides to endless glory.' "

Thus the first widower among the Pilgrims sustained his soul, in the thought of unending future happiness, and of reunion with his loved one.

The next day, a group of goodwives met and exchanged comment. Said some, " We saw him coming, calm as a king; but oh, how white! silent, sublime in suffering; yet we knew by the glance of those kindly keen, hazel eyes that he had mastered himself and was thinking of his companions again."

Said others, " Did ye mark, how graciously he accepted our simple but heartfelt condolences, realizing our sincerity by our tears and hand-clasps more than our words? "

" Did ye note likewise, how patiently and gently he went about upon common duties, like the noble hero that he is? "

" It is better, since he hath said but little on his sorrow, that we have refrained from fulsome expressions, albeit we ourselves do mourn our sister gone. He moveth in a quiet mood of resignation, like unto one in a dream."

" Well for him," remarked Dame Winslow who passed by, " well for him that the exigencies of these

days are loudly imperative; for otherwise, I make not how his stricken soul might tarry in its fleshly frame."

With these words the Pilgrim sisters, grieving for the departed, separated with sighs, and returned every-one to her occupation.

Over in Germany, five years later, Lampertus knew not that his Trust Song would have applied truly to the youthful spouse of William Bradford:

"Just as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

"Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands:
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil:
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying."

VIII

A NEW HOMELAND

THE Plymouth Colony was exceptional in its character. . . . They are certainly right who affirm that even these men, or many of them, showed a tough and persistent secular enterprise combining with their religious zeal. It was indeed an indispensable element to the soundness of their character. It kept them from wide fanatical excesses. It made them hardy, sagacious, indefatigable, inflexible in their hold on the fields and the freedoms which they had won. . . .

They meant to worship God according to their consciences; . . . and they felt themselves co-workers with God, when the orchard was planted, and the wild vine tamed; when the English fruits had been domesticated, under the shadow of savage forests, and the maize lifted its shining ranks upon the fields that had been barren; when the wheat and rye were rooted in the valleys, and the grass was made to grow upon the mountains. . . .

Look back from the surrender of New Amsterdam, to the date of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558 . . . and you have before you the remarkable century, out of which had broken the settlements on these shores, at the end of which they all had passed under British supremacy. That was the birth-time of our public life. From its great spirit, from its energetic and vivid experience, fell a splendor and a power on the embryo people which finally became the American Nation.

It was a munificent, a heroical century; in which, for the first time, the immense vigor of popular enthusiasm

entered decisively into national development, and forced acceptance from statesmen and kings; which was, accordingly, the boldest in plan, the widest in work, the most replete with constructive energy, which up to that time had been known in Europe. . . . Long repressed tendencies came to sudden culmination. Hidden forces found vast development. The exuberant and out-breaking energies of Christendom could no more be restrained within ancient limitations than the lightnings, elaborated in hidden chambers of earth and sky, can be locked in the clouds from which they leap. . . .

The instant privilege, the constant obligation, of every man to come to God, by faith in His Son; the dignity of that personal nature in man for which this Son of God had died; the vastness of the promises, whose immortal splendors interpreted the cross; the regal right of every soul to communion, by the word, with the Spirit by whom that word was given:—these broke, like a flash from heights celestial, not only on the devout and studious, but over the common life of nations. . . .

The forces, of learning, of logic, or of arms, which fought against the Reformation, were themselves more eager and more effective because of the impulse which it had given.

Commerce was extending, as letters and liberties were thus advancing. Inventions followed each other almost as swiftly, with almost as much of startling novelty, as in our own time; and the ever-increasing consciousness of right, of opportunity, and of power, the sense of liberation, the expectation of magnificent futures—these extended among the peoples, with a rapidity, in a measure, before unknown. . . .

Another century so energized by great emergent opinions, so suddenly full of a vehement and conquering public life, so prolific in enterprise, so swarming with productive force, one must look long to find. When we reach it in history we are conscious of stepping out of

the Past, into the modern life of Christendom. . . . The work of construction went always forward, and on the broadest national scale. New liberties were asserted and organized. New states came rounding into form. . . .

Alive in every fibre, with an exultant and stimulated life, Northern Europe sent forth its freshly-awakened, world-sweeping activities, as streams are shot into sudden motion when the Easter sun unlocks the ice.

—*The Early American Spirit, and the Genesis of It:*
RICHARD S. STORRS.

THE year 1620 was not to end the second decade of the seventeenth century, before Patuxet should finally receive the pale-faced foreigners; but three days of the third decade passed before the first structure began to rise, though this occurred on Christmas Day in their estimation. By the modern calendar, Christmas morning had come when the Mayflower weighed anchor to cross Cape Cod Bay for Plymouth. Yet that anniversary of Christ's natal day was disallowed them there; for when they had gone over the water three-fourths of the way, contrary winds beat back the carrier of civilization, to its familiar anchorage at the tip of the Cape.

Oh, the worth of home when we want it! That is an immortal verse which declares its incomparable value, be its character ever so humble.

A month of uncertainty in a far country utterly strange to the Pilgrims, for whom the Motherland's hostility made ocean's immensity a permanent barrier against return; the consciousness that here the rudest of mankind lurked in the thicket, and evil beasts in-

fested everywhere; the novel show of a wilderness unspeakably dreary in its wintry desolation; the failing of fleshly force and the sickening at heart, in the awful depth of their isolation: all these stern facts cried aloud to man and woman, to bestir themselves with speed and resolution, and face the necessity now upon them.

Patuxet, emptied of mankind by the plague, afforded the safer resort for wild game, four-footed and winged. But savagery, among beasts or men, is not a peaceful condition, being ever at war with itself. The antlered protector of the forest herd must face the snarling canine pack, and beware the panther ready to drop on its victim from leafy bowers overhead. There the sharp-eyed lynx lies on a tree-trunk over running water, or sits on the shelving mossy bank, and with swift stroke of his paw catches the fish that throng the brooks; while in the Bay wheeling birds of prey watch for the gleaming of scales, and web-footed fowl swim foraging. Where the swamp-berries are gathered no longer by squaws and papooses, the bear claws and bites at the gratifying fruit.

Here are the lone fisherman's favorite haunts. This is the hunter's paradise. He leaves behind him the cluster of wigwams, the plantings of beans and squash, and maize which draws the deer. Solitude is his delight, silence is his habit. The wave is parted by his fishing-spear, to which a rawhide cord is fastened; the branches of the wood are acquainted with his sharp darts and the cry of smitten feathered ones. Laden with trophies for the cooking-pot and family

wardrobe, he becomes emboldened by success, and the camp-fire unloosens his tongue in recital of his deeds of daring.

Who then are these that come in a vast canoe, floating toward Patuxet; and shall they intrude upon these rich hunting-grounds, to scare away the venison and hide bearers?

The hunter on Manomet Hill hastens to dig up dry tinder from under the snow, and coaxes flame in it with sparks from struck flint. He is skilful and persistent, and soon a column of smoke rises well above the headland, and bends over toward the other side of Plymouth Bay. Very soon a second column ascends beside it, just enough apart to be plainly of separate kindling. Will any see it? Not the strangers, probably, for the fires are purposely kept rather slight, and wind-clouds obscure their appearance. Is there a native brother about? The Indian waits in his passive way: it is born in him to wait; so he gains advantage at last, in contests with animals and more dreaded men of hostile tribes.

Presently across the natural harbor, one, and again a second, gray pillar of smoke goes up. A fisherman over there had seen the earlier signal and responded to it in like manner. The double column signifies a new camp-fire beside the old, a divided inheritance, if the strangers choose to remain, and can hold their ground. That remains to be seen. Massasoit, "Chief of the Chiefs," who is also Ousamequin, "Yellow Feather," wearer of eagles' plumes, he must be notified, though his wigwam is two days' journey toward

the setting sun, beyond the white cliffs of Lake Assawompset and beyond the River of Cohannet. He must be told of the arrival of this another great vessel like those that have commenced to come, so different from the small fishing sail that have been seen for many years along the coast. The old men speak of a day they had heard of, when no palefaces ever came near, in vessels big or little: but now it is not so.

With such dubious reflections and forebodings, the thoughtful American native on each side of Plymouth Bay abandoned his present pursuit, and wended his way around the harbor, finding the other by vociferous whoops when within calling distance. Together the two ascended a hillock near a brook, to watch the progress of the ship out there, and a sail-boat that went before it. They conversed in rapid, animated tones; again, they desisted, and were mute. Next they saw the boat pass the point of the harbor bar; and then, at last, the great winged thing came slowly around, until it was on this side of the sheltering spur.

The sails were furled; the rattle of anchors let go was borne on the breeze; the ship came to a stand. The long, hard voyage was over. The Pilgrims had found their resting place.

Hail, new Homeland, new but not unwelcome! Much suffering has already made you dear. Death and enforced delay have rendered the sight of your shores pleasing even to eyes that hitherto beheld you not. Let the rude blast die on your little hills, for the sad faces of weary women and tender children

look forth upon you, to study wistfully what grace may here be found, what hope of comfort, what opportunity to live in safety and peace.

Alas! as for looking on the scene, they were not few who were unable to do so. On beds of sickness their wasting forms reclined, afflicted with incurable distempers. The overload of passengers had been too long confined; a restricted food supply, largely salted and in part tainted, induced scurvy; their introduction to a strange and capricious climate was during the worst season; and exposures were unavoidable, which led to pneumonia and consumption. Men must march, or row, no matter if their coats were stiff and glassy with frozen sleet. Another ardent advocate of New England settlement, Captain John Smith, who was disappointed that the Pilgrims did not engage him to guide them across the sea, asserted that those on board the Mayflower were comfortless in their quarters, and obliged to lie in their bunks for warmth. The straining of the ship's upper-works would not increase the heating capacity of her interior, as the keen winds whistled about her elevated planking, searching for every crevice.

To add to the general awkwardness, their very presence on this coast was an irregularity, as they supposed, who lawfully could only act according to their charter, and knew not that it was superseded by another to cover the case, after they had left England in full expectation of going to the neighborhood of the friendly Dutch immigrants. Captain Smith had been here at Plymouth but six years before, and was

sufficiently impressed with the place to trace a map drawn carefully and with more correctness than was often done in those days of rude draftsmanship. If the reason, or only one reason, for their refusal of his services was because they discovered his interest in this country outside their first charter limits, how mortifying now to find themselves in the very territory he had industriously advertised, and on the exact spot covered by the name he chose! They had refused Smith; but the wily Gorges, and Jones of piratical record, had kept quiet, and acted.

Lawlessness was loathsome to the Pilgrim soul, unless the higher laws of Heaven were to be contravened: hence the famous Compact, promptly made by these men when the region was first recognized. Finding that they had been mistaken in their bearings at the landfall, they signed an agreement before they trod Cape Cod, in order, partly, that their entry hereabouts might be as near to strict legality as these circumstances of compulsion would allow.

Yet loyal as they were, and unwilling partners in this predicament, the thought was natural as to how the Crown might regard this Compact, necessary and excellent as it was for their internal harmony and local order. The time was not come, not for a century and a half after this, when the idea of civil independence, even in remote regions, could be seriously entertained; it was now too chimerical for a sober mind to cherish at all. Britain was mighty, her reach was already world-wide, and her subjects had no disposition to break away from her, even though some of

them suffered under grave abuse and unjust discrimination.

In view of such a formidable combination of undesired facts as those the Pilgrims faced, their calmness cannot be regarded as less than heroic. It was the serenity that is born of confidence in the Almighty's leadership. The legend, "In God we trust," was not yet inscribed on silver coin; it was stamped upon the minds and hearts of our forefathers. Here at Plymouth was the test of faith; and they were equal to it.

The winter of their first acquaintance was not the worst which New England can show. And the haven of their future home did not lock them out with icy barriers, but let them gently in, as the last full week of that eventful year came to its close.

They were barely in time. Half an hour after anchoring, an opposing wind sprang up, too strong to beat into by tacking, and one which they considered would have sent them back to the Cape had they encountered it outside.

These were not of the faint-hearted, and were ready to make trial of their new premises without delay. But as the shallop previously, so now the ship arrived when the Sabbath was to make its occupants pause. And as the male explorers, so now their families, had opportunity on the sacred day to become a little wonted to their novel environment. This breathing spell was for their good. They had need to fortify themselves, to repress the rising sigh, and mount upward in prayer and praise.

The sun was going down upon the final Sabbath

of 1620. Against its shield of gold was intensified the blackness of fir tree tops, like iron lance-heads, along the south-west shore. Peace brooded above the haven, its waters responding to the sky in a blue-gray hue soft as the plumage of a dove. The Mayflower stood almost motionless, as if welcoming this quietness after its long warfare with the elements.

Entranced with the loveliness that even winter allows at times, again was a maiden looking forth from her now familiar upper deck resorts. Her step-mother had just gone below, for the father was sick, one of that sad company disputing the issue with deadly disease.

A young man came by, and thus accosted the maid, with a cheerfulness more forced than felt among the stronger members of the colony: "Mistress Tilley, do you make trial of the points of compass? How blows the wind?"

"Ask me not that, Master Howland," she replied dryly. "Not half an hour is gone, I ween, since I heard a sailor say what there was of it was sou'-west by sou'. Next it veered some other whither. And were this as sunless a day as most of them hereabouts, it might now be nor'-nor'-east for all of my reckoning in this outlandish place.

"And yet," added Elizabeth Tilley with a return effort at light-heartedness, "I confess that after one day's view the country giveth a certain blithesome aspect, even in its mantle of ermine."

The passer, John Howland, had laughed at her loss of bearings, then sobered at once, as when one plays

a game of too great consequence for joking. He answered, with studied deference of manner, "As for the fickle way of these winds, we must not be find-faults thereat, but superior to the weather's very varied details, glad if we can escape harm from its novel behavior. I trow it must now and again be a bit savage even, to conform to the traits of the natives."

Elizabeth unawares frowned. The allusion was unhappy, not exactly reassuring; in fact it provoked a momentary shudder. Then she rallied with a smile, for she was braver than is usual for one of her years.

"If this Sabbath," she said, "as still as in a Christian land, is a pattern of what is to follow, I make it that the hurt of the heathen shall be far from us. We women have ever and anon searched shore and sky-line hereagainst, for any trace of these pagans who stole the harpoon when Mate Coppin was in this haven once, on a fisherman; and they called it Thievish Harbor, you know. Oh, doubt it not, the dark-skins are not far hence!"

Then an idea occurred to her. She turned to John, calling him, before she realized, by his first name, as she had heard others address him: "John, what wouldst thou say if mayhap they all are in hiding somewhere hithermore, till ye men come forth of the ship? Oh-h, John, go not abroad!"

Tears and a great sigh proved her sincerity, as she looked squarely upon him in entreaty. Then, seeing his surprise, she remembered herself. She turned so red that her round face would have vied with the

solar globe now departed. Her thoughtfulness had fled on the assertion of her dread—not so much for herself as for this splendid youth, too magnificent in her admiring, if not loving, eyes to run the risk of wounds by poisoned arrows, or of death by slow torture if taken captive.

Howland was more pleased than he was willing to show. Rather say, he was delighted, and relieved as well. What there was of the wind had been of doubtful direction, now here, then there, by changes hard to discern. But never, to his mind, did weather-vane point more truthfully toward fair, than did this unpremeditated speech reveal a certainty of unconfessed sentiment, perhaps not even self-confessed, yet latent surely. He rejoiced, even while he labored hard to hide his happiness. The savages retreated rapidly from his thoughts.

With dignified deliberation, and a shrewd assumption of superior maturity, he observed: "My child, as long as we men can shoulder a flintlock, swing a rapier, or touch off artillery, we only ask the ladies of this company to feel embraved rather than downlooked, and set their hearts at rest regarding all wild people who might gather themselves together in this vicinage."

The effect of his words, sincere as they were, was as happy as his introduction of the topic had been the reverse; though if at first he was vexed with himself for mentioning it, he was now glad that he had. Elizabeth was doubly relieved. She rested in his hearty assurance, while admiration grew again;

but she was still more at ease because he took no apparent notice of her personal interest. She dismissed the matter with a display of dignity in her turn: "It is safely said, Master Howland, that all the women, and such of us as may not bear arms, would not have our fathers and brothers to expose their persons to yon embruted salvages' doubtful kindness without sufficient occasion, e'en though those pagan battle-bolts should be made a cloth-yard long for their better aim, to outdo one honest English blunderbuss."

Again she turned to him, and now with a countenance of solemnity: "Ah, sir, these perils concern me not half so much, as the state of my poor father, which is sadly out of square. My very own sire is he, all of our blood that is here, though this his wife hath proved as faithful to me as my infancy's mother might have been had she lived. I remember her not, but Father hath oft told me of her and the prayers she said, even in dying, sir, when she asked God to save me from ills of soul and body, to make me an honor among my kind, and bring me at last to his eternal glory."

Howland was glad that the deepening twilight concealed his own tears now, impossible to repress.

"Father is in evil liking this day," Elizabeth continued. "When Mother—so I name her—would raise him on his bunk to look abroad on this new scene, and envive his soul by reminding him that our journey was now at a stand, he took one scopeful look to gratify us. Then quoth he:

"'Aye, aye, well said, goodwife, this journey for me is at a stand.—Now I shall rest.—God help ye both.'

"Upon that he sank back, and closed his eyes as though he would have some sleep. We could not bring ourselves to speak, for weeping sore, and hasted to smother our sobbing with napkins in a corner. Mother herself is bepaled and overworked, and far from well; but insisteth on taking her turn when I would fain exceed my watch. Oh, Master Howland, I fear that for many of us this is not the final haven! And sooner than our poor human hearts would elect, the Mighty Pilot shall take our loved ones hence beyond our ken. Who knoweth when our turn may be? Thus have I been thinking, as I came from the sick-room for rest and consolation."

"Much of that last may God give thee, good maiden."

All the sympathy in the soul of Howland surged up and showed in a tone of infinite pity. Then he offered his help.

"We will hope to see a favorable change in our afflicted folk. But it is verily needful, both for themselves and theirs, that they who watch shall not be aweary beyond the power of flesh to endure, in such besetment of ills. So it pleasure thee, ask Dame Tilley —nay, I will myself—to let me relieve her and thyself at stated times when I am aboard and not appointed away. Gladly would I watch with him at night, and consort ye with some of the women."

"I humbly thank thee, Goodman Howland," said the girl.

Neither spoke for some moments. All sounds abroad were hushed to the silence of slumber. Here and there a star came out, as though angels were lighting tapers in the vast cathedral of the sky. Howland looked straight over the water to the shadowy, broken landscape beyond. Then his rich, velvety bass profound began a tune quite subdued and soft to suit her pensive mood, and because some of the passengers and crew were passing about. Thus for her comfort he rendered

THE SAILORS' STORM SONG.

"Sing we a song of the gale and the sea.
Let it shriek to windward, and sob in the lee;
Let black rocks drip milk, and hide in the mist:
He holds the storm-winds firm in his fist.

CHORUS:

"Wash away, O waves, as ye may;
Blow, high or low;
Wash away, wild waves, wash away.

"Hold out, my hearties, hope, and stand by.
Jehovah's our Guide, we're under His eye.
The Lord of the land is God of the sea.
Ye cannot flee Him wherever ye be.

"If lightnings rive and thunders roar,
The deep ope its mouth—we'll die no more.
Should dear ones we left find a sorrow sore,
Ah! we'll meet them safe on a quiet shore.

"Wash away, O waves, as ye may;
Blow, high or low;
Wash away, wild waves, wash away."

He ceased. His song's final stanza and the refrain became subdued as the distant dashing of breakers on some stony strand. Its appeal of hope and heroic fortitude was not in vain. Elizabeth leaned upon the taffrail, with her face in her hands, and wept freely. When she raised her head, she was alone. Then came a peace to her bosom, as in answer to the prayer of another, in her behalf. What though a sable shroud of mist had been drawn under the jewelled pendants on high, and Night had now involved all things visible below, in a blanket of blackness? Where Nature failed, there shone forth the lustrous splendors of the unseen world. Blossoming womanhood bowed again, worshipping the King of kings. Then, comforted and strengthened, she returned to her father.

Monday morning Captain Jones with several sailors led a small party of planters, who were well enough to go, in quest of the best available site for a settlement. The ship's cramped quarters, and the marked rise of contagious disease aboard, made the matter urgent, and, from a sanitary point of view, of equal interest to all.

Keeping in the woods, more safe from attack by unknown numbers than if exposed to view on the beaches, the little company proceeded westward along Plymouth Harbor. Their circuit was large, the forest impeding, and the December day too brief, to allow a leisurely pleasure-walk; so that the men, unused to

much of this pioneer effort, returned at night weary enough. But the mental effect was stimulating; for all the good features of woodland, soil, and water which had been observed by the advance party on Forefathers' Day, again pleased their eager gaze.

Next day, some went over the ground again, to become yet better acquainted with all it had to show. Such details as many sorts of desirable herbs, varieties of wood, and a serviceable quality of clay, did not escape the quick eye of the prospective resident.

Others remained in the shallop, coasted along, and joined the land party at a creek on the north-west, which they ascended three miles, but found almost too shallow for their sail-boat to emerge from at low tide. This stream, though inviting at full sea, proved a disappointment for any navigable use. They named it in honor of their guide to America. The unadorned, monosyllabic appellation is entirely appropriate: Jones is its name, and it is crooked.

Also on this Tuesday, Clarke's Island, so well known to their first exploring band and named after the first of them that set foot there, was examined again to satisfy certain ones. It requires imagination now to credit the record that, like the harbor bar and most of the shoreland, it was heavily wooded. But about the only good that could be said of the waterless islet as a place to live in, was that it afforded a more secure defence, though easily enough approached from all sides by a fleet of canoes.

The intending colonists determined to make their choice on Wednesday. A considerable number of

men prepared to land. Before leaving the ship divine service was held, when, according to their custom in all contingencies, they "called on God for direction."

Then, committing their cause to the Omniscient, they used their Heaven-imparted reason, and put the matter to vote in truly democratic fashion.

The vote was not quite unanimous, but the large majority chose the place visited on the memorable week previous. It was in fact already the site of the settlement of Patuxet, occupied until recently by the Indians; and the only cleared fields about Plymouth Bay were there, with the largest number of brooks.

These open spaces were safer from assault than the woodland tracts. Indian corn had been planted upon them a few years before, but the place had been abandoned by the survivors of the plague which had raged there, as in many another locality whither unhappy victims fled in vain. This particular district had first been prepared, then vacated; and now these might enter in, by the right of civilization. Though its advantages over adjoining territory were marked, the fact that it was not, however, the very choice of the whole New England coast would naturally insure the place against the cupidity of others who might wish to make a selection, whether of European or native stock.

Patuxet was happily protected by the harbor in front, by a clear, copious brook in a deep ravine on the south side, and by hillocks in the rear which were good stations for observation and for ordnance.

A score of men made Wednesday night the first one spent in Plymouth. Then for a while on Thursday, the last day of the year, the weather prevented their being joined by their fellows who had gone to the ship. But the latter came shortly before noon, with much difficulty. And it was well that they carried provisions, for the wind became so rough that the shallop could not return that evening. The Mayflower herself, although within the harbor, rode with three anchors ahead.

It was almost impossible to work in the driving rain, and the skies remained inclement so much of the time that the first small structure was not finished for a month after their arrival at Plymouth.

Yet the decision had been reached as to a site, before the famous year drew speedily to its close.

Weary Pilgrims, cease your wanderings. Build your hearths. Be content. It matters not how rude the enclosing walls, if those within are happy and true. Such a place makes a fit setting for the pearl of piety, the diamond of joy. Home is the image of Heaven.

IX

COMING HOME

Come home with me, and refresh thyself.

—1 *Kings* 13:7.

NO genuine observer can decide otherwise than that the homes of a nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety.

—J. G. HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil: Home.*

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687),
On the Divine Poems.

AS the old year was expiring in a cold rain-storm, the spark of life also went out, for Richard Britteridge the Leyden Pilgrim, a signer of the Compact.

New Year's Day, 1621, arrived, unrecognized as such by these good people, because England till 1752 held to the ancient Julian calendar, rather than the Gregorian; and her legal year began on March sixteen, Old Style, which was the twenty-sixth in New Style reckoning.

The first morning of that opening decade in New

England was dark and tempestuous. On such days of wet, worse for woodcutters than a dry snowfall, they could only wait, keeping close in some improvised shelter, without a fire. In a heavy downpour, even a natural retreat is welcome, which the forest fastness affords under some great leaning rock or a deep glen where the wind does not penetrate, or where the trees are specially large and their heavy branches thickly interlacing.

Communication was cut off between ship and shore, on this first of January. The land party could only consume rations and try to keep warm. In the harbor also, the unwelcome inertia was prolonged. Here was the school of sweet-visaged Patience. And she taught her pupils well.

The worst was yet to come. Ominous of the approaching mortality, this initial day of 1621 looked with its sombre light upon a lifeless son of Isaac and Mary Allerton, the mother following her child a month afterward. The year began on Friday, the day of Christ's suffering.

And on the Lord's Day following, as the first week began, Solomon Prower's decease made another man less for the little colony. His body was carried ashore for burial. That day a disturbance was heard like the shouting of savages somewhere about; as if their keen, unfriendly eyes had noted with pleasure the English loss, and in mocking antiphony answered the mourners' lamentation with laughter. The occasion was noteworthy from either point of view, that of regret or derisive delight; for this member of Treas-

urer Martin's household was the seventh of the Pilgrim company already taken in the very beginning of their enterprise, as Dr. Fuller's servant, William Butten, died when they were nearing the coast.

But these seven were only the vanguard in the procession of the dead, during this winter and a few days following, in all seven times seven and two more, whose mortal remains were to be laid away under the natural mound which faces the landing place.

Monday, January fourth, was according to their calendar December twenty-five, the day commemorating Christ's nativity. In their reaction against church ceremonials and occasions, they went so far as to make slight public observance of Christmas; nor did they therefore think the less of Christ, for whom they had left all the blessings of life in their native land, when conformity would have allowed them everything. And so they now began to build, on this Monday the fifteenth day since the advance party had stepped over the shallop's gunwales upon Plymouth Rock, and in military order had marched inland, to find and approve their place of settlement, a locality with some signs of occupancy yet in fact vacant.

After the storm was spent, in which the old year died and the new decade was born, a large company had gone ashore to fell timber. And having remained there quietly over Sunday, they now resumed their work this Monday morning without delay; nor was it long before enough wood was down to enable them to commence putting up the first edifice. This was to be their common house, to receive part of their

goods, and such of the workers as would stay on land during the nights. Considerable time was thus saved in passing to and from the ship; and camping was more healthful, while also relieving the congestion of humanity aboard.

This structure was only twenty feet square; and the other houses that they proceeded to erect were not large: but the shelter was afforded which civilized society seeks.

While the logs were being prepared and brought with much labor for the walls, again the same clamor arose in the distant background which they had heard Sunday. These cries were strange to European ears, but they regarded them as the howling of disturbed human beings. Therefore, after being further hindered by a furious wind and rain, all of the colonists who were able began on Thursday morning to make a platform upon the hill back of their settlement, for the reception of cannon.

No sooner had they begun to build their habitations, than the work was balked again by an increase of ill health, many being prostrated from exposure to the weather, with its rude and unfamiliar irregularities.

As for the Pilgrim matrons and maidens, the good ship Mayflower was their closely occupied castle, although rapidly becoming a pest-house. Its unsanitary condition was not by their fault. And where could they go? Betwixt the wailing of wintry breezes and the vociferous breath of savagery, land was a locality little desired by ladies for many days, until it could show to their watchful eyes some safe places

of refuge, and roofs of thatch, at least, to shed the rain and snow. They waited for chimneys to rise, before bringing their children to shore. A number of the women, and those under age, could not venture abroad if they would, for they were held fast in the grip of disease, and soon succumbed to its fatal stroke. From about a score of little ones in that company, five gave up the pathetic struggle, and fifteen survived that memorable winter.

So necessary was it to retain the ship for the use of the invalids, male and female, that the local managers of this enterprise decided to hire the use of the vessel for a while, though they could ill afford the expense of demurrage. Thus they held her, remembering that the master had threatened to return with speed. However, he was the more willing now to remain, and very soon obliged to do so, not only because the elements had waxed tempestuous, but because distempers had incapacitated a considerable portion of the crew as well as the colonists.

If, in pursuance of orders privately given him, the captain had brought his charge to New England, now according to a plan to which he was no party, in New England he should tarry. And if mercy was to weigh, or reputation be concerned, in him who now stood in respectable society despite his past and final record, it would appear better to his distinguished patrons if he allowed this pitiful proceeding some hope of success, instead of deserting the colony while roofless.

In this case Nature, seemingly unkind, thwarted the unkindness of men, at the behest of One mightier than

Nature; because, by means of her forcible protest, she would not allow the lone emblem of civilization to slip abruptly away. If even within the harbor the good-sized shallop could not safely venture at times, out at sea this bark of not the largest seventeenth century model might be more embarrassed than she was in coming; and anything worse than that experience would mean disaster. Discretion ruled, at first; financial persuasion prolonged her stay; and finally the plague spoke its veto against her going too soon, should the weather be never so fair. Convalescence among palefaces this winter, as previously among redskins, continued to be a commodity of which the demand exceeded the supply, in the market of Patuxet.

Though general good health was not listed at any quotation now, in this needy New Plymouth, one precious article was on hand in quantity; but although it steadily increased, it was not for sale: that property was heroism. The observer in ever increasing Christian centuries is impressed with two facts, the more he focuses his study here: the poverty of the Pilgrims in earthly necessities at this time, and their wealth in treasures of soul, unseen but amaranthine.

On January seventh, after working in the morning upon Fort Hill, the little village was laid out in prospective plan. Its main thoroughfare took the name of First Street, changed later to Leyden; and the thousands of yearly visitors still follow the original course unchanged, from the sea up the slope to the Hill. On each side of this street, less than a score of plots were set off for the various families, which were to erect

everyone its own domicile, their respective locations to be distributed according to lot.

The larger families received larger plots, proportionately to their respective number of members, every individual being allowed a frontage of half a pole, which was eight feet and a quarter, and a depth of about fifty feet. This gave Governor Carver's household of seven souls, and Stephen Hopkins' family of like number, each a street front of nearly sixty feet; and for these largest groups there was land enough " for houses and gardens to impale around." But the kitchen gardens of others, by this measurement, would be insignificant spaces behind their dwellings; and so within a fortnight after this, the settlers drew lots anew for more ground upon which to plant, in the village nestled between harbor, gorge, and hill. Over the brook on the south, and on the north beyond the palisade that was to be made, were fields of serviceable size, held in untitled joint ownership at first and in severalty later, for grain and other crops.

A quarter of a mile beyond this little clearing which the Indians had made, stood the illimitable forest, bare and bleak now, but giving the promise of foliage rolling in sunlight above, and with restful, shadowy recesses beneath.

Lacking horses and oxen, the Pilgrims had much toil in carrying timber across the cleared ground. But though building material was not, as with many pioneers, on the actual sites of their dwellings, they were spared the trouble of uprooting stumps from the dooryards.

And it more than repaid their labor, to look upon the wealth of natural resources around them. A few towering oaks stood like chieftains among the swarthy tribes of pines and firs, with birches bright and dull. There, too, the ash yielded its limbs for their carpentry, and the aspen was to tremble at the approach of the strangers. The sable cypress and ruddy cedar combined their own beauty with the majesty of spreading elms. A shower of walnuts and chestnuts, with the gifts of hazel and beech trees, strewed the ground in places.

Though of leaves there were not, the men could notice, despite their mourning for comrades, the cheering presence of grapevines climbing about in the wilderness, the tangle of other vines bearing various small fruits, the thickets of berry bushes, the little wild cherry tree, and lowly beach plum; while close to the earth, in the deserted plantation, slept a profusion of strawberry creepers, showing now and then a sere leaf in testimony of the departed delicacy sure to return. With such greetings the woodland, with its enclosed open, asked the newcomers to take heart, and await with patience the revival of nature.

Thus the place revealed itself, and the plan of the settlement was formed. That plan was carried out, if with pathetic weakness, yet with steady persistence.

A month from Forefathers' Day the common house was completed. One thing done! But that single accomplishment was threatened with disaster in a very few days. It was damaged by fire, which consumed

the thatch of the roof but spared the supporting structure, early one Sunday morning when they were expecting to hold their first public worship ashore. It seemed as if every evil genius and all the powers of darkness withstood them. Their present and future Governors, Carver and Bradford, were lying there upon beds of illness, but happily were able to escape and save themselves from the danger of death, through threatened explosion of the powder which was then in this store-house. All were thankful that their misfortune was without more terrible result. Hope revived, and, as if in sympathy with this feeling, the weather for several days was actually genial, suggesting the mildness of early spring. Only three nights before this gentle interval began, the cold had been intense and much snow had again fallen, a circumstance they were still poorly able to meet. John Goodman and Peter Browne returned to camp this Sunday, in a frost-bitten condition, having been lost Friday, and sought for by an armed party of ten or a dozen, and given up for dead.

On the last two working days of January a shed was made upon the shore, to which their cargo of goods was to be brought in the shallop and long-boat, a slow, laborious process with such bulky freight as hogsheads of meal, and at such distance as the bark was obliged to keep, being a mile and a half.

This month of January, 1621, closing on Sunday, the plan of holding public service on land was carried out for the first time, just before the stirring decade's second month. To the common house the men brought

their families, all who were well enough to go and return after hearing Elder Brewster preach the Word.

If ever there was need for the consolations of religion, it was in those days. Sickness with mortality was steadily increasing. It became much worse in February, reaching its climax shortly before March.

On the eighth Sunday in the harbor, during the middle of February, there was no opportunity to go in comfort to the common house for worship, nor was there any bodily ease aboard the vessel; for a heavy rain descended, driven by the fiercest wind that had visited the adventurers. The top-heavy Mayflower, lightened of her cargo and not yet ballasted, rolled fearfully, even to the risk of her capsizing. Imagination is not strained to see the degree of physical misery and mental suspense among the plague-stricken ones on the ship, those who indeed had already become too ill to be removed to the land under any circumstances.

On the Friday following, the invalids who had been conveyed ashore had also their share of peril. In addition to the common house, a little building had been completed, the first of the family dwellings, which was used at this time as a hospital. A spark caught in the inflammable thatch of the roof, again promptly proving this to be too poor a covering for permanent use; but, as the season was not dry, the fire was extinguished before the structure sustained very much damage. Nevertheless, how terribly such a blaze would tell on the nerves of those inmates who were too weak

to help themselves! The shock was sufficiently frightful, even though they would have been carried out if necessary.

Add to these hazards, the attendant fact that Sunday's storm had cleared only to be followed, throughout that week, by another instalment of bitter, biting cold. The impetuous rain had previously loosened the fresh clay mortar between the logs and let it drop, for the wind to enter instead. And now, new daubing must freeze and crack, and be likely to fall off again. The wonder is, not that an increased number yielded their lives in such circumstances on land or water; but that as many survived as did, among the cases of disease, to say nothing of those hitherto in tolerable condition.

At the time of the cottage fire, Master Jones, who was a good shot, brought down five geese and presented them for distribution among the sick, a deed of kindness which made a happy impression in the Pilgrims' acquaintance with the man. And it was a relief for him to go gunning, apart from a scene so sad, in that dubious colony which he had transported to this rough region. He could also afford to give the crew considerable shore leave in a haven so singularly free from vicious environment; for everybody in any degree of health was entitled to whatever respite could be enjoyed from the overhanging menace of contagion.

Not only did the passengers lose half their number before winter itself died, but the crew suffered in the same proportion. The poor fellows were all

obliged to share in the same scurvy-causing food, as long as they could stomach, with other long kept edibles, the staple diet of fried pork and bacon, corned beef and dried cod, old hard tack and questionable butter, the doubtful choice between stale or pickled, with impure sea salt. It was a change most welcome, whenever a fresh, sweet fish or fowl could be found before the regular season.

These unfortunate seamen in their distress were not neglected by the colonists, themselves sorely afflicted. Such unselfish, tender ministrations of mercy honored the Christian profession, and were gratefully appreciated by the recipients. The practice of religion kept step with its preaching; and this exerted the right influence on those who could not fail to take notice, and be mortified also at such kindness in return for their former contempt. Sailors who, unchecked by their hardened Captain, had cursed and mocked the much-enduring passengers, now ceased their insolence. And the seventh Sunday in the harbor had seen some of the crew joining the Pilgrims in the sacred service on shore.

In the height of the crisis, however, the voice and hand of many a Christian helper were withheld, from attention to the mariners not only, but even from aiding their own kindred. The actual taking away of fifty-one souls, exactly half of the Pilgrim band, shows how general was the prevalence of the several distempers, particularly the scurvy and lung troubles. So severe was the trial, that many others were brought to death's door, though they did not pass through. In-

deed, the whole company was ill, with but six or seven exceptions.

Though Carver, the first Governor, succumbed to sunstroke apparently, in an early April heat for which he was unprepared, and though Bradford his successor almost died from an excruciating form of rheumatism under aggravated conditions, yet two other leading characters were wholly unscathed, and endeared themselves to all by their earnest assistance. These were the religious and military heads, Brewster and Standish. Elder and soldier vied each with the other in lowly, compassionate nursing, during those dark and dragging days. And though others also, who had tended the sick, died themselves, the survivors did not flinch, whether well or ill; but continued to keep the fires going, wash the offensive clothing and bedding, and care for the persons of the prostrated ones.

Meanwhile the Colony, struggling hard for existence, knew that the watchful eyes of wandering natives were liable to discover its condition, and report it with malignant glee to their fellows. Therefore the many fresh graves, several sometimes filled in one day, were not rounded over, but were made smooth, on the slope called Cole's Hill, opposite the landing place; and this evened surface did not betray its new-turned soil, for over it there arose later some waving grain, like that sown in their fields for use.

Truly the natal hour of the colonial commonwealth was a time of hard labor, a veritable dispute with Death. The Destroyer had conquered the native populace of Patuxet, now he began to do the same with

the foreigners—until One Higher arrested his purpose. Several other American colonies had suffered even worse, and so had perished: Plymouth must survive.

But oh, the pity of their lot, though Heaven makes amends for all that here must be endured! Long ago when the Aryan ancestors of these Occidental voyagers were themselves to rear the pioneers of various European nations, they recognized, even in prehistoric times, that the Man was "Vira," the lover, hence the heroic protector, and as a Father he was "Patar," the provider; his mate was called in anticipation the fruitful, the child-bearer, and as a Mother she was "Matar," the measurer of food distributed among the members of her household. But what would Sanskrit bard, Teuton chieftain, or Hellenic adventurer have thought, if they could have looked forward to a day so late, at seeing the representatives of a high civilization, in this Western World enterprise, mourning for about half the entire number of husbands, who were thus forbidden all further human affection and opportunity to provide for their families? How would those ancient ones compare this fact, with their own experiences of migration, that in the first seven months fourteen died and only four remained, from as many as eighteen wives who had succeeded in reaching America? Who with parental pride could point to her happy increase, and mete out for them the staff of life? As the early Indo-European had found plenty of room in the earth, and regarded large families as an honor, so America was ample for the spread of

the genus over her hills and valleys, and her new settlers often nurtured a numerous offspring; but this initial colony of New England had poor prospect of such blessing now. The primeval Orientals set an example to their Anglo-Saxon descendants, in their expectation of enlargement, to the extent that a Son was called "Suna," a procreator, in view of what he was desired to become; and the Daughter, even while an infant, was by anticipation the giver of milk, the full-breasted nourisher of another generation of babes. Thus eagerly have new-comers, in many lands, longed for numerical strength. But what hope of children's children was here, if the young should continue to lie down in death together with the old?

"Father! Father! do not give up. Look aland. See how more brightly now the sun shineth down on all.—There, so, let me lift thee for thy better beholding."

The sturdy maiden who spoke shuddered at the lessened weight of her sire, as she bent her knees behind him on the bunk, and raised him to a sitting posture. With all her youthful energy, Elizabeth Tilley had struggled to save her remaining own parent from sinking down. He felt the hopelessness of her task, and in paternal pity had just confessed to her his conviction, begging her not to wear herself out by too assiduous attentions.

Now he took a long look through the portholes at the scene under the sunlight, shining a little more warmly, this early February day, than it did in December. As he gazed, a faint smile played over his wasted

countenance. Elizabeth was quick to take advantage of what she thought was his admiration of the picture.

"Is it not blithesome, Father mine?" she exclaimed; and added, with an inward misgiving, "Mother will enjoy it on deck and herself should feel better, just to see them take the meal-casks from this topsy old ship. Now that Master Howland helpeth us on sundry nights, and of Sabbaths, I am stronger to nurse for the rest of the time; and nurse thee I will, be the days brightsome or embrowned, till thou be well once more."

The light in her father's face increased, and his look held landward still. Landward? Elizabeth, discern better. He is looking beyond.

Then certain mysterious words of euphonious melody broke from his parting lips:

"Hiems horrens, æstas torrens, illic nunquam sæviunt;—
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt."

"What is't you say? That's no Dutch, certes," asked the girl, amazed.

"Why, child, it is but one of Pastor Robinson's frequent citations which caught mine ear. This I particularly recalled even as I looked abroad but now, from an Augustinian Latin hymn of over a thousand years agone, on The Joys of Paradise; and our preacher rendered it in some such wise as this:

"'Frowning winter, scorching heat, never show their fury there.—
Sweet as honey flow the streams, by meadows green and pastures fair.'

"Now list again, my Elizabeth, and I will give thee this revery, the which I turned into its form, and named it Eventide.

"When sunset pales, like melting ruby, in the placid lake,
The snowy swan, slow sailing, seeks her rest among the rushes.
Now, lilies, fold your chalices, more pure than alabaster.
So, croon and nestle, children of all birds, to notes of thrushes.

"At eventide return all they that wander forth in morning.
Adown the hillside come the willing kine, and bleating sheep
Descend the pasture paths that lead them to their lowly fold,
When stretch the purple wings of night above the heights and deep.

"The fishers bring their boats to shore amid effulgent gloaming.
His heavy steps the husbandman directs to nearing light.
With growing joy I hail sweet portals of my Father's house;
For I have worked a full day through, am weary: then, Good-night."

Grief, pent up too long, will have its vent. Elizabeth slipped from the bed and sank to the floor, hiding her face in the coverlet and sobbing violently. Such sounds were common in those days. After a while she lifted her blurred eyes and cried out, "O Father,

why is it, tell me why, that we Pilgrims should fare so ill?"

"Hush, little one! It is that we might be made 'perfect through suffering.' Rightly may New Plymouth say with that enduring patriarch Job, 'When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.'

"And can we not lie still under the hand of God, when we remember the sorrows of his Son? Look away, my child; see the Redeemer upon the cross, his pure flesh quivering with sharp pangs on that criminous death-day, his soul sustaining the sins of the world. Ah, that was suffering!—this is naught.

"Give heed then to that which was spoken by Thomas à Kempis:

"'Take up therefore the Cross and follow Jesus, and thou shalt go forth unto everlasting life.—Go where thou wilt: seek what thou wilt: thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross.'"

Some days later, John Tilley and his wife lay upon adjoining cots in the hospital hut where those most ill, who could be moved at all, had been taken from the ship, to be kept in separation from the less affected. As Elizabeth went softly about, ministering to them with a heart too full for utterance, silent also for the sake of the others grievously afflicted there, her father beckoned to her. When she came with questioning in her eyes, he signed for her to come nearer. Not understanding his wish she knelt beside him, wondering at his unusual earnestness. He then placed his hand gently upon her head, and began to speak:

"Daughter, receive my blessing.—'Trust in the Lord, and do good,—so shalt thou dwell in the land——'"

The hand dropped. The voice ceased. Parental love had tugged too stoutly at the heart. He was not. John Tilley had joined the muster roll of those who in a now increasing company were passing onward.

Lord of the life unending, from every age and out of all lands, we are coming home to thee.

X

WOUNDS AND HEALING

O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

—*Jeremiah* 10:23.

"NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be.

. . . . . .

"Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power;
And in its strength through after days,
We travel our appointed ways.

"The mount for vision; but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life thereon shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown."

Get a man who is restfully intimate with his Lord, and you have a man whose force is tremendous.

—J. H. Jowett.

"FATHER is dead: Mother is dying."

To hear such a saying as this, is sad indeed. To hear it from the lips of a lone young girl in a wilderness, is more than sorrowful: it tells a crisis.

The hearts and home of Governor and Goodwife Carver were open to more than one soul otherwise

solitary. Their household comprised at least six besides themselves, until the deaths of the little lad Jaspar More and their man Roger Wilder. The four that remained with the Carvers while the latter lived, were Desire Minter, who returned to England in broken health after the first year, Master Carver's secretary, John Howland, Mistress Carver's unnamed maid who married and died within two years, and the youth William Latham, who finally left the Colony and starved to death in the West Indies.

Beside these, tradition for a long time regarded the maiden Elizabeth as the daughter of the first Governor, till the recovered record of his successor showed her true parentage. And a writer of the next century, Thomas Prince, declared in his carefully compiled Annals that the Pilgrim Edward Tilley belonged to the Carver household: but both Edward and his wife soon died, as did the other Tilley couple to whom Elizabeth belonged; and the reputed cousin of Edward and Ann Tilley, Humility Cooper, was sent for later by guardians in England, where she expired young. In these dispositions, the orphaned Elizabeth, the last of the Tilley name at New Plymouth, would out of pity be all the more welcome to the hearth-stone of the Carvers, even to being named as a daughter until they themselves were presently summoned hence. So at Calvary, the sublime Sufferer remembered his mother to the beloved disciple, using the terms of family bonds; and thus it has been done in numberless touching instances.

Those who by these circumstances were placed under

the same roof developed necessarily a closer acquaintance; and where that was agreeable, strong friendship was the natural outcome. It was not long before Elizabeth became convinced that Master Howland entertained thoughts of tenderness toward her. Had he not already given unmistakable evidences of more than friendly regard?

February, "the fever month," was almost ended, passing out quite unmourned itself, on the Pilgrims' tenth Sunday in Plymouth. They were gathering for divine worship, coming from the ship and such of the log buildings as were now erected. The common house was the best or only place where public religious exercises could be held indoors, until a fort on the hill should offer a resort more ample, and secure against attack.

In the Governor's humble home, everybody in his or her curtained corner or partition was exploring chests or wall pegs to bring out the simple best suit, or, lacking that, some extra article of dress for dignifying the fading garb of daily labor.

In a neat hood and neckerchief, the orphan child Elizabeth Tilley came forth with the rest, to the space which commenced to resemble a street. Hers alone now, to do with as she might list, was the little load of personal effects which had been brought for her parents from the ship, when household goods began to be taken over in the boats.

As she stood in the rustic doorway, she measured quite tall for one just coming to fourteen years. A chill breeze of dying February shook her skirts, and

her long cape lifted, betraying the fact that her figure was not as full and round as it was before she became an orphan. When her face was raised toward the hill on the other side of the brook, it showed the impress of privation already present, sorrow sore, and service severe. A womanly quietness was stamped upon her features before the time. Serious events had hastened mental maturity.

Now also, though her bearing was erect and demeanor calm, there was a trace of apprehension on her countenance while she looked across the gorge to Strawberry Hill, then glanced around all other outlying places, and intently listened. Everybody else was likewise alert; for the Indians had finally visited the immediate neighborhood, though there remained no signs of them Saturday night and this Sunday morning.

On the Friday previous, one of the Pilgrims, ambushed in the woods for game birds, had observed a dozen natives marching toward the settlement, and heard the subdued voices of many more approaching. He ran back quickly and caused the alarm to be sounded, and the scattered choppers made haste to come in when they heard the blaring summons to rally, a noise quite as startling to the ears of the savages. If it was their intention to pick off any individuals at least, wherever an ax resounded, they were disappointed even in this, though quite too near accomplishing much more. But the settlers, warned barely in time, gathered in the open and stood to arms. All the prowlers could do was to steal a few tools

that had been left while the owners were gone to dinner. They refused to show themselves; and the same Friday evening their camp-fires were so far removed as to be discernible only from the ship.

From that viewpoint, in the first week of January, much smoke had been seen six or seven miles away, as also some days later. At that time, Captain Standish and several men had promptly set out to reconnoitre, but without success, finding only some old abandoned wigwams. Again, while Myles Standish was mourning for his wife Rose, the very day after her death his attention, as a military leader, was diverted from his sorrow; for all were surprised by the fact that Captain Jones and some of the crew had caught a glimpse of two of these wary folk retreating from Clarke's Island, where they had evidently come to scrutinize the vessel. They were beyond hailing distance when discovered, being good rivals of sinuous snakes for stealthy movement.

But on the Saturday following the secret approach and retirement of the redskins in force, as the colonists were conferring about their better protection and had just invested Captain Standish with full authority to command their little company of men, two Indians still lingering in the neighborhood showed themselves openly on Strawberry Hill, later named Watson's; and they beckoned to the whites to come over to them. Yet when Standish and Hopkins, backed by their fellows under arms, advanced toward the couple, they took fright and beat a retreat.

Because of these developments, the men determined

to bring their great ordnance ashore Monday, and plant the various pieces at the best vantage points. The largest cannon were ten feet long, as a rule, and weighed the greater part of a ton, delivering effective four-pound balls.

"Thou art bold to come forth within a bowshot of any foes yet with us, Mistress Tilley," said John Howland, stepping forward as she appeared on Sunday morning. Then he tried a bowshot of his own.

"Seeing that our Americans have shown such interest in us, may I to the common house with thee, the while we go for worship?"

His polite speech, couched in the stately archaic mode, was followed by a gallant proffer of the arm. To his astonishment this maiden, who had always been civil to him and his comrades, now retired a step, very gently indeed, but with a deliberate decision, as though her would-be protector were himself needing to be guarded against. And her answer came in tones of unmistakable denial, though low and sweet, and without a trace of displeasure:

"Master Howland, thou speakest too fair to such a sorry child as I be. Pray spare thyself the trouble to attend me, for I do but wait some moments for the goodwife to appear with her lord: she shall suffice for escort, particularly as our valiant Captain already paces the street against the Governor's coming."

Howland repressed his amazement with a gulp, and rallied at once with a mighty effort of will, his eyes quickly returning from their momentary dilation.

"Mistress Tilley, thou art thyself too kind to ex-

tend explanations for thy refusal. I perceive the Captain's presence. In sooth there is no need for my attendance. Let me follow with my proper fellows."

Thus the worthy youth enforced humility in his heart, with a shade of undisguised sadness in his voice, but no nettling asperity. He who had drawn a bow at a venture had himself been hit; but though the wound rankled, he would not confess it. What would he have said, if he had looked back immediately after leaving her, and seen her dash away some tear-drops from her eyelashes? She wondered at his steady composure and unfailing courtesy.

"O Mother that was not mine!" she murmured. "Must I be so uncivil a wench to a man that hath a better look each time I meet him, e'en while I gainsay him? But nay, I must respect the wishes of the dead. And in truth I am scarce better than a child, and he a man well grown in years. Thou didst wisely to warn me, good dame, and a mother in soul wast thou. Dost look from Heaven with my very Mother, and see that I am a faithful daughter to you both, though it be to my hurt?"

Her sorrowful soliloquy was cut short by the emergence of the Governor and others of his household.

Let the student of American history observe well the significance of the fact, that this delayed irruption of savagery from the unfriendly Cape neighborhood or elsewhere, into the precincts of Plymouth, occurred at a time when the mortality had just reached its height, and its scale needed lowering if the whole enterprise was to be kept from utterly fading away.

The rate of fatalities per week continued such as almost to make the dead a majority—almost, not quite. Life and death held one another in a deadlock, until the latter weakened—and the Colony survived. Survival was followed by revival, as a nearly strangled man, rescued from the clutch of the sea, begins slowly to come to himself.

But mark with care, O growing host who ponder our national foundations, that up to the time of the Indian reconnaissance, the rate of fatalities continued on the increase. What would stop it? The coming of the spring? Not if too late. The weather had recently grown worse rather than better. In such a deathly crisis, study the effect of a sudden diversion. See the unconscious kindness of the cruel. For while winter was wearing itself away and its worst provocations would soon be spent, nevertheless the coming March would be a month full long and hard enough to lay low many sickly bodies. And though the hope of spring was itself good, in those short-handed workers and faithful watchers of the invalids, and in the prostrated ones themselves, yet the clemency of April seemed too far away when already almost every person was ill. Religious and humane principles, with family affection, forbade the neglect of the weak by the strong, with the result inevitable then, that the strong ceased to be such, for a season. They, too, felt the sinister breath of contagion. Yet their soul knew no weakness. Even if some dismay and a tinge of discouragement affected any of them, their resolution failed not. Their heroism faced catastrophe as

with hearts of oak. They were more merciful to the dying than to themselves the living—but how could duty order otherwise?

It was a perilous juncture indeed, if possible more threatening than the noiseless, moccasined tread of the approaching tomahawk bearers. Both plague and pagan despised the life of the Pilgrim, and both were as crafty as pitiless; but the plague exceeded in power. What a combination of hateful forces!

Yet men of their simple, vital faith, men also whose bodies were strangers to the enervation of evil habits, these whose fellows in England were to support the Puritan Cromwell against the Crown and give him the rare record of a military leader never once conquered, such men could die if need was; but they would die undaunted, at the post of chosen responsibility. And a mood so cool and fearless made Death keep his distance the more. Though the dread Destroyer had often menaced them before, driving them from Old England only to confront them in New England, here they made their stand, and fought to a finish. They triumphed at last, amid the frost and fever and environed by the lurking ferocity of such as were experts in the refinements of torture. History, accredit them to the full!

And yet, though courage is high, vitality is lowering fast. The strain of irresistible grief is also telling now. Come away, true noblemen of an unconfessed aristocracy, leave for a little the bedside of the sick; aye, leap from your own couches who can: for torch and arrow are not to be tolerated. Swooning souls,

become alert. Oh, you who are bowed in anguish amid noxious distempers, you who either do not altogether realize the gravity of the ghastly crisis or else refuse to think thereon, you are in fact not permitted to think of malignant foulness now, for a new necessity is here. Out with snaphance and cutlass and come forth afield. Beware of the woods! Muster the last man who can stagger to his feet! Rally the sailors, and haul cannon to the heights! It is a change for you, to plan about an enemy that is at least partially visible. Now, thou unseen serpent of Disease, retire from their fainting senses, and begone, if thou canst, from failing bodies. Let humanity now defend itself from a living foe, instead of a spectral antagonist.

Such was the benefit the swarthy ones brought unawares, to those of lighter complexion. Neither side perceived the good: both were thinking of mutual resistance. But it was not the only moment in human annals, when opposition meant salvation, since mercy could do no more.

On the Sabbath following this incident, no enemy reappeared. The group of settlers from their few first homes were joined at the common house by the others from the ship; and all proceeded within, following the Elder and civil dignitaries. There was standing room for quite a little company, enough for those who could come. Some when weary of standing, sat down where they were, being content to hear if they could not see. A few stools were brought, supplemented also by blocks sawn from small logs.

The Elder arose. Silence pervaded the crowded

room. Then the great Bible was opened, and the commission was read, which Jehovah gave unto Joshua:

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

It was customary to expound the Scriptures, interpolating comments during the reading. This made sure that the humblest hearer understood thoroughly the meaning of every ordinary verse, and even the mystic passages were explained as far as their infinite heights and boundless depths could be penetrated for the occasion. These interpreting remarks were as acceptable then, as in present usage it is pleasing to hear the sacred language without comment. The Pilgrims preferred the English Geneva Bible, though the King James version was available; for the former was a translation, amid the Swiss altitudes, by scholarly men of such pure Christian faith that "Bloody Mary," while in power, had expelled them from England.

After the Scripture, all bowed the head while their leader prayed. He began by an ascription of praise, by which the nearness of the divine Spirit was made more real to the worshipping ones; and, in the transport of adoration, the dark details of their own troubles sank from their minds, as a dreary landscape seems to fall from under an ascending eagle. The Elder gave thanks for manifold mercies, in the blessings of the Gospel, in the imperishable bonds of family relation, and friendship enduring beyond the vale of

tears; and he poured forth the offering of gratitude for preservation from perils by their own countrymen, the wintry sea, and the heathen who had been graciously kept from them till now, and even now had been turned away with harm to none. He confessed their unworthiness to be recipients of such favors, implored help that all might be faithful and endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ Jesus, and made supplication for the sick and the many bereaved ones.

A hymn was raised, and it rang with the victory of faith. As for the manner of rendering it, provincial seclusion could not yet put a distinguishing mark on these former residents of English and Dutch cities and towns; and they were not under the necessity of the later method, curious and quaint, of lining off verses, as memory still fresh would prevent that. The little congregation was supplied with a choice translation of the Psalms, adapted for singing, by the amiable and scholarly Henry Ainsworth, the first pastor of the Amsterdam Pilgrims before they removed to Leyden.

At Plymouth, in those weeks of desolation by disease, it required courage to sing anything without a quaver in the voice. But on this Lord's Day morning, there was a noticeable elation in the rendering of the Psalm. For an enemy of unknown numbers had come and gone, without bloodshed. Men whose avowed purpose, in part, for settling in a savage country was to give the Gospel to the natives, would surely deplore the necessity of doing them any hurt: the policy was

purely defensive, and it was consistently followed in the first generations here.

The much beloved Elder Brewster was equal to every occasion. Bradford testified that his teaching was "to the great contentment of the hearers and their comfortable edification." Posterity has no discourse of his to profit by, but imagination will not go seriously amiss in picturing him as he preached the Word to his people, in sermons about a thousand, and of incalculable influence, twice every Sabbath for nearly ten years.

And in this spirit he spoke, while John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley listened, each separate from the other, in the audience.

"'Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.' Thus saith the Lord, by the mouth of Peter, the First Epistle, second chapter, and verse twenty-one.

"My dear people and fellow Pilgrims, let not questionings arise in your hearts after this manner: 'Have we not followed our Master in manifold sufferings hitherto? And will the end thereof come when we be all dead men? How long, O Lord; how long?'

"Hear then, if any among you doubt to what a pass these trials may be carried, hear the Word from Heaven:

"'Ye shall not be tempted above that ye are able to bear.'

"The bruised reed he will not break, be it planted in Palestine or Plymouth, and the smoking flax he

will not quench. Comfort then your hearts, my hearers, for 'the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations,' of whatsoever sort they be that assail both soul and bodily sense. 'He will never suffer the righteous to be moved,' and though the thorn in the flesh doth grievously stick, he saith again to us as to Paul, who besought for deliverance:

"'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' And again: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

"In truth I would not speak lightly of our woes. We have known the severe aspect of Sorrow, and have sat down in consort with Sadness amidst dust and ashes. Your fathers have been translated to behold, like little children, the face of the Father in Heaven. Your mothers may now hold sweet converse with Mary, human life-giver to the Lord of glory veiled in clay. Husbands' hands have failed to feed their dear ones, for they are clasped upon silent breasts. Wives have gone to be with the Bride of the Lamb on high. The hope of our posterity is minished, and the moan of those that be few in years passeth out on the zephyrs of vesper, it dieth with the murmur of the tide upon this far-away surf-worn shore.—But why must I break your pangful hearts in sense of the fact, and melt mine own eyes with tears? Let me not so look to our unhaps as to make your minds distraught with direness. Only I would have you say with Job of old, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him'; and with that bowed figure

in Gethsemane's garden, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.'

"Here is your healing, O ye that are wounded! Come, my friends bereaved, lie low at the Cross: there still your plaint.

"Since it is given us to behold the light of this tenth Sunday of our sojourn in these earthly parts, it behooveth us to take cognizance again concerning our purpose in making our pilgrimage hitherward.

"Was it the lure of the land that led us on? Nay, verily, so that were all, I opine ye would all be harking back presently; for methinks worldly comforts do not crowd upon us aheap, nor overmuch restiness, here in this being-place. Would you go hence and kiss a prelate's hand for your better behoof, he would make your nest soft and secure, and yourselves in good liking, fat as the butter of kine. Aye, my true souls, I took not my mark amiss, for you smile at such a notion and lend it no approvement. Well I know you would first choose death, and—let me speak it alow with the whispering forest—some of us have already paid the price in full. God rest their spirits, and receive them unto himself!

"But wherefore have we made our journey here? Because we disallowed the dictation of men, of churchmen forsooth, as to how we should worship God. We thought it more meet to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, than to bind ourselves to such as observe rites with hearts unrenewed. We had other aspirement, than to retractate as backfallers in servile assentation. Rather than so, we steadfastly held our

faith and hope to God-ward. We counted the life of the Spirit above the lust of the world and the lucre of Mammon. Though, as our divine Leader did, we must needs mix with all men, we refused to merge with those of double ways, nor would we defoul ourselves by going with Satan to the house of God. Therefore, in course, scorn and reproach were our portion; and our living was menaced by those saint-seeming, well-officed timelings, rotundious to look to, whose own livelihood fed upon formalism. We were clownery's mocking-stock, set at naught by every embased wantwit. But we were willing, with the great Apostle, not only to be bound with gyves under arrestment, but to lay down our lives for the Lord Jesus, if need arose. Indeed certain of our number did both these things, before our journeyings began; and to others, as ourselves, God granted a way of escape.

"We have come at the call of the Christ. And if so be that the Lord will not quite blot out our name in this place, I am of mind that we cannot tell whereunto he may cause this enterprise to grow.

"If any make question otherways, as to the wisdom of our adventure, remember the letter you did well approve, which Pastor Robinson, my humble name subscribed to his, wrote to Sir Edwin Sandys, our excellent Christian friend among the great men, in which we wrote:

"'First, we verily believe and trust the Lord is with us; unto whom, and whose service, we have given ourselves in many trials; and that He will graciously

prosper our endeavor, according to the simplicity of our hearts therein.'

"Recall what we testified in all sincerity concerning yourselves, our flock under the Chief Shepherd:

"'The people are, for the body of them, industrious and frugal, we think we may safely say, as any company of people in the world.'

"And more such words we added, as to your spiritual and social standing. Forget not our final profession to that noble friend, in what Mr. Robinson nominated as 'instances of inducement':

"'Lastly, it is not with us as with other men whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again.'

"Yesterday we counselled for our more effectuous protection, and, in sum, deemed it timely to begin to unload and place our ordnance on Monday the morrow. The Lord grant that we need not to use it, and that the menace may suffice and all we remain at quiet. May we come at onement with them by unbloody means.—But mark you, my hearers, how it is with you as with that large shot. A gamesome wee lass may push the iron ball about, and put to her strength, and no scatheful harm thereout cometh her way; but let your gunner load his grim piece therewith, in a charge of powder, and then give fire: at once is a report that soundeth like thunder among mountain crags, and the missile of death speedeth from his chamber as a bolt from the sky. Your lives, my men, aye, good women no less, did but need the sharp impact of trouble to make their action tell. Now

by God's help, dreadless of ill, ye shall work destruction to the devices of the Destroyer himself, and daunt the Devil who, 'as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may'—not all whom he would—'whom he may devour.'

"Remembering these things, the cause of our coming, and the benevolent design of Providence for the future while permitting our sore trials now, faint not, nor grow betossed in your minds.

"When at the first encounter down in the Bay you were shrewdly beset with prick-shafts, and yourselves could scarce see where to direct the fire of your hardly recovered arms, did not the Lord lend you aid? And I espy no evil of such bigness in the coming days, but God will be for your help as ofttimes he was unto ancient Israel, when they cried to him that their adversaries might not have the prevalency. Reliance on any other than Jehovah, is in certainty ill thought on and should be straitly eschewed. If we entreat the Lord of the whole earth to be our own Leader, then we were well sped, and he will give us to overcome whatever is untoward. Salute him as the Captain of your salvation, and ever say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'

"I have sought to hearten you. But know assuredly, that power is only to the pure. Let the mind of Christ be in you, for he hated iniquity hotly, even as his love for purity did glow with a brightness above the engolded sun. And he whom the King delighteth to honor, will hail him the Lord of his life. The Sovereign of souls will none of that unlaw of hypoc-

risy whose service is of the lips alone. He doth rootedly abominate mere mouth-honor. Let everyone of us examine himself. As for me, God forbid that with tongue-valiant talk I should preach only to such as are before my face, and not to him who weareth my coat.

"But we have not said all, when we exhort you to be stout-hearted and pure. The icicles, on yonder thatch without, are clear of quality, but they be wondrous cold. 'By love serve one another,' out of a pure heart indeed, and fervently. And account us who minister in holy things as 'ourselves your slaves for the sake of Jesus Christ'—sith Paul useth a word stronger than 'servants.' Faith begets love, and love is power unlimited. Behold slight force in labors done for simple industry's sake, to avoid the evil of idleness. And I trow that even the fair-boding flush of philanthropy, apart from religion, doth fade out in the end, like the last rays of sunset, which giveth place to all-bedarkening night. True it is, 'faith without works is dead'; but, without an affectious faith, any works are as the whirring of a Dutch windmill's wheels for a few seconds after the stirrage of the heavens hath left them.

"He that liveth to himself shall die by himself. That is all for vain. Getting hath naught of meaning apart from giving. Why give the trees of the garden their bud and blissful blowth, their fragrance and refreshing fruitage? Is it to keep for themselves their toothsome morsels? And what call ye religion, except a relation, a bond—first as unto God, after that

with one's fellows? Let a man have one vision of the great loving Father, and he will forthwith hie him unto the Father's children, longing to succour them. So is selfishness stamped out, and with it goeth misery from the visited not only, but from him who kindly visiteth with full-fraught blessings; indeed, of the two he may be the happier. Give of your love unto the unlovely, and to those who cannot recompense you: thus we are commanded.

"Of a truth, for Christ's sake we had as lief remember these evil-disposed poor salvages, of whom certain do purpose our downfall, as to have fair thoughts for such as might requite us well. And whensoever we may effect an understanding with the natives, let none be loath to regard them as neighbors indeed. We do you to wit of Samuel de Champlain, he who once visited this very harbor, how that he said to a Jesuit priest, while an Indian was paddling them in a canoe on a certain beauteous lake, 'It is more important to save a soul than to found an empire.' For the earth is a mass of matter, and what is mentally tied thereto, whether it be as concerneth a principality or private properties, is sordid as the soil. Bethink you, that the empires which disregarded God have found their doom. Therefore in such a sense, Champlain's weighty saying was verily wise. Fellow Pilgrims, be each one of us strong and pure and unselfish. Never was a true union without true units.

"And then, whatever by the grace of God we may become, such as we are let us hold hands together, of one mind, one body of believers; and a body not

inert, but fain to act. For it is not to nurse piety that we are here, but to put it to practice, aye, and to skill to do so. Therefore let us live and labor

> "'For the cause that needs assistance,
> For the wrong that needs resistance,
> For the future in the distance,
> For Heaven at last.'

"Speaking awide, our times are too soft: we were offered an armchair-and-slipper religion. What nerveless puppets they had made of us nowadays, if we had acquiesced in the frowardness of current conventionalities! Peradventure we might have scraped together more of pelf, until the lamp of life went out. Oh, for some service, even to sacrifice, on the part of such as profess to follow Christ! But if his example burn not within our breasts, until it be our own sacred possession, what right have we to bear his holy name upon us? Wist ye not, O careless souls wherever, how even those of benighted pagan faiths deemed that God expected sundry services of them? Thereof indeed came penances and like follies; yet notwithstanding such misbecoming matters, it was perceived that Man himself must do somewhat, or Heaven would hold him in disfavor. In far Cathay, Confucius their philosopher affirmed, 'Faithfulness and sincerity are the best things.' But now it would seem, to judge by aspects of our day, that the Gospel of the Sluggard hath gone forth, to wit: slothful affluence is hailed as the supreme good; meanwhile, to reach it, let every man race and agonize till he be breathless—and if one

must asperly trample on others' heads, let him but deem this an inevitable dispensation befallen in his favor. They will make of the Cross itself a curse, who wish to sleep in sin beneath its shadowing protection.

"The perverseness of voluptuous effeminacy, and of secular ambition in holy things, we cannot abide; nor will it tolerate us: therefore are we Separatists. We are one with all our Puritan brethren in everything except that we could no longer endure to live conjoined with pious corruption in hope of reforming it, since abuses were heaped upon us quite beyond measure and we were altogether spurned. We counted it an offence against God to enjoy the patronage of a spiritually slumbering, superbious church, and be like to get present if not everlasting endamagement to our own selves and our children. For this cause the persecutive fires waxed exceeding hot against us, and we are now exiled Pilgrims, comelings in a strange foster-land. Yet the Most High is our rearward against the ravening wrath of them that hate us, and is round about us now.

"Finally, brethren, while we thus strive, and at such greatening hazards, to live holy and blameless lives, lives also at variance from those ascetic hermits who shut them from all men and from diligent occupations, let us labor with mutual helpfulness; and teach also, when we may, the people of the land by persuasion more than by force of arms. And let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all good acception, which shall instruct and keep you, supplemented by your

daily waiting upon the Lord, whilst you continue in holy walking. For he is worship-worthy.

"'First worship God: he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good morrow nor good day.'"

With this excellent couplet from Thomas Randolph Elder Brewster concluded. The twenty-minute discourse did not represent the customary homily, for the good man had little leisure to study while he gave himself to nursing the sick, and toiling with the builders in their urgent work. After these initial exigencies were past, there was opportunity for him to pursue his particular business unhindered, and to prepare the hour-long sermons, from firstly to fifteenth, which men like his hearers were able to receive, digest, and act upon. In those days, mentality was not at low par.

After the service the colonists dispersed, some to the waiting boats, others to their new homes. Now it came to pass, that John Howland, being a venturesome youth, decided that inasmuch as this was a season of crises many and various, at New Plymouth, he would investigate this crisis also, concerning the unaccountable new attitude of Elizabeth toward him.

She was walking with Mrs. Carver and the Governor. Desire Minter, who had come to meeting with her, was apart from them, conversing with the child Humility Cooper. Howland advanced boldly upon his business, fearing Elizabeth would later be occupied about the house in company with other maidens. Watching for a moment when Mrs. Carver should

answer her husband as they talked, he approached Elizabeth promptly, and asked with quiet courtesy, "I pray thee of thy goodness, Mistress Tilley, grant me a little word by ourselves a moment."

Startled, she looked up to see his rugged, honest face full of earnest entreaty. She surmised also that he had been suffering in mind. Repressing her first impulse to excuse herself, she complied, and they fell behind. Mrs. Carver glanced back once, and saw that her charge was in good company. For this was not the first time the two had talked together casually for a few minutes, every second prized by John, and not despised by the young orphan.

Elizabeth suspected what was coming, and was ready and as firm of purpose as the queen whose name she bore.

"What would you, Master Howland?" she asked with a forced unconcern.

"Elizabeth, thou hast ever shown me equal grace with all the younger members of this company. Why, then, such evident avoidance of me now? Why may I not still have like favor with everyone?"

"Because, sir, my dead mother, she that made herself such a one to me——"

Her voice broke. After an inward struggle, she resumed in steady, resolute tones: "She believed, leastways she thought it were possible, strange as it may seem, that you preferred my society to some others. She gave me to understand that a child like me, sir, should not make herself a laughing-stock by tolerating the attentions of one whom a stranger might

almost suppose to be my father if we consorted at all. She forbade me to think of affairs quite beyond my years, even as she lay a-dying. And I gave my word that I would live thus free as a child, till of better advancement. Were we blameworthy because we so agreed, and should not the departed still command? Nay, Master Howland, I beseech thee to give thy thoughts to another more fit and worthy of them, or else abide content with thine own very good self.

"If it doth take two to make a quarrel, which certes we will not make, a couple are likewise required for a tender pact, and that also I, of us two, may not allow. But if thou art to be alone, no less am I. And since a feeble maid can remain solitary, men of might may do the same.

"Now, sir, I have given civil answer. And may I not pass on?"

"When thou givest me thy hand that we shall be friends, since of foes we have full plenty. Let the pact stand at that only. Then will I not afflict thee with my special company, other than as we are all together in Master Carver's house.

"Since thou wast so good as to be plain with me, I will not conceal that thou wast indeed much in my mind. Of that, what? And who would not think of thee with pitiful regard, particularly since thy bereavement? Howbeit, for thee in sorrow and for me as I am at this hour, let us daily advise us of what the Elder said but now, when he spoke of Christ's cross:

"'Here is your healing, O ye that are wounded.'"

Her hand, which she had just before placed passively in his, slipped out suddenly; and if the thousands of New England native warriors had raised a united shout close by, she could not have turned her face more quickly from Howland. Pain knit her brows on an ensanguined countenance, she bit her lip lest the cry of her heart should escape, and held her breath lest a sob might come unbidden. She had not expected an answer of such submissiveness and grace; nor was she looking for his confession of interest. If she was ready bravely to answer him, he was as prompt of reply every time; and whenever he made rejoinder, he showed himself in a still better light than before.

Also the true note of sympathy in her bereavement, coupled with the revelation of his own suffering now, was almost too much for her to endure, and she could not trust herself to speak. So they parted in silence.

He did not divine her feeling, but watched her slowly going on alone. Her decisiveness, combined with patience, seemed to him admirable.

Once in the house and by herself (Elizabeth's roommate fortunately helping prepare dinner), the floodgates of grief gave way. The onset of fresh sorrow was impetuous, and the situation was the more pitiful because she must soon bathe her face and come to sit down at table with the Governor and all his household, including also him who was all patience and goodness and courage and superb manhood. The thought of his natural nobility and Christian graces started the torrent anew. The poor orphan hid her face in a pillow, lest she should be heard outside her tiny apartment.

How about John? He made every man's chore his own, about dinner time, in order to absent himself from the table as long as he properly could. With this intent he went with a yoke of water pails to the brook, and took an ax in case the hole in the ice might require enlarging or cutting again. The bank was steep, the pails heavy, and he took sufficient time, lest they should spill.

When he came up and was to pass the Pilgrims' spring beside the street, where a little drinking water could be dipped up now, whom should he see but Elizabeth herself? Both were busying themselves for the same reason. Each put on a brave face, though alike startled. It would seem as if they could not avoid one another, however much they tried. But she allowed him to precede her, well in advance.

In the awkward circumstances, it was fortunate that the men and lads had been placed at one end of the rude boards, and the maidens at the other, the head of the house sitting with his spouse at a small imported table of their own. But by this time some had finished, and except for Humility Cooper a blank space intervened between those who had tried to be late for mutual avoidance. It was much worse than if they had not lingered.

John addressed himself to the repast with the grim resolution of one who meets an arduous task, and with a dispatch not conducive to good digestion. He seemed to try to make up for being late at dinner; and his trencher of hasty pudding became so hasty, that it fell over the edge to the ground, upset by his descending

hand, and would have broken had it not been wooden. The meal and treacle encountered his knee on the way. At the other end of the board, little Humility developed gaiety, then suddenly stopped her laughter and composed her features when a motherly voice from the small table spoke up: "Why, John, methinks thou hast no leisure to eat, this noon. 'T is truly said, 'The more haste, the less speed.'"

John made answer: "Blame the pudding, madam; it is only true to its name."

This provoked a fresh sally of merriment from the irrepressible Humility, who rushed to hide it in regions beyond, while Mistress Minter appeared with a towel. Elizabeth had looked straight before her, diligently eating for dear duty's sake, and knowing well the reason for Howland's nervousness. As Desire returned from mopping his daubed knee, and was passing by Elizabeth, the latter said to her softly, "Let that bubble-box Humility be for help to thee and Martha, for our lady's maid is good of temper. I am strangely weary in my head, and will to our cot now. Please to excuse me unto Dame Carver, if I do not come to sup, and venture not abroad to evening meeting."

"My precious little virgin," said Desire with a tone of tenderness, "hast thou not had trouble of late in measure sufficient to make thee weary? Go now, discase thee of thy garments, and have rest. The bed is made."

While the two were talking, Howland had risen and gone outdoors. His mistake had not amused him,

for he was not in a trifling mood; it only increased his discomfiture. Then it recurred to him, how Elizabeth herself had let fall some molasses from a spoon, while she fed him as he was recovering from his plunge in the sea. His enjoyment of that incident then was in sharp contrast to his present disappointment and defeat.

It seemed good to be out in the open; better yet, to see no one near, of the Colony's fraction now on shore. Most inviting of all, was the solitude beyond. Heavy of heart, he turned his steps toward it. Though the sickness was still practically at its height, he craved a little quiet alone, before returning to his duties among the male nurses. In fact, he hardly dared to risk himself with the ill, in his depressed condition, knowing that anxiety is a good gate for disease. Many a time of late, amid awful circumstances, he had been stayed up by the secret hope of a home of his own in due time. Now that hope seemed shattered. He cared for none but Elizabeth. Would she ever care?

Mechanically he walked along the path down to the brook. Then he turned and followed its course up for some distance, between the high banks. Though the day was dull and sunless, the ravine sheltered him from the north wind. He went along aimlessly, stepping from stone to stone, or where the ice upheld him when the bushes obstructed on the side. After a while he paused in his lonely walk, looked around, and realized his complete isolation. It seemed grateful to him. Leaning his back against a bending sapling, he turned his sad face up to the leaden sky. Some drift-

ing clouds athwart the sun thinned themselves out so as to allow some brightness to shine through, just enough for the leafless shrubbery to make faint shadows.

He stood against the slender, yielding trunk, still gazing up at the partial effulgence, and uttering now and then a deep sigh. No words entered mouth or mind for some time, but it seemed as if God, the Lord of this far wilderness and of the whole earth, were looking upon him through accumulated troubles, as the sunlight through the cloud. It comforted him, as a Christian. If he was alone and without relatives in this strange, vast land, and if one whom he had come to think of daily had now forbidden, perhaps finally, his special regard, the Great One above was not indifferent to him. If he should even follow many others out of this world soon, that event must come surely at some time. Why should the departure of one more be noticed by the Colony?

Thus he mused, while the sun lowered toward the top of the ravine and the air became more chill. "I must go back," he thought, "go back to this sorrowful company and face events as they come. O God, help me to take up my cross and follow my Lord every day without complaining, until the time of my release shall draw near. That seemeth in a degree sweet already. But for Christ his sake, let me not unman myself. With him I will to the work, and will not blench at it. None shall find me overcome of fortune. Under God, everyone may be his own master—or her own mistress. It is wonderful to be I. And as for

mine own self and my earthly concerns, if my name shall be forgotten out of mind, and none remain to claim me fondly as theirs in the treasure halls of memory, I shall be happy with God, and with those who have gone on before."

On his bowed head the sun shone full, just over the brink of the gorge. He removed his hat, in speechless worship, and comfort from on high came to him. The words of the preacher returned:

"O ye that are wounded, here is your healing."

From the young man's breast the ache had gone, and ease took its place. With steady step he wended his way down the frozen surface of the brook, following its mute guidance until opposite the cluster of little houses, which stood ready to welcome both wedded and solitary ones within their rustic, sheltering walls.

XI

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

PILGRIM Fathers of New England, victims of persecution, how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles! Apostles of Liberty, what millions attest the authenticity of your mission! . . . We come, in our prosperity, to remember your trials; and here, on the spot where New England began to be, we come to learn of you an abiding lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal, and faith!

—EDWARD EVERETT.

Spread yourselves and your children over the continent, accomplish the whole of your great destiny, and if it be that through the whole you carry Puritan hearts with you, if you still cherish an undying love of civil and religious liberty, and mean to enjoy them yourselves, and are willing to shed your hearts' blood to transmit them to your posterity, then will you be worthy descendants of Carver and Allerton and Bradford, and the rest of those who landed from stormy seas on the rock of Plymouth.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

I want to see the illicit efforts of privilege frustrated, bribery and corrupt arrangements destroyed, and the market places where governmental favor has been bought and sold, converted into true assemblies of honest representatives of the people.

—CHIEF JUSTICE CHARLES E. HUGHES,
while Governor of New York.

At the present time the people of our nation do not care so much for party as for principles, and they will vote for any man in either party who expresses those principles.

—Winston Churchill.

ON the first day of March, New Style, the men of Plymouth were astir, determined to unload and plant cannon where it would best serve for the safety of the settlement.

The women also went to work with a will, for this was Monday morning in New England; and that has meant washing-day, from the first week at the Cape to the present time.

Elizabeth, never a listless loiterer, now especially welcomed everything that kept her busy; and anyone with such a desire would have no trouble in gratifying it at Plymouth, since there was more than enough for even the most willing to do. While Martha the maid washed breakfast dishes, and Humility honored her own name by wiping them, Desire set the great kettle of water, with some assistance, in the fireplace to boil, and Mrs. Carver with Elizabeth collected underclothes and bedding for the wash-tubs.

The orphan showed the marks of repeated sorrows by her pallor and the temporary loss of her usual fulness of form; and her personal beauty was lacking which after this winter, as before, displayed its youthful grace. It was well for her at this time, that the wasting effects of care were not supplemented by pernicious social customs, as the midnight ball and subsequent heavy slumbering through the dewy freshness

of sunrise; for she would have succumbed to such an unnatural strain, when her power of endurance was already taxed. Happily too, she knew nothing of the ingenious devices latterly invented for the further enfeeblement of the weaker sex; and the absurdities of court fashions then existing were unfamiliar to her. She did not attempt to improve upon the recognized models of classic art, by compressing her vitals in tight-laced, tapering corsets; nor had she learned to imitate women of the yellow race and forbid herself healthful exercise, by Occidental foot-binding in diminutive, high-heeled shoes. She was not obliged to face the alternative of enduring with uncovered head the road-dust and cold and heat, or else building upon her crown a nest of false hair formerly belonging to the corpse of a Chinese criminal, or at the best a Russian female peasant of unknown habits. Of all these resourceful contrivances Elizabeth was in deep, dark ignorance, and consequently could not contribute to an enormously lucrative trade in hair. This morning she was arrayed in the plainest working garb, an old gown of coarse quality, much mended and patched, and faded colorless by many scrubbings. When first she donned it for labor in this house, she had said timidly: "My attire is the meanest and most unbeseeming here, like enow. In very deed, I'd take foot forthwith, if the King's velvet-jackets marched anear." The remark had been met by a good-natured laugh, every son of courtesy pointing to his own pitchy, scratched, and soiled suit in which he went to the woods; and her friend Desire had come to her

aid by exclaiming: "Oh, think never of raiment, if happy enough to have good health within it! What would you? It is not for us plain work-folk to prank us in puppetry like to feather-brained fashion-mongers, fine as fivepence. Might we meet a fool in a flame-colored London flat-cap, he were nothing respectuous in my sight."

And now Mistress Carver eased the maiden, while they went about the house, by complimenting her frugality and prudence with these words: "They that know to mend, and are not too proud to wear old clothing at work, nor too slothful to keep them well washen, shall the longer deny misorder to their habiliments, and likewise have shillings a plenty for the greengrocer, as the saying goes, with pennies to spare for the thrift-box."

Elizabeth was pleased, but escaped from the commendation by asking: "Good madam, where is the grocer?"

"Methinks the sown field will ere long be our market place, with the fish-laden shallop and the fowlers' snares," rejoined Katharine Carver. Then she added, with the wisdom of one now beyond middle life: "Canst guess what my thought was while I have observed thy fine diligence in our home?"

"Why, nay, verily," stammered the maiden.

"Leave that blanket as it is yet clean, and I will tell thee. Do thou remember it well:

"Duty done gildeth the future."

Again the girl avoided the approval which the matron considered was her due. "Ah, Mistress

Carver," she said, "the future is blank enough to some of us, I trow. Yet I seem to hear chapel bells, at times; and I ken that alway the house of God shall be a home to me."

"Elizabeth," replied the other in a subdued tone, pausing to look at her meaningly, "since thy soul heareth music as of a sanctuary here to be, I confess to have felt, and my John likewise, the sounding of the bells in the celestial city."

Before the snow of another winter returned, the speaker and her life-companion had entered the eternal blessedness.

Elizabeth quickly spoke up: "First may you both be spared to us for many happy years."

"Dear damsel, thy kindly wish may be gratified in this at least, that the time should be happy, whether long or short, if our trust is in the Eternal. Such happiness have all who confide in him, even amid sorrows and sufferings. Thou knowest, my child, that the heart of the ocean is calm, though its bosom doth heave with the smiting of storm and its visage be marred by tears of the rain."

The good woman had given more consolation than she imagined, to this much tried young orphan. Elizabeth stood still a moment in a vain effort to conquer her feeling. Then she sank to the floor as she had done beside her dying father's bed, and covered her face with her hands, while true tear-drops emulated the rain referred to, trickling through her fingers. Never a word said she.

The honest housewife was touched, almost to weep-

ing herself; but she suspected nothing, beyond the Tilley child's great bereavement, as a cause of this outburst of grief on the part of one who had usually been in excellent self-control. In pity she bent over her, and advised her to rest a while. "The maids and I will dispatch the work of the day in time, never fear," she declared.

"The idea!" exclaimed Elizabeth, springing up and wiping her eyes quickly. "I shall now be myself. Thy lovingkindness must not undo me. But oh!" she said with a final sigh, "thy friendship is precious to such a one as I."

The pressure of an enfolding arm was the lady's answer. Then their industry resumed its plodding march.

Toward noon Master Carver came in and reported the landing of one of the heaviest guns. "The work is well begun," he observed.

"Now shall New Plymouth become established a Crown Colony," said Dame Carver, "when ye men adopt your mighty measures."

"Nay, wife, military munitions are futile without manhood, which is most manly when least brutal; and if it be true that 'the child is father of the man,' it is likewise a matter of actual history that 'they who rock the cradle rule the world,' albeit oft unrecognized. And were not the mothers of worthy kings mentioned in the Chronicles of ancient Israel?"

With a smile of appreciation she replied: "And was it not written of more than one such, that 'he walked in the way of his father'?"

"'Doing right in the sight of the Lord,'" he remarked. "There is the source supreme, of noblest living."

Tuesday saw the settlers and seamen still unloading and mounting artillery. Then on Wednesday, the third morning, they prepared to finish the most of this laborious undertaking before nightfall.

"Yo, ho!—all together—once again—ware of this rock, ye caitiffs!"

It was the stentorian shouting of sailors coming up the street. With their usual rhythmic song and rough banter, they were out on a tough piece of work, hauling the heavy ordnance overland under the direction of Captain Jones and the mates. Their outcry was choked when they tugged at the rope, and emitted again after the breathing spell. The colonists, not so demonstrative, were laboring no less on another line. Though nearly all of them were in life's prime, they were glad of this assistance, and the mariners understood that the great guns would protect the harbor as completely as the street, except in an enfilading fire at close range, when the nearer enemy would face probable annihilation.

Less than half a hundred men, and those not in their best condition, had enough toil to unload on this day the last of the cannon, and draw it over rising ground, before the sharp acclivity of Fort Hill was reached. There it was struggling foot by foot, inch by inch, with panting and puffing and lusty outcries, until a stern old death-distributor rested on the crest. At last, every piece was placed. Then a cheer went

up, that might have been heard afar. And after the cheering, laughter and mopping of brows and mutual gratulation. Then finally, the friendly feast of all the toilers together, in the little village.

They lacked not for provision this time. Captain Jones presented a plump goose, his own prize, which the settlers matched with a fat crane, a duck, and some dried ox tongue, in addition to their usual fare. The sons of Neptune did justice to the occasion, for their part; and doubtless the work benefited them as much as the dinner, after their long endurance of compulsory leisure. As night drew on, they returned to the ship, feeling in better condition of body and mind than when they left it. "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

And now, as winter wore itself away, more buildings went up. A little task, compared with the erection of larger structures even by old methods; but there was little strength, and few hands, to accomplish it. Nevertheless in the course of a few months, the village appeared. And as the sun grew daily warmer, the sight of their own, undisputed homes, made by themselves, inspired hope in the small colony of settlers struggling for existence. Once let the elemental fury moderate for those in the clutch of distemper, also let protection behind thick log walls be assured, and they believed rightly that the worst was past.

When half of March had gone, some planting was attempted, although a cold east wind was blowing and bad weather coming, which continued for a week. In this they were more eager than knowing. But

New England farming was altogether an experiment with these first comers; for as yet there were none, not even the natives, who could instruct them as to the adaptation of various imported seed to the new soil. In that regard, they had to teach themselves. Therefore this too early sowing, being chilled, decayed. The same failure awaited the wheat and peas which were sown later, in April. They even doubted if the seed was good.

Meanwhile Death still stalked from ship to shore and back again; still he counted his victims unable to prolong the combat with him.

But the ship's carpenter decided that he had been sick long enough. Accordingly he was able to repair such of the Pilgrims' furniture as had been battered and bruised by the rolling of the storm-tossed vessel. The few pieces brought from England were conveyed to land and claimed by the waiting owners.

As they began to expect a more decided change in these dreary events, the menace of native hostility, hitherto slight, showed itself afresh and more strongly. If the white man thought to rouse himself after winter's inclemencies, equally so did the red man. The vernal opportunity, welcome to the one, was no less acceptable to the other. Happily for these English immigrants they had alighted upon a forsaken spot and had been almost unmolested until now. Certain Cape Indians feared European vengeance, for their murder of some French sailors. Theirs was thus a twofold temptation: to avoid the whites altogether, giving them neither hurt nor help; and to forestall

their anticipated revenge by exterminating them before they were established. And in their worst crisis, how could they who had nearly succumbed to the savagery of Nature, have survived the unkindness of Man, in full measure? Disease relaxed its hand a little, before barbarism openly appeared in a degree of power. "He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

This menace of the aboriginal Americans was thus far mostly imaginary, a mutual suspicion in either party; or a serious possibility under circumstances not yet common, but liable to develop. And none could tell to what it might have grown, if such an element as those Cape southerners who were previous combatants of the Pilgrims, had not been restrained by the generous mood of the head of eleven tribes, occupying all the country from outer Atlantic to Narragansett Bay by our Rhode Island. Prudence played a part with this King Massasoit, for just over that Bay the Narragansetts were numerous, being also unfriendly enough to go to war on little or no pretext, with the Pokanoket tribes on their east, whose fighting force had lost through disease many hundreds of braves. His own tribe of Wampanoags, among these Pokanokets, had suffered severely. "What if an alliance might be secured with the pale-faced fire-handlers?" thought Massasoit. That would be a boon indeed, for him and his impoverished people.

The Pilgrims' New Year's Day, March 16, Old Style, opened for them a novel decade indeed. And to their good content, their first morning of 1621 was

genial and bright. The all too familiar chill was dispelled by a mellow warmth, which at noon imparted a delightful sense of relief and ease. To all the convalescent folk, this was not a trivial circumstance.

To those who gathered for the first New Year's Day political meeting in the new and unknown land, its milder look and the benediction of the skies conspired to implant patriotism, and alleviate any natural feeling of home-sickness for Mother England.

This assembly of men was not allowed, however, to finish its business as planned. And on several later days when it reconvened, it was again broken up, but not by interruption within. The cause in every case was the same. The native tenants of the soil demanded recognition; and the immigrants accorded it to them, in all honor.

The demand of the inhabitants of this general region, to be recognized by the newcomers, proved to be no real threat after all; it was not proffered in defiance, as in the February alarm. If it was an assertion of original rights, those who made it felt as they acted, in the spirit of friendship. The only exception to such a disposition, at this time, was shown on the last day of March, New Style, when two or three irresponsible savages from the direction of the Cape appeared on an eminence and made angry gesticulations, but ran away at the approach of Captain Standish, a comrade, and the ship's mates, all armed. That incident made the second among four visits of Indians during attempted general meetings, from the last of

February when the colonists had made Myles Standish Captain, to the first of April.

The word "welcome," voiced by the first friendly Indian visitor, was itself welcome to the surprised settlers. Gratification exceeded surprise, though their New Year deliberations were suspended and they knew not what to make of this courteous speaker of English in barbaric nudity. But Samoset of Monhegan Island, on the northern New England coast, would not make himself liable to the suspicion of weapons concealed in clothing, and so coming unclad he affirmed his sincerity before he spoke. Customary bodily protection and decoration could be donned later, after he should find that the men of this hamlet would give him a kind and unsuspecting reception.

A good part of their New Year's Day, all that Friday afternoon until night, these Transatlantic newcomers eagerly communed with the amicable native American, a chief from the maritime district of present Bristol, Maine. He told them the name of the place, Patuxet, also called Apaum by outside Indians such as the Massachusetts on the north; and he recounted the terrors of the desolating plague of about four years prior to this. He gave them full information as to the native peoples thereabouts, whom he had been visiting the larger part of a year, after coming to Cape Cod from the fishing grounds of his own region.

The settlers were cautious with the stranger, and while offering him hospitality over night, watched him well. If their vigilance was known to him, it did

not disconcert him; for, departing on Saturday, he returned with five companions the next day after that, which was the Pilgrims' fourteenth Sunday at Plymouth. They attested their good will in every way, as by singing and dancing, the present of a few skins, and the restoration of the tools stolen in the woods. They also promised to begin trading soon with the planters, as the latter would not barter on the Sabbath.

On April one, New Style, the principal chief of the Pokanoket tribes, Ousamequin, better known as Massasoit, came with a force of about sixty men; and this was the very day after the few native individuals had made their own demonstration in hostility, as if that desolating month of March could not quite pass out without one more disagreeable feature.

It was fortunate that the great Chief planned to come when he did, checking, in the beginning of April, local ill will on the part of any of his tribes. It was well, too, that his own surrounding Wampanoags, "the sunrise people" east of the Narragansett waters, needed an ally after pestilence had sadly reduced them, lest their proximity to powerful foes might imperil their safety; while the English, barely surviving their first and unfamiliar winter, were glad of a compact with any human beings who would be their true friends. Therefore on this day the European and the American made a covenant to live peaceably together in the land, to trade among themselves, and in general to be of mutual help. In the name of the mighty King James across the big water, this solemn treaty was confirmed; and they who agreed remained faithful.

The negotiations began with caution, on each side; and in the interchange of hostages, the larger body of native men were more forward than the fewer English. Massasoit himself, and a third of his warriors, came unarmed across the first line of parleying, the town brook, though they knew the smaller force had much the mightier weapons. They allowed themselves to be conducted by a military escort, so termed in euphemism, but actually an enclosing guard. Without objection they indulged the natural desire of strangers, to take no chances. They made good for all the previous silent espionage, the noisy yet invisible demonstrations, the one thrilling instance of open resistance. And the magnanimous lord of forest folk went for the full and final conference within one of the new buildings, where he was yet more in the power of the white men. By such conduct as this, he showed his confidence in them, and his wish to be friendly; which encouraged a good response, for they feasted the king and his followers who had thus come forward.

The Indians camped that night in the woods half a mile from the little settlement; but, after their proofs of amity, there is no record of uneasiness on the part of the white Americans, for such they could now call themselves who never as a body would return to Europe. But imagination may well be founded in fact, when one thinks of the Plymouth residents as not too much given to slumber, while close outside them, in the darkness, were massed three-score braves, the flower of the body-guard of the hitherto accepted king of the land.

The night afforded its still stronger proof of native sincerity, and continued through its long hours as peaceful and undisturbed as when the Pilgrims were wholly alone. The watches in either company had little to do but keep awake and take their turns.

Next morning, though the formal business had been concluded, there was more of visiting back and forth betwixt village and camp, with fresh and undoubted display of confidence and cordiality. Each party could now plainly understand the other, and was pleased with the understanding.

In their interviews also, they were not dependent upon sign language. With the king had come Tisquantum, more commonly called Squanto, a native of this Patuxet, whom Samoset had mentioned as one who could speak to them in better English than his own broken talk. The execrable Captain Hunt, hunter of men, had set the whole country aflame against Europeans, by seizing this man and others, in order to sell them as slaves to the Spaniards. Escaping from Spain to England, Squanto became conversant with civilization, and returned to various parts of America, being also used by the unfortunate Captain Dermer, Sir Gorges' agent, in a futile effort to establish peace between the aggrieved Indians and all Englishmen. He was now, by his most singular preparation, of incalculable service to these white settlers, especially as they occupied his own former home. He claimed, and appeared to be, about the only living representative of the deserted village, at least in America; although it was customary for any survivors of a plague-

smitten neighborhood to abandon it, and merge with other communities. Thus every foot of land in Patuxet, now Plymouth, with its possibilities of soil and all its sylvan resources, was familiar to its one-time resident returned from roving afar. He soon showed that his knowledge of the locality was not falsely assumed. And on this important business of the treaty, he was well qualified to act as royal interpreter, despite his ability to waver from strict veracity on occasion.

The speech of the potentate was of some such tenor as this, being translated:

"O ye who have come over the mighty waters, I salute you. Your feet have rested on our shores, which to you are strange and never seen till now. The land is wide, and many have died whom dread disease laid low. It is so with us, and we are not ignorant that it is thus among yourselves. By much suffering, we have come together. Let us then remember there is room to dwell as brothers here. Let us strengthen one another.

"Truly our borders are not narrow. Twice shall the sun lower in the sky before Yellow Feather and his faithful warriors may follow it as far as his wigwam at Sowams the Peaceful, beyond the rocky manhead on the mount of our look-out, the face of stone which our enemies revere as an awful manitou. It warns us of coming foes, and so defeats them. Like that, shall our own face be firm and changeless, in friendship for you.

"There are many who lust for spoil and would

take our good things by force if they could; and they are unwilling to trade, in their desire for plunder. We will hope for your good friendship toward us: and in return for this the Yellow Feather will fly like the golden eagle over the land, and see that all is quiet. His eye also shall be as the eagle's, to find any who are plotting in secret against their brothers the palefaces. He will not allow his tribes, nor others beyond, to despise those who came in the great ship, that they might fish and plant and hunt, and get the beautiful skins which are warm when the waters freeze and the snows descend.

"We are skilled to find and kill the beasts that wear the fur, because long ago we learned to do so, as did all our fathers before us; and we will bring to you many such things, if you will give us what you can spare that we would like.

"The Chief of chiefs returns to his kindred and lodge-fire at Sowams of the fair view, in the land of Pokanoket; but his heads of tribes, and many messengers, will always let him know of his white brothers' affairs, how they do."

Before noon the natives departed, their king's kettle filled with peas as a present from the Governor. All the colonists had their first opportunity to see a company of aborigines at close quarters. Massasoit and his brother Quadequina appeared to them as superb models of manhood. The red paint and grease on the face of the great sachem did not add to his natural beauty, and make him more attractive in his social advances; but in his mistaken effort to appear at his

best, he was no less earnest than the dashing up-to-date female in an office building large enough to hold the population of several townships, who prefers, among the numerous elevators, an "express" to the fortieth floor, in her eagerness to reach the captivating monstrosities of her millinery parlors, whither select society tiptoes over tessellated marble, while outside the windows her huge gilded sign arrests the attention of the passing aviator, that modern Phaëthon struggling with the steeds of the air. The milliner has one idea of beauty, and the savage chief had another: neither has always conformed with the standards of high art.

As to the repeated interruptions of the Pilgrims in their first public meetings, no man now is able to say whether or not the children of Occidental soil had purposely appeared just when the planters went into convention, in order to prevent the latter from completing a council until the native government should also be represented, in some sort of joint relation. But whether consciously or unconsciously at first, such was the result that developed in their visitations; for not until Massasoit had come, and departed as a treaty partner, did the sons of Europe carry to completion their intended general deliberations, and hold their first full meeting as Americans.

Though three times they met and adjourned with unfinished business which they could have attended to except for outside interference, this was not without practical benefit. The experience was useful as a matter of training in circumstances unprecedented; and the very novelty of it called for the more care-

fulness. For here, practically, since all had a voice in assembly, true representative government showed itself, in its own new country. Nominally and sincerely loyal to their lord over seas, necessity made them at present, almost as much as after Revolutionary days, a self-governing body, even though on a small scale. Intervening ocean and the vastness of environing space rendered possible such virtual autonomy, and fed the fire of fresh patriotism, in the breasts of a people who felt the same emotion long afterward at Concord Bridge, that narrow, rustic bridge to professed democratic decisions.

After the Indians had gone, the colonists finally convened and adjourned not, until their intended articles of debate were all discussed and voted on. John Carver, their adopted head hitherto since embarking in the Mayflower, was elected civil Governor for one year, a far-sighted prudence dictating the limitation. Their military organization was amplified in more definite form, whereby every man knew his place and duty. Now also was the enactment of legislation, simple enough indeed, as occasion required, but essentially republican.

The laws which they made applied to their whole political life within their adopted borders; and regulated private behavior in the interest of the general good, with as much freedom as if they acknowledged no sovereign. Indeed the English government recognized the difficulty of supervising in detail this small and distant colony; and readily granted it self-direction in local matters, even to its choice of a leader.

The independent Plymouth Colony, unlike its later and larger neighbor on Massachusetts Bay with which it finally united, was not asked to receive gubernatorial appointees, except in one attempted case which quickly lapsed before the northern settlements were formed. If royalty considered Plymouth insignificant enough in this respect, the judgment was correct in so far as the political power of the Pilgrims was concerned; for the might of their influence, in this nation, has ever been of a moral and religious nature.

How deep the sense of comradeship the sturdy colonists began to feel, when, after their council was held, some of them at the close of that day sat beside the savin-wood fire, watching it crackle and send forth its savory aroma, the dark shadows moving in the background! While this bright emblem of life exulted amid the encircling desolation, these strong men perceived, that although they were feeble in themselves as a company, their strength was in One who had watched over and preserved them, though in his wise providence he had removed the weaker members of the Colony, who could ill sustain its sore trials. But now that the force of the plague was lessening, the desperate aspect of things was changed. Those who had scarcely dared to think intently upon their most dubious condition while they plodded on with silent determination as long as they found themselves surviving, now were thankful to see the deadly winter behind them; and they felt within them an expectation that God would lift them up and lead them forth stronger than ever, who had endured hardness like

good soldiers of Christ. Might they not look for better things now? What could be much worse, in many ways, than the troubles they had surmounted? In the resiliency of convalescence, they humbly realized that they who had thus been spared were the Lord's winnowed wheat, for the perpetuation of this their enterprise now seen to be also his own.

Grateful for his personal restoration, each man as he sat before the fire appreciated anew the fact, that this was indeed to be his land, and felt the rise of patriotic affection. Every honest soul of this number, and such they nearly all were, studied how his community's welfare might be made most secure. Their common interests should be allowed full debate in public assembly. And by resort to suffrage, they who had fled from tyranny would also save themselves from injury by anarchy.

One was seated there, more advanced in years than his fellows, whose is the peculiar honor of being the first chief executive in New England that was ever elected by popular ballot. This honor he was worthy to have also again; but his appointed year had hardly begun, when John Carver's earthly career closed.

Had he been given prophetic insight into the future, as he was about to depart, what might he with mingled emotions have beheld?

The tide of European blood coming up over the whole Atlantic coast, never to recede. An ocean of white humanity poured upon a continent, rolling across its plains beyond its lakes and majestic streams, and rising amid the blue spruces of its highest moun-

tains, passing beyond them to the farthest limits. What would he have seen? Colonization, Revolution and national emergence, internal Rebellion, expansion, alignment among the world powers. What then? A long yet not a losing conflict,—not of arms but by the action of suffrage—Democracy marshalled against an Oligarchy of plutocrats, the voice of the people opposed to domination by that false and failing little god which we name the dollar.

All this, if endowed with penetration, he might have seen while musing in the glow of the fragrant swamp-cedar fire; and more again: the turbulence of laboring masses from many lands across the sea, not satisfied to guard their just rights, but infringing on the rights of their own employers and the public at large; the inability of republican methods, or of anything merely political, to correct the powerful few, as long as social respectability slumbers in base inertia, and while low ideals prevail among degenerate human swarms; the intoxication of ungrateful millions, drunk with misused prosperity; the noxious growth of lawlessness among all classes, with the painful race after pleasure at all costs; the impudence of spoiled childhood, scorning authority; a jellyfish variety of religious doctrines, floating on briny waves of negation that fling a blight upon faith and morals; the insufferable conceit which confuses humanity with Deity; the desperately arrogant doubting of the powers and privileges of Omnipotence, with the unwarranted and most unscientific assumptions of natural science exceeding its own province; that vain but vaunted freedom which

depreciates the glorious, mystic person and primacy of Christ, and sits in judgment upon divine Revelation; and then, the increasing demand for a national return of ardent piety and unquestioning obedience to the Triune God, Giver of life, Savior of contrite spirits. The Democracy which is not also a Theocracy must follow the procession of vanished world powers: it can not endure.

XII

THE MAYFLOWER DEPARTS, THE MAYFLOWERS APPEAR

THEY sent the Mayflower away, and went back, those strong, stern men, to their imperial labors.

—Rufus Choate.

They found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ships, but could see the fair west wind belly the homeward sail, and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown.

—James Russell Lowell.

—With the graves of their beloved at their feet, with an unbroken forest behind them, with no white neighbors within a sweep of hundreds of miles, and seeing the ship in which they might all of them have embarked sailing away and leaving them to a duty from which there was no escape.

—Frederick A. Noble: *The Pilgrims.*

Long, with straining eye
They watch the lessening speck.—Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms?—No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!—
Pray,—and the ills that haunt this transient life

Fade into air.—Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength.
—MRS. SIGOURNEY: *The Pilgrims.*

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen!

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length
Unchanged your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.
—WHITTIER: *The Mayflowers.*

IT would not be strange if the dismal aspect of the new country, half buried by winter, and the rude manner of its reception of the Pilgrims, making even their existence uncertain, would have allowed very little rise of patriotism in their breasts at first. Nor would it have been any marvel if they had experienced loathing, indeed, for this land. For what was there to instil delight instead of loathing, in a locality that challenged them so severely? A home-loving, insular people, accustomed to cherish their naturally intensified nationalism, which was the growth of centuries, had come to an unexpected region almost wholly unknown to them, and without historical antecedents such as they by nature craved.

Geographically, the mind might weary itself in a

vain search after some definite knowledge even of generalities, such as extent and content. Its illimitable, formless vastness was a mystery that mocked them. And if the very verge of this rough, uncultivated continent defied them with an insalubrious, uncongenial face, what better promise might be given on larger acquaintance with it? Frosty gloom would be apt to elicit such reflections among the sick newcomers, after their first elation upon discovery of the commendable features in this resourceful, virgin territory with its varied landscape; for deathly chill has sometimes dampened the ardor of enthusiastic colonists.

True, the joys of June may vanquish January's misgivings, and when the Mayflower departed, on the fifteenth of April, spring had already spread its beauties abroad, smiling in tender blade and bursting bud; but the return of vernal life, though novel and unknown to them here, could not conceal the serious fact of their isolation in a solitude seemingly infinite, except where groups of untutored savages roved or tarried, whose absence had been more desired than their presence, or whose profession of friendship needed the surer proofs of time. Brave as these Englishmen were, they realized that their undertaking was a critical one. And therefore they endured, whereas more jovial, careless adventurers had finally lost heart.

The middle of April has come, and the wooden castle in its moat of sea-water must vanish like a fortress of the clouds. Though it has been a place

of refuge in the harbor for one hundred and ten days, the months have ended when it can be leased for family use. It has been a welcome resort all winter long, for those who would have fared worse in the crude cottages.

The navigators who had been eager to leave the Pilgrims under the onset of winter at the tip of the Cape, were themselves soon in no condition to try the ocean till gentle skies should appear once more; and, harbor-guarded though they were, they drank the same cup of mortality as the despised religious devotees, losing half of their own number. But the survivors have rallied from their prostration, and are now able to man the ship.

Pitiful was her return lading, and the light cargo of commodities told the story of feebleness among those whose strength had been nearly consumed in battling for life. The settlers sent some sassafras root, a popular article in those days, and such skins as they could procure from the Indians, in trade for sundry necessities obtainable from England. With the private mail to be conveyed, they sent a petition for a new patent, which they afterward learned had been already issued, authorizing their occupation of this territory. They were here, but wished formal permission to remain. As for going back to England, a ripple on a placid lake is easier to see than any sign showing that one soul thought of return. If the Captain offered free passage to such as might prove helpless members of this colonizing project, whose personal friends could or could not refund the company

for conveyance, another consideration neverthless appeared, and with appalling force. That little company, whom the savagery of nature surrounded, accepted its severities in preference to the mercies of the ecclesiastical persecutor, in what had been the homeland. But remember, O reader, all these distresses on either shore could be done away with at once, by one simple act: the abandonment of Puritan principle. They were not required to abjure Christ, like the victims of Nero. Neither would they have been doomed to slow torture such as Papal Rome inflicted. They were offered all the advantages and quietness that the Established Church could offer. But their righteous soul was vexed with practices inconsistent with the Christian profession; and because they could not tolerate such things, they were not tolerated themselves.

Return to England? Most certainly not. They would find some place in the world, if not allowed to occupy this section. Poisoned arrows might fly in secret at them, and disease might reduce them. These peers of the martyr host knew how to die, but they could not deny the White Christ. Nor did they allow themselves to be deceived by the pretensions of hypocrisy. Better a forest lodge than a home of comfort under priestly and political domination of their faith, with ethical standards which they rightly despised as being loose and low. Herein was no obstinacy, such as pagan Rome falsely charged against those indomitable Christians whom she tormented and slew. It was simply the revulsion of purity against corruption. It was the needed rebuke to a careless Church.

Therefore the Pilgrims watched their abode of refuge float away. At the turn of the tide it swung around the bar, needing no pilot now in these all too familiar waters. Then, with all sail set, it headed straight out, betwixt Manomet and the Gurnet. With beating hearts, the exiles sadly filed from the stony shore to the hill of the fort, with more of thoughts than words, and looking seaward as they went. Now that the ship was sailing, its very sight today appealed to the watchers as the last vestige of civilization outside of their small settlement.

On this hill where their bones now lie, the family groups took their separate stations; for tears have less of shame when shed within the circle of kindred. Not for the eyes of everybody, did the heads of dear ones droop at last on their husbands' shoulders, gaining the relief of grief.

The hull that had housed them sank from view on the rim of the sea; the sheets of canvas lingered, yet receding; the speck faded out. The Pilgrims were left alone.

Vanish, white phantom; melt away in the ocean. You brought an island folk; you have left a continental people.

Let such heroes and heroines be lauded. Sing an ode in eulogy of these

THE FIRST NEW ENGLANDERS

In purple depths of night a planet
More distant shone serene,

Returned to hold the gaze of men
With steady stellar sheen.

As such high herald comes to praise
Its solar lord and sire,
Thus souls of old now sing their God,
And waken filial fire.

Oh, tell their worth from age to age:
For never shall there fail
The plaudits glad of freemen true.
Fathers of power, all hail!

Softly and slowly, maiden feet pressed the ascending path to Fort Hill, about a fortnight after the vessel's departure. She meant to meditate there alone for a space; but it was wind-swept, and at present her vitality was low. Elizabeth stood on that low crest, afterward called Burial Hill, and scanned the blank expanse of the Bay beyond the harbor.

"How still and empty it doth look!" she said. "Bonny England is embarred by no such desert of waters about her."

She shivered as she spoke, and gathered her mantle about her, tying her hood also more snugly under her chin—not such a plump, childish chin as it had been, but more womanly. The east wind was rising. It seemed to her as if it was a callous messenger from mid-ocean, to tell her, hoarsely and heartlessly, that it had just come from the ship, far beyond reach now. Hurrying westward to amuse itself over her misery, it suggested to her pained spirit the possibility, which indeed was a fact, that the Mayflower was now half-

way over on her homeward voyage of only a month, whereas she had been sixty-seven days creeping from old Plymouth in England to Cape Cod. To the forlorn land of desolation, a region not sought by the voyagers, the bark had brought her and her parents. Then it neither took those to a better place elsewhere, nor left them alive in this. Imagination made the ship seem a huge white-winged vulture coming hither over the sea to deposit its prey and watch them die, then abandoning in disgust the living, her solitary self included, as objects too far reduced to tempt its further regard.

The wail of this wind, which New Englanders know full well, sounded like the exultant, light laughter of briny sprites, riding in broad squadrons straight shoreward on their dripping gray chargers. The girl shivered again, stopped her pensive revery for the moment, and turning ran down to the protecting banks of the Town Brook, up-stream from the huddled collection of houses. Why was this? Why did she go to the edge of the clearing, instead of returning to her present abode?

There was too much on her mind, for one so young. When the families in separate groups had viewed the departure of the bark, certain sole representatives of former households naturally consorted one with another at that hour, especially among the more sensitive sex. But the occasion comes, when no human company is desired, when the tried and spent spirit seeks for ease apart, and gives vent to its heaviness in sighs and groans.

Though the ravine lay east and north-east and sucked the draft uncomfortably, Elizabeth seated herself a while on the trunk of a fallen decayed oak. It was a venerable tree, that had survived many human generations until its own heart had failed, and with a crash it had laid its lordly length all along the ground, afflicting its kindred as it came down among them.

"How are the mighty fallen!" she thought; "and why should such as I remain as a cumber-world, scarce worth a candle-end it would seem? We have lost of our strong men and leading ladies. Think of it! Two of our ablest adventurers went down in one day. No wonder theirs was the chiefest funeral, not only because it was double, but because they were of those best financed for sustaining this project, among the colonial sponsors, and were altogether honorable persons. But now poor little Resolved White will have his infant brother Peregrine instead of his manly father; and Priscilla Mullens is also, as I am, without a father,—and I believe them who say her mother hath the stamp of death on her face. But it's well to be Priscilla, for before her mother began to fail, John Alden gave her friendly regards, with somewhat behoneyed speech, which she receiveth full gently; and I verily think she returneth entendered glances herself. And if it is come to that pass, why, God forbid else. Thus did another John look beamily upon me, or ever Mother Tilley began to take the distemper; but so soon as I thought to countenance his attentions, the dying voice forbade me. Now I am desolate in-

deed, having neither parent nor brother, sister, nor lover."

In this last you are mistaken, sad maiden: for he would love you well if he allowed himself; and he does love you still, though he would allow it not.

The Tilley orphan resumed her reflections: "It was the next Sunday after Resolved and Peregrine, and Joseph and Priscilla, lost their fathers, that Dame Allerton followed her dead-born babe, though not without languishing throughout two months. She saw here ten Sundays, and on the eleventh the Lord released her. All of Isaac Allerton's moneys could not hold her by him. Nor could Goodman Winslow retain his spouse, when March was growing milder apace. How she must have suffered too in mind, when her husband risked his life as a hostage among Massasoit's untried salvages! And now Elizabeth Winslow is taken and such as this Elizabeth is left. To what profit?"

She arose hastily. Something made her uneasy. Was it the solitude?

"I must not sit here in sluggardy like a stupid dolt. I will again go awork, and if I can skill to succour any in our small plantation, let me address myself trustily to that, while my time on earth doth still continue. I have never been heart-heavy and morbid till I spied the shore-cliffs of this sea-beaten, oversnowed, fameless America; but now, if the good Lord would only let me depart where these others have gone, from the midst of their labors, I ween it might even seem

sweet to me, in respect of my worldly end-all before I be sore stricken in years."

Unsuspecting child! little you realize that in this very moment insatiable Death hovers near, watching for still another opportunity.

The loneliness of the gorge oppressed her, now that her meditative mood was passing; and instead of going down the bed of the babbling brook as Howland had done when he traversed its frozen surface for the same mental relief, she began to clamber up the bank, the sooner to see the houses not far distant, the slight but sole sign of civilization along these far-stretching shores.

In the stillness of the glen, every dry stick that broke when stepped on snapped loudly. Elizabeth heard what seemed like a dead branch dropping further upstream. Looking that way, she saw nothing unusual, except that a low bough on one tree swayed up and down more violently than others in the wind, but it stopped while she watched it. Some bushes over there also seemed to move more than the rest of the twiggy thicket, apparently played upon by a livelier gust. To-morrow it would storm, and she was glad to have had this quiet little respite before the brush was wet. She had not considered, though, that she was quite so near the unbroken wilderness when she ran, to stir her blood, down the hill to the more sheltered vale; and now she would return at once.

As she started again to climb up and make a bee-line for the log cottages, she bent forward and reached out her hands to help herself. Her finger-tips swept

aside some crisp dead leaves that had been blowing along before her, and there, uncovered, nestled a cluster of tiny pink and white blossoms, that appeared to her afflicted heart as the sweetest flowers she had ever seen.

"Oh!" said the girl, and knelt in a transport, over this strange token of anything joyous rather than morose. She exclaimed again in a growing delight, as the delicious odor rose and saluted her nostrils. Elizabeth tried to pull it up by the root, to take it to Mistress Carver, but it lifted as a vine—the trailing arbutus. Other blossoms and buds showed themselves on the running plant, and she made a small bouquet of them, inserting it in her bosom.

"My chest is so shrunken this will adorn it well." So speaking, she began again the third time to ascend the sharp slope, but with some real sprightliness now, with her fragrant prize. Almost up, she paused for breath, though the distance was short, and a year ago she would have done it at one rush. If sickness had not reduced her, sorrows consecutive had enfeebled her limbs: and unexpected feebleness in youth, with a poor prospect of restoration, is even more pitiable than the weakness of age.

As she stood there, panting, before the final effort which would bring her to the desired view of her destination, suddenly a shuddering seized her, but not because of the cold sea-wind; for a sound like something bounding smote upon her ears. Looking quickly toward her left, a long, tawny thing dashed past her, not close by. Its lank, lithe body coursed with in-

credible leaps, and she knew that nothing but a panther could go like that. Among the various denizens of this savage continent, lynxes and little bob-tail wildcats were numerous in New England; but this was no other than the Pan-American cougar, or catamount, the panther of the North, the terror of our hardy pioneers.

She stopped still, aghast, and gazed in dismay at the flying creature. To her consternation, instead of disappearing in its flight, it had no notion of that; for her unwelcome company also stopped, when it reached the top, and sat down facing her, as if to regale its wild self at leisure, with what beauty was left this much distressed damsel. Then as quickly it arose, displaying legs of massive proportion; and commenced at a crawling gait, sinuous and crouching, to follow the crest of the ravine, till it again sat down at a point almost opposite its intended victim, the better to study her.

Did she faint? Not Elizabeth. Portray those women as you will, fiction can not exceed the fact of their undaunted fortitude. Melancholy thoughts vanished, never to possess her more; and in their stead came sickening horror. But though she did not swoon, she stood rigid, transfixed with terror, all power of motion forsaking her for the moment. Chilling and burning thrills passed over her in speedy alternation. She tried to cry out, but her tongue seemed glued to the roof of her mouth. She that had almost desired death, shrank from it now; and face to face with fatality, life was dear again. O strange mes-

senger! cruel and crafty as you are, you have unwittingly conferred a benefit in bringing back ardent hope to the breast of this youth, though you wish her case to be hopeless.

While she realized her utter helplessness, Elizabeth did not give way to despair. Perceiving that the great cat could reach her at one spring, she summoned her soul to defy the worst. She remembered hearing some of the planters tell, in talking of these pioneer perils, how a Virginian hunter had laid his gun on the ground to pick some wild grapes, when he saw one of these animals watching him from a tree, whence it could easily jump for the nape of his neck, as this beast could vault from the crest upon herself. It flashed through her mind how the man had startled his feline foe by his outcry of terror; seeing which, he began to call and talk and sing to the creature, retreating slowly meanwhile without taking his eye from him, until he reached his primed flintlock; and being a skilled shot he used it with good effect. This weak maiden had no weapon, but with an agonized prayer in her heart she commenced to look directly upon the frightful glowering eyes with the boldest aspect of fearlessness she could command; and her quaking actually subsided as her voice took on courage, steady and strong in the strength of one seizing the last chance to save her life.

"How now, my pretty!" she declaimed like a dramatist in full action. "And who is the man that dareth to say thy mien may not soften?—Ah, bright are thine eyes, thou splendid lad!—Soho then, art thou

the lord of the wild? And dost thou work thy kingly will among all beasts of the woodland?—How beauteous is thy lustrous coat!"

And so on and on she talked in her desperate monologue, with a tone of bravest confidence, but inwardly not daring to check her speech an instant, nor turn her gaze away.

The temporary ruse succeeded, as it has done elsewhere. Surprise crept into that savage countenance, followed by momentary fear, which changed to interest and self-forgetfulness. All this the girl saw, and was encouraged. With unceasing prayer to God, she began to sing the brightest, merriest nursery melody her own nurse had taught her long ago, in the safe home across the sea. The mockery of the blithe ditty in such a setting was awful, yet she persisted, and noted the quiet attention of her auditor, who was unaccustomed to music so charming. It surely worked a charm on him.

And now, as she sang on, she ventured to glide a step one side, homeward. Slowly, steadily she swung one foot out, gradually shifted her weight to it and drew away the other foot, her skirts concealing the locomotion. She repeated the process once, twice, and commenced to breathe more freely and hope for egress from this hideous dilemma.

Suddenly the shrewd cat divined her intent. Instantly the spell broke, and leaping to his feet with a yell of rage that reverberated in her ears, he challenged her to stir another step. She quickly desisted, and stood rooted to the spot. Then indignation flashed fire

within, and thus she hurled hot reproaches at her tormentor.

"Thou sneaking slave of Satan! hast thou no heart? And is it so you thank me for all my petting and ceaseless singing? Fie, then! Out upon thee! Thou sum of wickedness, I would I had more than words to send thee. My mother was right when she said, 'Strike a snake, a robber, and a seducer, alike without pity'; and in faith thou art as one of them."

The huge brute, puzzled at this vehement change of voice, winced under the torrent of vituperation, and actually cringed as she added fuel to her fury,—while again a pitiful little foot stole out from under her skirts; for if to move was perilous, to stay was worse, unthinkable indeed.

Elizabeth kept up her wrathful remonstrance, though in her soul an intense longing exceeded anger; for the panther had allowed her to reach the rim of the ravine. Though she knew the settlement was in sight, never for a moment did she take her own eyes from those lurid yellow ones. He also watched well his intended prey, and was evidently determined that though she was up from the brook, she should not go away from its banks. He knew her wished-for goal as certainly as she, and it was already too near for his liking. While she was wondering if a cry for aid would provoke him to pounce on her and strangle utterance, he started toward her once more. So a house-cat tires of toying with a miserable mouse, and proceeds to dispatch the tiny sufferer. A single light, effortless bound brought the cougar just as close as

he had been before she began to retire, which was hardly a couple of rods.

"He-e-lp!"

Her clear, prolonged call rose and lingered on the air—but the unfriendly messenger from the fleeing ship swept the sound mostly aside from the village; and the low copse was somewhat dense at this point, making vision more obscure.

A moment of dumb questioning, to satisfy feline curiosity, as to the significance of that emphatic monosyllable. And now the cat crept nearer, a horrible eagerness glittering in his distended eyeballs. He paused, raised his head, nervous and irritated under her resuming expostulations, and uttered his answer, in a piercing, rasping screech which only those who have heard it can imagine. Then he crouched, twitching and working his limbs, and lashing his long tail.

Elizabeth knew what that meant. Instantly advancing a step, she stamped the earth and shook her fist at the murderous monster. She screamed at him:

"Back, aback, thou cursed child of Hell!—Or come on, an ye dare.—Better not, I say."

He indeed backed hastily from her, astounded at her daring. Then, as the gaunt haunches subsided, she lowered her voice to a full tone of power and severe dignity.

"Tarry there now! God Almighty rebuke thee. Foul wretch, if the Devil is thy father, and well he might be, remember, remember what I tell thee, thou canst never touch me if my Father on high gainsay it."

The sharp crack of a musket smote upon the stillness. Elizabeth's heart leaped. The sound of a heavy shot, whizzing over the animal's shoulders, drew its attention from her to the cause of such rude interference. The missile failed of its mark, being aimed too high, after the manner of a novice. The panther's gaze, however, had been diverted for the first time since the beginning of the encounter with Elizabeth, and she made good use of her opportunity, turning and speeding as fast as her strained and stiffened limbs would allow, to a man who was busily priming again his awkward flintlock.

Howland, for he it was, had heard the first shriek of the panther, while cutting fire-wood in the Carver yard. He paid little attention to it at first, for the Pilgrims were already accustomed to such sounds in their sylvan environment, though mostly at night. Also the strong east wind deceived him as to the true distance of the cry, carrying it by on the south. He had also noticed Mistress Tilley passing from the premises toward the hill, after dinner had been cleared away; but so she often did, for the fortified elevation was part of the village. So he resumed his splitting of timber, for use under the great kettle and the cooking pots.

Suddenly he stood erect, his blood running cold. He had heard the appeal for rescue, faintly indeed but distinctly.

His flintlock was leaning against the house near the door, and he seized it without a word and hurried away, his ammunition being fastened in the belt of

his leathern doublet. In that he pushed also an Indian hatchet, caught up from a pile of kindlings. No other male was then at home, and he dared not go further for helpers.

Running up and around the south shoulder of the hill, Howland glanced quickly this way and that, to see where he should hasten. Again the screech sounded, and now the sickening spectacle came to his view. The beast was within easy range, but the unpractised man knelt to make his aim more sure, resting his left elbow on one knee. Then he fired, with what result we have already observed. Rising chagrined but not disconcerted, he rapidly primed and reloaded his gun, while Elizabeth made her flight toward her intending deliverer.

She had not gone far, when the American lion gave vent to his vexation in a weird, long yell, and threatened to pursue. He hesitated, however, with the hum of the first shot in his ears, the first he had ever heard, and in the recognized presence of unfriendly mankind.

John did not wait for him to decide about renewing his attack, but ran to meet Elizabeth, not only to be near her as protector, but also to get a better shot. He was at this date more clever as a scribe than a marksman, and the Pilgrims had found little time to hunt large game, venison excepted, since their coming a few months before.

As they met, the resolute maiden reached for the hatchet, longing to do anything to extricate them both from this frightful situation.

"Unhand me there!" he commanded sternly. "Trust me to that if we have need of it."

The two faced the panther. Evidently he had no idea of retreating. He stood at bay, forcing from his chest deep coughing snarls of disgust and disdain, his ferocious fangs gleaming in his wide-open jaws.

Elizabeth looked at John. He was taking aim, but she thought he trembled slightly. The flush on his face had given way to a ghastly pallor.

"John Howland," she cried, "if you can have your cat, you may have me."

That was all she said. The acceptance of his formerly offered favor was not couched in conventional language, nor was it as delicately and softly expressed as with many whose professions prove false and fleeting. There was no exhortation to be brave, no summons to be steady. But it had the right effect. He neither replied nor looked to her. Yet as unmistakably as she realized the breath of the Mayflowers, still remaining where her neckerchief was gathered below, so plainly she saw calmness and strength instantly returning to his countenance, which had been all too sober for many a day, just as her own had been.

He did not even kneel to fire. With his muscles like steel, he steadied now his piece, aimed it true and motionless as though it was in a vice, and fired deliberately. Coolness was indeed their only hope. Had the panther charged, courage could not have balanced inexperience; and before the hatchet could finish its work, John might have received mortal

wounds, even if he could succeed in keeping the beast from throttling its previous enemy.

In the very few minutes of this duel, the brute had slowly stalked nearer, with head erect, studying its opponent before crouching to spring upon him; and thus it afforded a splendid mark.

With the report of the gun it dropped, mute as stone, rolled over and over, and lay kicking its hind legs, making the dirt fly as the long claws, like prongs, ripped up the ground. Gradually the muscular contractions lessened, then ceased, and the beast lay still.

Howland advanced cautiously, hatchet in hand, to make sure this was as he supposed, no feigning, but true lifelessness. He found the blood pouring from the distended jaws, from which no breath came forth. The ball had entered the brain.

"The panther is dead, Mistress Tilley, so it please you," he called, with his customary politeness, and turned to see her happy relief.

Instead, he beheld apparently another lifeless form, lying limp upon the earth. Her ordeal was over, and she had succumbed. Men of strength would have done the same, after that protracted strain—how long she never could say.

Her deliverer dashed over the bank and down to the brook, filled his conical felt hat with water, and scrambled back. Removing her neckerchief, he bathed her blanched brow with it, and chafed her hands till they were warm again. He allowed her to lie as she was, only placing her head on his knee as he sat on the ground behind her. Yet she remained like

one dead, defying his diligence for some time, so that he began to wonder whether he should try to support her home on his back, or speed away for aid. To leave her he did not dare; and he was about to bend and shoulder her inert weight as the panther might have dragged her to its lair, when she stirred, and drew a long sigh. So he sat still and renewed his efforts, slapping her hands and fanning her face with the wet kerchief. She breathed more freely now. John picked up the Mayflowers and placed them under her nostrils, as a poor but only substitute for camphor.

As he held the flowers thus for a moment, she opened her eyes, looked him full in the face, smiled, and again her eyelids drooped. Consciousness was returning. Another deep, prolonged breath. How weak is humankind!

John raised her to a sitting posture, but she was exhausted, and her head sank back upon his shoulder. The moments slipped away. John's own good nerves had been sufficiently shaken in this new experience, and he was willing to rest a minute, now that all was well. A shudder traversed her frame, leaning against his, and a frown contracted her eyebrows, but gave place to a happy expression of peace. Her brain was acting more clearly now, and memory was at work reviewing the recent incident. Neither spoke a word. Indeed she could not; and he would not, lest it should hinder her recovery. She tried to lift herself, and gave it up. In pity he waited a few minutes more, and passed his hand across her forehead, gently pressing the golden locks.

At length Elizabeth aroused herself, realized her attitude, blushed, and with an effort slipped away, John allowing her freedom. She remained seated, gathering her senses, for the reaction of the tragic scene was still upon her. Commencing to quake in the east breeze, she attempted to rise, saying, half to herself: "O rude herald of the sea, it was thy harsh touch that made me to hie from yon hill down to thy brother spirit as he hid in this darksome dale of death!"

"Call it not quite that, my lady, thank God!" answered John, assisting her to her feet.

"I am shrewdly shaken, Master Howland," she said weakly. "My head is yet queer, and I can not trust me now. I will to that tree."

He had permitted her what liberty he could, for now he was determined not to be forward. But when he heard her request and saw her totter and sway as she went, immediately he was at her side, offering his arm in escort, which she accepted.

Seating herself on the sheltered side at the root of a big beech tree, she gave a light little laugh: "Why, where are my blithesome buds? The first I knew of aught, you were holding the sweet beauties to my face."

"Reck naught of that, good maid," returned Howland. "Only look about you."

Saying this, he went to one of a quantity of arbutus vines around them, plucked a handful of the dainty bloom, and presented it to her with deferential gravity.

She took the proffered cluster, looked at it, smelt of it; then gave him such a look as she had never given him before. It was genuine, unmistakable admiration, with immeasurable gratitude—and more. The poor scribe turned red under her quiet, beaming regard, as a white sand-bluff glows when the sun rises out of the sea.

"John Howland, listen to me. Is thy recollection good?"

"Why, certes," he stammered, "I account it fair."

"Wherefore then dost not recall my word to thee, ere thou didst fire again, when our God heard my prayer, and sent a noble one to deliver my life?"

Elizabeth flushed under her own confession of regard, and tears of emotion came; yet she continued her look, fearless, honest, and open. Never had any man seemed to her so splendid and grand.

As for John, he had not at all forgotten her cry to him, nor the bracing effect of its declaration. But now he was in a quandary about it, and answered absently: "Truth to tell, I had somewhat to think on other than words, in thy behalf."

"Then please to think now upon this, Master Howland. It was thou didst speak to me first—I am no bold lass—when we walked from divine worship. And from thy tones I knew thy meaning well. Thy tones betrayed thy heart, though I denied thy full speech."

Again the girl laughed innocently, as laughs a child over the dilemma of another. Then she sobered, for she would not distress him, and added: "I know thou

art thinking, and for all too much; yet be not distraught. I am to tell thee a thing."

But grateful ardor for her rescuer swept explanations away, momentarily, and she exclaimed with a burst of feeling: "This is, e'en like thyself, John Howland, if I do make bold to say it. All thou doest is right, and what is wrong thou never wouldst do. A weak head in thy place would query not at all, pleased only to have affection returned. But thy soul doth entertain questions of honor. In that thou art a true man. All know it."

"Prithee, spare thy praise," said John humbly. "I deserve not such commendations. But speaking frankly, Mistress Tilley, I would fain comprehend thy reasons for these kind and even tender words to me, seeing that mine were not permitted of thee.—Thou hast reasons, I make no doubt," he hastened to say with earnest emphasis.

"Thou doest me honor, sir," Elizabeth replied with gentle dignity. "For of a truth I am neither brazen nor stone, when womanly honor is concerned,—and—and pledges with the dead."

There was a quaver in her voice, but after a pause she resumed: "My good sir, God forbid that I should trifle, though I did laugh, or ever I was aware, at thy bewondering. I know what I am doing. Thine every look, and all thy words to me, guarded though they were wont to be, revealed thine affection. This thou canst not deny, Master Howland."

"Nor have I desire to deny it, Mistress Tilley. But wherefore didst thou make denial of me, stating at

that time sundry reasons which now thou seemest to lay aside?—Forsooth thou must have other and better reasons, which I wait with patience to hear."

O sterling souls, debating of honor in the very hour of mutually confessed love! Staunch Puritan minds, teach us your strength, in your constant regard for the will of God. His love of truth and holiness was in you, and the invincible might of godliness, which is likeness to God, became yours. Here was the seed of greatness. How refreshing, and ever potent, your example! Compared with that, how diminutive and dwarfish appears a common twentieth century anthropoid, a decadent specimen bearing partial semblance to a man; a creature somewhat clever, very rapid, but as spineless as godless, with whom principle is despised and expediency is his sole guide!

Elizabeth said: "Thou shalt indeed hear reason, for reason I have."

Then she proceeded: "We do not say the trite and foolish word, that 'Love is blind.' Verily, John Howland, if ever vision should be open-eyed, it is when a companion is chosen for time and eternity, who shall be as it were part of his soul, in a degree that no other can be, excepting always the Heavenly Companion. And thou of all humankind art such to me, if still thou wilt bear with me, O my deliverer!"

The young man answered with solemnity: "Surely if it seem right to thee, as it doth to me, then would I be for thee what thou hast said; for thou art in my sight only excellence."

"Hearken first, nor render me more than my desert,

who am but a lowly maiden desiring to live honestly. And when thou didst grant me to live, by drawing near to slay my would-be slayer, it came to me as swiftly as the flight of an angel, such as flashed upon the night in the outburst of brightness above Bethlehem, it came to me also as if my late mother had spoken from Heaven, that she would be satisfied to give me to thee in return for her daughter's spared life. It is but just. Right is right."

"If thus the case standeth," said John, musing, "then that seemeth to me a kindly cat, to give us one another."

"Fancy! Quite kind," quoth she. "Oh, what a fiendish, staring face I had to outstare, who am all unused to giving fierce regards!"

"Thou didst hold him more, I trow, by the light of thy look, than its shade. Gabriel against Apollyon! But, damsel most dear, I adjudge thou dost appreciate less than I, his service who made us at one. Leastways, we'll remember his leonine majesty by making a mat of his yellowish coat, bordered with white of the belly when outspread."

But even a panther could not long take their attention one from another.

"Hearken patiently again, good sir, I pray thee. If to Mother Tilley I seemed like a child some weeks agone, I ween herself would espy in me almost a woman now. Not always doth time age us: sorrow can outrace e'en that. I have suffered enough—and done naught else but suffer—to mature any well-grown child. Think on't! Motherless of my true mother

when I dared the deep, I soon was fatherless too; then died she that did her best in a mother's place. And if she could know, would she take pleasure in the pain I have since endured for her sake in my loneliness, refusing thy most kind advances because our years were so diverse and I would not require thee to tarry for me? Other maids there are, thought I, and such as yet are not here may arrive this very year, who might be much likelier than I."

"They may come by the shipload," interposed John with animated emphasis. "I'll none of them."

"Then there is large choice elsewise, among the daughters of this land," Elizabeth hastened on. "And in choosing such a one you would not be the first man of honorable worth for whom it so befortuned him. Did not a chieftain's daughter, the fame-worthy Pocahontas, human savior of Virginia and of him who named New England, become a Christian wife, known abroad as Lady Rebecca Rolfe, the Queen and all the court enamoured of her novel beauty? We, on the other hand, as hated and hunted reptiles with a King who would not compassion us, were harried forth of him, and at last fain to hie us and bury us alive in the wild, here where like enow we shall some day die."

"Hold now, my worthy young mistress! Why such far-about of discourse? Be careful to banish care, when thinking on rivals. Know thou, the whole wide world doth hold none but thee for me. Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Talk of late salvages in silks! All who will may have them—I'd be single still."

Howland stood up from the turf, and faced the sweetly serious child.

"The hour passes, and I likewise will speak, so thou hast made an end. Rightly hast thou spoken, and I verily believe thy late mother would not, if she could, gainsay it. Yea, of a truth thou art sufficed with suffering—and I knew not that I was one more cause of that. Now will I forbid thy pain, if as partner of thy life I may do so. Poor bereft orphan, and nigh deserted, when thou camest at last, and all alone, to the tender mercies of yonder beast, thy Father Almighty doubtless sent me hither, as I reverently consider.

"Thou hast voiced thy mind in a womanly fashion, fearless and true. If then thou art content to be mine some day, and to share thy life all the days with a humble Pilgrim such as I, then let words cease for a season. Come!"

He extended his arms in welcome. But she who had been brave of speech could not command her action, when the supreme moment called for a pledge. Elizabeth colored violently, tried to arise, turned pale again, being also yet weak from the recent ordeal; and then sank back on the protruding root.

John came and bent over her in compassion.

"What is untoward?" he asked tenderly, in the quaint old idiom of solicitude.

She leaned her head against the tree, her bosom heaving fast. He knelt beside her, and now without hesitation gently placed his arms about her and drew her face to his, pressing his cheek against her own.

O wildwood solitary, witness the happy scene! Whispering leaves of Springtide, hush yourselves, while the lips of lovers seal their sacred troth. Who, such as these, are aware of time's passage, and its measure? Ask not them; they can not tell.

After an interval, John broke the silence, inquiring, "Wherefore didst thou fear but now, when all was safe?"

She answered laughingly, "On my word, it was too much, on the same day to encounter a panther and a lover! My soul could scarce sustain at once the depths of horror and the heights of bliss.—But thy strong arms have envived me again. Let me place my hand in thine, and thus we will go homeward, and then, some day, to a home of our own on the little street;—and then, another day, to the home on high where the dear ones be, with the Lord we adore."

"Amen," he said solemnly.

And so the compact was confirmed in heart and mind, as afterwards in the law. Blessed union, now begun but without end, unbroken by the incident of death!

John offered to help Elizabeth up. But she declined, and remained where she was.

"One word further before we return," she said. "It is my will and right to respect the dead, aye, and mine own judgment, by allowing me some further term of maidenhood, since questionless I will even then be young enough to be called Goodwife Howland."

He replied promptly: "So thou ever be called that

—and it soundeth full sweetly in mine ears—thou mayst take thy time to abide as thou now art. And of a truth, I would be accounted a beetle-headed dolt, and would likewise despise myself for the self-wrong, were I to ask thy hand in marriage presently."

"My husband-to-be! Thou wast ever gracious."

"State thy time of virginity, Elizabeth, and thou shalt observe it as long as thou wilt. I'll woo thee ere I wed thee. Are we sundered the less?"

"Most surely not," she declared; then added, "Regard these pink-and-white blossoms, though I can not name them."

"What! Since you mention them," said he, "hearkened you not to our Master and Mistress discoursing of them, with some other, by occasion this very morn? You wist not, from being busied then, you say? Ah! that is quite like you.—But not even for a catamount would I have had you tarry all day at the house."

"N-no, nor I, verily, since thus it hath come about," said Elizabeth thoughtfully, with a vivid vision of the diabolical face. The admission was good proof of love's sincerity.

John resumed: "One of the younkers had found and fetched some of these same flowers, fresh-blown, impearled with dew and scentful, which for a small matter accited great pleasure to all, after our sorry winter. The Governor also regarded it as a sign of heavenly favor upon us. Then, whilst yet they were aggrouped there all agaze over the sweet things, a name was sought that would seem fitting. And as they blithely communed about it alongst the street,

it seemed good to the more part, to call it after the floral name of the ship that was so long our sea-tossed refuge, even as she was designated after our English hawthorn and marsh-marigold and sundry other plants that come to the full in the month of May, now hard by. A flower of sun-bright May this presently shall be, and if thus known as the Mayflower, it shall remind us of our last link with the homeland and all that are dear therein. And even you who were born upon the Continent were taught to love old England well."

"Right heartily I approve the name," she said.—"And let the magistrate solemnize our nuptials two years hence, after I have passed sixteen. I will ask thee to bide for a space no longer, nor any less. Thus will I wed thee, when these Mayflowers blossom twice more."

"Did not Jacob tarry seven years for Rachel," said Howland, "and 'they seemed unto him a few days, for the love he had to her'? Likewise I am neither a pestful pickfault nor a dog-hearted break-promise."

"Doubtless thou art as zealous a lover as was Isaac's son," she replied, "but I do not ask thee to keep e'en a third of his time.

"Yet remember, my dearest one, the world would esteem a damsel of fourteen as scarce better than a child. Therefore will I request that for one year from now, without avoiding one another as we have been doing, or concealing our mutual friendship, thou wilt not consort with me, nor treat me otherwise than the rest. I'll trust in thy fidelity unfed by wooing;

and thou canst reckon on mine affection as marble-constant to thee alone. Let us be counsel-keeping to ourselves. But when Mayflowers bud and bloom again, I will consent that the banns of our intended conjugacy be given forth, to take effect the year thereafter."

"If so it is to be," said he, "let thy sweet lips, O fairest child, grant me the token which must suffice for a twelvemonth."

Thereupon she gave him what he requested, upon his forehead; and he returned it with interest.

Then for one year they had no more meetings apart, after this one which was caused by that kindly-cruel cat.

XIII

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

WITH great difficulty we have preserved our lives; insomuch as when I look back upon our condition, and weak means to preserve the same, I rather admire at God's mercy and providence in our preservation, than that no greater things have been effected by us. But though our beginning hath been . . . raw, small, and difficult, . . . yet the same God that hath hitherto led us through the former, I hope will raise means to accomplish the latter. Not that we altogether, or principally propound profit to be the main end of that we have undertaken, but the glory of God, and the honor of our Country.

—EDWARD WINSLOW.

They worked against tremendous odds there on that barren coast; but they wrung a living from it almost from the first, and year by year patiently learned to succeed at the hard thing they had undertaken.

—WOODROW WILSON.

Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.

Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.
—Carlos Wilcox.

NEW PLYMOUTH was not new as a plantation. Its small space of tillage, particularly south of the main brook, had been well worked by the Patuxets, before the plague removed them and let the soil rest for a few years. Their fellow tribesman and survivor, Squanto, was a most efficient instructor of the colonists in the cultivation of maize, or Indian corn, an American native product which has become acceptable to the rest of the world, wherever it thrives. The Pilgrims depended upon it largely, and the more for the failure of the wheat and peas whose seed was brought in the Mayflower.

For the first two years the time of waiting between sowing and reaping was more than serious, it was critical. Everything was new to the settlers, and their resources were slight. But diligence averted disaster, until they could consider themselves fairly established. Disappointed in their previous planting, they patiently addressed themselves anew to seed-sowing when the Mayflower had gone. Recourse to the fields was not only a necessity inexorable, if life was to be perpetuated there, but it also made another fortunate diversion of mind, for this group of strangers now left to themselves. The convalescents particularly felt the bless-

ing of occupation in the open, those sunny April days.

Meanwhile, before the earth could yield its increase, how good the counsel of their dusky friend, who not only taught them in local agriculture, but revealed the haunts and habits of the dwellers in woodland and water, the bearers of fins and feathers and hairy hides! He put them in readiness for the annual run of herring up the brook, which invited the scaly ones within its banks by an estuary wider then than now. In later years, hundreds of barrels of these fishes used to be caught there, as they went up to spawn in the beautiful pond called Billington Sea.

In the midst of all this happy stir and promise, an event occurred which the historian is obliged to record against his pleasure, when now so long a chain of things lamentable seemed terminated. This time the blow fell very heavily, as though the grim Harvester of precious lives realized that he must soon desist from his ravaging riot, at the command of One Higher, and therefore, if unable to remove all, would at least take their head. The little Colony lost its Governor. He was not required to undergo for more than a brief space the usually large burden of the day of small things. Time was when the gubernatorial office was a matter of such peculiar responsibility, with the few helps and helpers in those early years, that instead of being eagerly sought, the duty was assigned with a definite threat of punishment in case of refusal. John Carver, having accepted the position as desired of him, was freed from his onerous task by summons of the supreme Ruler.

Great was the mourning, when this member of the community, bearing the mental burden of its oversight, was suddenly prostrated under only an April sun, while in his more advanced age he toiled afield with the humblest settlers. There was reason for grief. This was the man who, when the Pilgrims decided to leave Leyden, was sent to London with Robert Cushman, as their agent in the difficult and dragging negotiations which culminated three years later, in the exodus from Holland and England. And when they finally launched forth, they made him overseer of the passengers; for they had already learned, in their harassing experiences, the need of calm self-restraint and harmony among their own selves. Then afterward, on settling in the new land, with fresh perils promptly replacing the old, it was natural that they should choose by common consent this one on whose practical wisdom they had so largely depended. His priority of years also contributed to the dignity desirable in the leading office.

His short term as prime magistrate was only the fitting capstone to an extended arch of service, in preparation for civic New England. As the art of working in wood, which gave his ancestors their name, was curious and pleasing, so in the rising shrine of unrecognized Democracy this Carver nobly wrought. And worthily he bore the name of the beloved disciple and apostle. The first political head in New England also led, with Samuel Fuller the beloved physician, the long lists of deacons sustaining her churches of every denomination. The combination of

civil and religious offices was significant, in this colonial enterprise; and indeed, in the Christian era, the star of empire has ever followed the unpausing and brighter Star of Bethlehem.

Though Carver's day was shortened on these shores, his name remains upon the township that clings to the skirts of parental Plymouth, yet looks forth upon the west.

The Governor's obsequies were conducted with as much dignity as the settlers' straitened condition would allow. The sandy slopes of the seaside, and the little hills within, reverberated with the volleys discharged above his grave, in his honor.

As a pathetic sequel of this, a few weeks afterward Mrs. Carver, a lady of feeble health, followed her husband into the unseen.

The sorrowing community gathered itself together once more, and, choosing William Bradford as Carver's successor, again with resolution faced the future. It was well that this faithful and capable man was available, to lead the Colony many years; for he himself had nearly perished in the general sickness. In fact, he was not yet recovered to his wonted health, and during his convalescence the work devolved more heavily upon Isaac Allerton, a colonist of some means and ability who was elected to the office of Governor's Assistant.

The end of spring found the plantation in fair running order at last. Early garden products forbade the pinch of impending hunger. The bean vines yielded soon their nourishing pods, whose contents

became, with corn and rye, the Pilgrims' substantial dietary staple.

It was now deemed advisable to promote their security outside, by strengthening their friendly relations with the natives, and following up the treaty which they had made with the head chief of the Pokanokets. This was important, not only to preserve amity with those on whose lands they settled, but to have them in a firm alliance in case the tribes to the north and at the further west should commence to show displeasure. Therefore, on the twelfth of July, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Winslow, a future governor then about twenty-five years old, took a journey of forty miles to Sowams, now Warren, Massasoit's residence among the Wampanoags. The somewhat singular fact that this dominant tribe of Massasoit's own was on the border, rather than more centrally placed in the tribal confederacy; and the added serious fact, that just over this western boundary, across the Bay, the numerous and powerful Narragansetts were old enemies of these Indians, and had not been hurt by the great plague: these considerations made Massasoit as forward as the English, to keep unbroken, as he did all his days, this Pokanoket-Plymouth compact.

The idea of the visitation was not only to make the general peace more assured, but also to increase trade with the natives, thus putting the planters on a better footing with their London partners and patrons, to whom they were accountable. Beside resorting to agriculture for their own subsistence and to barter, the Pilgrims engaged in the wood business, and in the

collection of fur-bearing pelts; as even now, on the northern frontiers of New England, lumbering and trapping are companion trades. To foster this last industry, the deputation of two ventured out, with Squanto for their guide. They further desired to become acquainted with the country beyond Plymouth, for they had not yet stepped beyond the places of their disembarking. They wished to ascertain the environment and circumstances of their treaty partner, with his general manner of living, as well as to find the best way to reach him in case of need. If the men of Plymouth Bay might reach hands across to those by the Bay of Narragansetts, not only would tribes beyond feel more respect, but the entire intervening region would be the more safe and quiet.

Alas, it was too quiet! Malignant disease had done its fatal work successfully in the nearer country which the Pilgrim couple traversed. They found many silent, abandoned villages whence the Indians had fled, leaving their dead unburied, whose skeletons were in ghastly evidence. The delegates followed Tisquantum westward along the Titicut, now the upper Taunton River; and camped over night in present East Taunton, where they forded the stream near its turn to the south. They traversed much cleared land, whose desolated fields were now yielding nothing better than tall weeds. Among noble trees, oak, beech, chestnut, and other varieties, they could have proceeded on horseback, so free were the woods from underbrush, owing partly to the annual spring burning customary with the Indians, in places. The larger growth did not

always, however, resist the flame enough to save its life in the scorching, and considerable devastation resulted from this barbarous practice. But native hunters, warriors, and travellers naturally disliked thickets, which impeded their progress, screened their game, and concealed the enemies, human or brute, that lay in wait for them along the trodden trails.

The former thousands of dwellers in this valley had vanished, and those who were left were usually humble and harmless, attending the two Englishmen mainly from curiosity. They offered to carry them over the brooks, or their clothing and other impedimenta, when they came to fords.

On the second day they reached Sowams, to find Massasoit had gone away; but he came home that evening. On his arrival they saluted him with a volley. He gave them a hearty welcome, taking them into his wigwam and seating them by him. This distinguished representative of his race had recognized the marks of civilization and power, in the appearance and accomplishments of those who came in the great ships. He conversed with Hopkins and Winslow about England, and concerning her sovereign. Instead of feeling chagrined at what he perceived inevitable, the ascendency of the whites, he was an example to all others of the world's child-folk, in seeking cordial union with the superior type of human society, and the benefits sure to be his from such a union. It was well that his trust in the English was not abused by them; and that the disgraceful deeds of others could not be charged to the Pilgrim Fathers. Massasoit

with evident pleasure declared himself to be King James' man, and the country also King James'; as was the land of the Narragansetts, from which he hoped the French would keep away. He did not relish the idea, advocated from a certain quarter, of having his tribal foes in an understanding with Great Britain's temporary and unwilling national subject across the English Channel.

Professions of friendship with Plymouth were renewed, matters of trade discussed, and the promise given that Massasoit's subjects would not trouble them with pilfering. On the other hand, the Pilgrims asked the king to send a messenger of peace to the Nausets, who had resisted them the previous December, when unwittingly in the fog the whites had come close to their main village, so giving the appearance of an intended attack next morning, which the Indians very naturally forestalled by taking the offensive themselves.

The Governor also sent for some of the Wampanoag seed corn, of which the meal was whiter and better than that raised on the colder eastern coast. When the Plymouth representatives had delivered their messages to this sachem, or head chief, he submitted their various propositions, in an eloquent speech before his assembled braves, they applauding in their way and grunting approval as he went on. This was not all generality. The speaker mentioned to his council thirty places, or more, which he considered ought to be included in this peaceable trade relation. All present were of like sentiment; and thus at somewhat

tedious length the matter was confirmed, to the gratification of the English delegation. They put upon Massasoit a cavalier's scarlet coat and a neck chain, which they had brought for the purpose. The gift was exceedingly acceptable to the wearer, and the admiration of all beholders.

Nothing was said about table refreshments, to the travellers from Patuxet. Massasoit himself lacked provision, and they all retired supperless. He was careful, however, to take them into his keeping, even giving them one end of his own bed, while he and his wife occupied the other.

This was the construction of such a couch, when sleepers did not wrap themselves up to lie on the ground. Four stout forked sticks were fastened in the ground, the prongs of which supported two lateral rails. Upon these side rails, boards were laid across, also hewed out by rude Indian hatchets. On this rough but firm bedstead, thick mats took the place of modern mattresses. The coverings were pelts with the hair on, as deer hides, bear skins, and the joined furry coats of beaver or otter, or other small animals. Thus warmly covered, around a central fire if desired, the visitors might have been comfortable even in winter, and could have enjoyed their novel experience now, had they not been denied quietness, cleanly quarters, and literal elbow-room. To the already much occupied couch, came two belated head men, who deferentially avoided the royalty and stretched their long persons in an overlapping proximity to the visitors from Plymouth. That was enough,

but it was not all. There were other bedfellows more minute, very numerous, and quite wide awake. If this were insufficient to prevent the repose much desired after journeying, the noise alone would do it, when the natives, according to their habit, raised an even-song not of the most musical or harmonious kind, so droning out their weird chanting until finally they fell asleep. But their effort was supplemented by another chorus composed of countless mosquitoes, less sonorous than the vocal volume, but more zealous and sustained.

After two such nights, our poor Pilgrims were glad that a religious excuse came to their rescue, and prevented the look of unseemly haste in departing. They announced their custom of resting on Sundays—how doubly sweet the Sabbath rest were then!—and as Friday morning had come they would again require two days for their journey. In their own minds, they dared not delay beyond that one full day and couple of nights, lest they should be too jaded and weak to proceed, from short rations and long vigils. Massasoit was ashamed and grieved that he could give no better entertainment, his keen discernment recognizing the weariness which his guests would not confess, as they anticipated the sun in rising from their restless bed.

The head chief retained Tisquantum, whom he deputed to the various communities with the trade messages; and sent with his white friends a trusty war-captain, Tokamahamon.

Six Indians escorted them for a while, but three

dropped off later, as the only catch on that Friday was a shad and a chipmunk. Tokamahamon was sent ahead to Namasket with request that another messenger hasten thence to Plymouth, asking that a party come out with provisions and meet the delegates. But after the war-captain sped away, extremity was prevented for the faint and toiling travellers, not inured to such hardships like the natives. The two remaining Indians came upon a good fishing-place, so that the quartette enjoyed a plentiful supper.

After the repast, when the Pilgrims lay down for welcome slumber, the fishers resumed their work, feasted again, and roasted the rest to be kept for breakfast. It was fortunate they did so, for a violent thunder-storm came up, with a driving wind and rain, and put out the fire. The heavy downpour continued all next day, until the soaked and footsore delegates were almost come to their town.

The picture which Hopkins and Winslow drew, of savage life darkened by ignorance, improvidence, and pestilential ravages, made the Pilgrims appreciate all the better their own humble yet decent place of abode.

Another outgoing representative of Plymouth, but one quite unauthorized by it, was John, older son of John Billington, a boy who unintentionally brought the Colony a happy benefit at the risk of his life, as if to atone for the peril in which his brother Francis had placed the Mayflower passengers, while at Provincetown harbor, by discharging a gun near an open barrel of powder. Enamoured of the forest robed in its midsummer attire, in the dry warmth of August

John wandered into it too far, and forgot how to retrace his steps through the woody maze when he wished to return. Like those of older years who are unaccustomed to a wilderness, he went in the opposite direction from the right one and only plunged deeper into the green labyrinth as he went on. By day, he appeased the cravings of his stomach with berries and whatever edibles appeared. "I'd not be hen-hearted," he said to himself, "but 't is of record touching such as wander quite meatless, that some of them go mind-sick, and mingle-mangle their talk. Oh, for one morsel of oaten haverbread!"

The nights were not too cold for his sleeping out, his life being preserved from any attacks by wild beasts. "What misluck," he lamented, "that I should keep company with the roarers of dire monstrousness in these backmost outparts!—And how bedaggled is my raiment! Had I but my without-door garments 'gainst the onfall of rain! Woe worth the day! How fool-hasty was I to seek such unpathed places one minute-while! It is well they are not fountainless.—But if I fetch up with these hawk-nosed natives, how may I keep one of them at arm's end? They might round on me in wrath, neck me, and leave me to lie graveless."

Many lonely passers through the wilds might tell how they found shelter and concealment in the branches of trees, listening to the dismal calls of creatures challenging or serenading one another, accosting the moon, or howling apparently for the joy of hearing their own hideous tones. From all these

irrational inhabitants of the country young Billington escaped, and came out of the forest to find himself again with his own kind, albeit of differing complexion. Stumbling into the Indian village of Cummaquid a score of miles south from Plymouth, he was received by them; but instead of taking him back to the only settlement of whites that New England then contained, they deliberately carried him still further away; and worst of all, they endangered his life again by delivering him to the Nausets, the very tribe that had attacked the Pilgrims on the morning of the day when they first entered Plymouth harbor.

These Indians did him no harm, however, but were disposed to keep the lad for themselves; whereupon, as he did not show himself soon, Bradford and Massasoit corresponded, the latter made inquiry among his subjects, and the missing youth was reported. The shallop was then dispatched to fetch him. Beside a couple of interpreters, ten men embarked for this business, the same number of male Pilgrims that had coasted Cape Cod Bay in December, but with no seamen to accompany them now. Death, since that December previous, had so invaded their little force of men, that it is almost surprising the Pilgrims could muster out even a band of only ten, for such hazardous adventures. And the authority of Massasoit was weakest on this far side.

They reached Cummaquid in the evening, and anchored off shore for the night. This place, of same name still, might have been their chosen abode instead of Plymouth, if they had been able to look within

its small harbor, when in the fog and sleet they passed by it before; for they were in haste to find a resting place in any tolerable locality. After arriving at the inlet now, it proved to be so flat and marshy in parts, that during the night the receding tide left even their shallow vessel dry. By the morning light they discovered two Indians engaged in catching lobsters not far off, and incidentally catching a view of the boat and its dozen occupants. The interpreters were sent over the mud flats to the edge of the channel, to parley with them. They learned that the boy was still at Nauset, alive and well.

When it was known that the Plymouth colonists had come, the people flocked forth, in most friendly fashion. Their invitation to breakfast with them was accepted, and complied with as soon as the boat floated again. Liberal hospitality was proffered to the visitors, and Iyanough, chief of the place, was brought to them. He was a youth so attractive in form and features, so courteous and gentle, that except for his attire, he seemed out of place among savages. He gave earnest attention to their wants. Two years later, in sad contrast to this, he was persuaded to join in a futile conspiracy with the Massachusetts against the English; and in the end he became frightened, fled to the swamps, and perished miserably there. Aspinet, the neighboring chief of Nauset, also died then in the same manner, as a concealed fugitive.

In Cummaquid now, a woman reputed to be a hundred years old desired to meet the white men, as

she had never seen any. But when granted the privilege, she suddenly gave way to the most violent grief, surprising and paining the Pilgrims by her loud lamentations. It was found that she had lost three sons, among the twenty-four whom Captain Hunt, seven years previously, had enticed aboard his ship. The friars in Spain, among whom they were sold as slaves, taught some of them the rudiments of Christianity. The others, including Squanto, who escaped to England and became valuable helpers of Gorges and various adventurers, thereby frustrated the very designs of their wicked captor, who, in antagonizing native feeling against the English, had purposely labored to keep all colonists away, in order that he might reserve the whole coast for his own fishing company. He succeeded so thoroughly as far as concerned the rousing of Indian indignation, that he himself never dared to come to these shores again. The Plymouth guests hastened to tell the bereaved or at least forsaken mother, that the indignation was likewise general on those other shores across the sea, as well as here; and that they themselves could not be induced by any considerations whatever, to commit so foul an outrage. They seconded their soothing speech with some trifles quite pleasing to the dusky centenarian, who was a woman past forty when Admiral Coligny's French Huguenots, led by Ribault, formed their briefly held colony of Fort Charles or Arx Carolina, at Port Royal in present South Carolina, and another short-lived settlement two years later, on the St. John's, Florida, thus making themselves the first definitely known

Europeans, except medieval Northmen, to inhabit North America.

The party of Pilgrims reached Nauset when the tide was well out. They were willing to have this excuse not to come too near, or leave the boat, though invited; for they remembered with what force the arrows flew among them, tipped with flint, bone, and brass, when they were there before. The crowd of braves also recalled how strangely those deadly darts failed even to wound the white men, and how terrible was the returning fire. These facts, of only eight months previous, were not calculated to promote enthusiastic friendship all at once. When a multitude approached, led by Chief Aspinet, it was not strange that they stood at guard and allowed none to enter the shallop except two men. One of them was among the losers of corn the Pilgrims had found and taken, in a November expedition from the tip of the Cape. He promised to come to Patuxet and have the loss made good. Had such conscience continued to be shown by all white men toward the original inhabitants, the history of their mutual relations would have been different.

There was no sign of enmity now, on the part of these far eastern subjects of Massasoit. While some at a distance retained their bows and arrows, as in proper readiness for self-defence, those who approached the boat came unarmed, which was a reassuring expression of their changed tribal feeling. These brought the Billington boy, with chains of beads hung about his neck. A few skins were passed to

the Plymouth neighbors, and Aspinet accepted the present of a knife, as also did the man who had taken care of the lad.

Therefore out of the blunder of a roaming boy came a better understanding with the people of the Cape. They now sent representatives to Plymouth with formal overtures of peace; and those received full reparation, whose corn the English had taken for seed.

Next, the interior of Massasoit's tribal territory received attention, for it needed it. Theoretically, strengthening of the borders of anything may signify safety throughout the inclusion; but actually, the centre may prove unsound and bring the whole to fragments, as in the decadent Roman Empire. So it was likely to prove within this Indian confederacy, both as regards their own mutual connections, and attitude toward the immigrants. But the English power conserved the Indian union.

In the widening lower valley of the Taunton River, there ruled over the Pocasset tribe a chief named Corbitant, of copperhead character in that he was venomous against all overlords, native or foreign-born, and, unlike a rattlesnake, concealed his motions and stung without warning. We find him suddenly within fifteen miles of the Pilgrims during this their first summer, involved in a quarrel with two of their friends; as though he had been disappointed and maddened after trying to make the latter turn traitors, with their knowledge of Plymouth and having the confidence of its occupants. He had submitted with

sorry grace to the inter-racial treaty, was vexed at the understanding effected with the Nausets, and was much displeased over the friendship shown to the English by Squanto and Hobamack. The second of this couple, be it noted in passing, was the better man of the two. Squanto's travels and knowledge of civilized lands had improved his mind, but did not alter his soul for good; instead, he became conceited and extravagant, and by his ambitious, selfish schemes incurred the just displeasure of his king; and he indirectly endangered the interests of the colonists, though in the main he was helpful to them. Hobamack the Wampanoag, on the other hand, one of Massasoit's most trusty captains, became also the Pilgrims' faithful, disinterested friend for nearly a score of years, dwelling with them on his assigned lot to the end of his life, and rendering them incalculable aid by his knowledge of the land and its inhabitants. When at one time annihilation threatened them, this wise adviser revealed to his unsuspecting white comrades the dark designs of formidable foes. Singularly, the meanings of these two names were in perversion of the facts regarding the owners, Squanto being called after the Good Spirit, and Hobamack, as if for his boldness and cleverness, being named after the Evil One. Such is the error of misnomers; for if Hobamack had the courage and keenness of the fallen angel, his soul was honest and right. He welcomed the light of Christianity, and died as a professor of its faith.

In Corbitant's altercation with this couple, he threat-

ened Hobamack with his knife, but the latter by superior strength escaped his grasp and fled from his presence. Hot with running and emotion, he arrived at Plymouth and told his story, and how he had been obliged to save his own life without helping their interpreter Squanto, whom he feared was already killed. If not, he might be murdered at any moment.

On counsel taken among themselves, the Plymouth settlers decided this state of things was intolerable. These natives were their agents, and of large worth to them. Action could not be deferred. The bronzen Captain Hobamack consented to guide the white Captain Standish, his future townsman, and a small company, to the hut where Corbitant was stopping in Namasket, now Middleboro. It was to be a night attack.

When they set out, the day was dreary and rainy, so that the men, laden with their firearms, became wet and tired, and rather discouraged when for a time they lost their way after almost reaching their destination, though it was judicious to avoid the regular trail then. Outside the vale of Namasket, that is, the place for catching fishes, the little company halted, and hid themselves till darkness should cover their advance. While countless crickets took up an undersong to the voices of beasts, they sat down and lunched from a knapsack, in the vicinity of Middleboro Green, where now gleams the lofty steeple of a noble New England meeting-house. Then they encouraged one another and went forward.

Happily, the attempted sedition was frustrated

without serious bloodshed. Corbitant and his sympathizers had taken alarm and withdrawn. For them, there was no place like home, about that time. Soon after the march from Plymouth had begun, the English found they were not alone, but openly observed and followed by curious, inoffensive persons, including women and children, such as still came to Patuxet every spring for lobsters, and remained through summer, living in the open. On this occasion the watchers were unwelcome; and, as a single small skin was the only covering of many savages in the warm season, a lad or even a woman who wished to prevent strife could easily outrun the heavily accoutred whites, and warn Corbitant privately, without making the general alarm which would betray themselves as informants.

The village was quiet and unsuspecting. Hobamack led the party to Corbitant's recent stopping place, which they surrounded, supposing him within. Captain Standish, with his usual aggressiveness, stepped in at first alone, to search for the Pocasset chieftain. His entry created a panic in the dark. No Corbitant being on hand, the several inmates feared for their own lives, dreading the wrath of the disappointed musketeers. Though they were averse to slaughter, it had been considered unsafe to allow such a malicious character his freedom, as being the probable cause of much bloodshed. But this was a pitiful scene. Children were terrified, and women hung upon Hobamack, calling him Towam, meaning Friend. Two men and a woman went out of the large wigwam by another opening, and broke through the slender

military cordon, but not without receiving ugly wounds; for the order was to let none pass.

Standish commanded the other occupants, who were their prisoners, to make a fire, that they might have a light in that midnight darkness and ascertain if Corbitant could possibly be there concealed. He was not to be found. Order was then restored. Hobamack clambered on the round top of the wigwam and called aloud for Squanto and Tokamahamon. Thereat the villagers assembled, some with their bows and arrows, and some in the safety of nudity. Those who bore weapons were disarmed, with a promise of restoration at daylight. The object of the expedition was declared.

The Plymouth band then marched to Squanto's hut, where he was found alive and unhurt by Corbitant. Friendly Indians gathered about and held parley. The Pilgrims expressed regret that any had been injured, but said it was their fault, because they had ignored the surrounding guard.

The settlement was rejoiced that nothing human, of those that belonged there, was to be caught at the Place of Fish. They pressed upon the whites the best refreshment they had; and as it was still rainy, they requested them to stay over another night till it cleared. Failing in this, they accompanied them homeward, asking to be allowed to carry any of their burdens, the firearms being empty. Their help was welcome to the adventurers, who had been sleepless. The wounded woman and men were taken to Plymouth and tenderly nursed till well again, when they re-

turned with a better knowledge of Christian mercy and neighborly good-will.

This decisive action had a most salutary effect. The news of it spread over the Indian trails in different directions. Corbitant was cowed, and kept his distance a long time, suing for peace through his generous-spirited sovereign. Other sagamores made clear their own attitude by sending congratulations to the English. Even the southern islanders of Capawack, now Martha's Vineyard, were represented among those that came desiring to make friendship.

The English made good use of these friendly advances, to confirm the British right of possession in the name of civilization. When seven natives were in Plymouth on the same day, they were asked to agree to this brief but comprehensive statement:

"Know all men by these presents, That we whose Names are underwritten do acknowledge our selves to be the Loyal Subjects of King James, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith &c. In Witness whereof, and as a Testimonial of the same we have Subscribed our Names or Marks, as followeth."

It is significant that the last signature upon this list is Caunbatant, otherwise spelled as Corbitant. Since he did not dare to appear before the colonists for many months, his signature, with another's, seems to have been authorized through a messenger who made the chief's mark for him beside the name; though he could have affixed it himself at a later date than this September day. Seven chiefs were reported as

coming together at once, on this occasion, but the profession of loyalty bears nine names.

Excellent understanding having been reached with their neighbors on the farther west, the south and east, and centrally as well, now the colonists resolved, before the end of September, to promote fraternal feeling in the north, if the Massachusett tribes would not refuse to consider amicable relations and the benefits of trade. This tribal group about the harbor of the present city of Boston, a people destined to name New England's leading state, were usually numerous and strong; but the plague had ravaged them also, and reduced their fighting force from several thousands to an inappreciable number. The same pestilence, while avoiding the Rhode Island tribes, had spread in the other direction, even to Maine though in a lighter degree, weakening the warlike Tarratines around the Penobscot River, and lessening the liability of their murderous canoeing raids upon the Massachusetts coast during harvest seasons.

The Pilgrims also wished to explore the famous harbor beyond them, which navigators praised. Therefore ten of their number set forth in the shallop northward, with Squanto for guide and interpreter. On arrival, they were so filled with admiration of the natural port, that they experienced a sense of regret because they had not settled there rather than at Plymouth. However, they let their choice stand, though they could have removed with more reason now while their buildings were few and plantation small; but they were already fairly seated in a place not to be

despised, and had toiled hard enough to earn a rest from further roving. They were content to establish trading posts, later, along the northern coast, having Plymouth as a base of supply.

The once proud Massachusetts, humbled by disease and in terror of the mightier Tarratines, did not repel the kindly advances of the Plymouth delegation. They bestowed upon them, in exchange, a valuable amount of beaver skins, and arranged for further business intercourse. For the present they were pacific.

The shallop brought back a group of Christian pioneers whose hearts were full of gladness, over this final and successful attempt to make the entire surrounding region safe, at least for a time. Enemies beyond this environment, if such should appear, would be less of a menace at their distance, until the Colony could have a chance to grow.

Thus the first year of settlement witnessed the planting of nutriment in the dun earth, with gratifying outcome finally; and the implanting, too, of refreshing cordiality in the dusky bosoms of many aborigines, with felicitous results. The survivors of the first winter at Plymouth were granted long lives, and had full opportunity to show kindness to the primitive people among whom they had come. The conduct of the Pilgrims toward the Indians, all through a half-century following this, presents a record of unfailing honor.

Under the afterglow, one serene evening of early October, two men met before the cottage that took the place of an executive mansion.

"What! Surgeon Fuller, thou art like to be idle, man," facetiously quoth the Governor to the Doctor, falling into the Scriptural gravity of expression used in dignified address.

"Nay then, sire, so it please thee," replied Samuel Fuller with the same assumed solemnity, "I might cause indamagement to thy people by my charges for professional service, had they not suddenly decided to be ailing no more. All summer, business hath been light in my line. Thyself didst leave me in the lurch at last, though I'll allow thou wast longtime a patient patient. But of a truth, what with scurvy and lung-woe, the winter occupied us quite sufficiently, as to care for the sick; and now, so I get my living and can do ye all a good turn ever and anon, I'll rest content."

"Master Fuller," exclaimed Bradford with a warmth in his tones and moisture in his eyes, "were it not for you, good sir, it cannot be certainly claimed that our people, mine own self included, would have survived, had you not toiled among us night and day, whilst you could stand, you and our worthy Elder and Captain, who seemed nurses proof against contagion. If money we had as yet, that were inadequate to repay you. But while you can endure to abide with our company, you shall ever share with us the best that we have.—Will you within, sir? I pray you, so do."

"Thanks, Goodman Bradford, for thy gracious speech," said the Doctor tenderly, as they entered and seated themselves. "An ye all were dumb, I trow I long since discovered your hearts."

William Bradford then said: "While remembering the kindness of men, such as thou, my friend, let us not forget to give praise to God. He hath brought us to this October, more mellow-spicy than across seas. The fall of the leaf is here, the days are fast drawing in, and he hath granted us to see nigh a twelvemonth now since our first landfall. And how is it with us who of late were lying in agony? Are any sick, either of old or young?"

"No, there is none, thank the Lord," reported the physician.

"So I deemed," answered the Governor. "I had not been informed of so much as a child's ailment." Then he added, "It is fitting and proper that we acknowledge this marvellous goodness of God in some special manner on a set time, beside what we do under conduct of the Elder on the Sabbath days. Let us appoint a season of general rejoicing for all our people, and such of our new American friends as may be conveniently entertained. For not only are we in health, but, what is most needful against another winter, our small plantation of twenty acres hath yielded well of its corn and barley and beans and rye, which herehence we may hope to set to sale also, as merchantable, all fresh in place of the old salt diet on which we were forced to subsist aforetime, in coming hither and commencing. How it joys me now, to see the sorry wild hay give place in the sheafy field!"

"You speak right, Bradford. The idea suits me well, and I'd fain talk more on't. Let's forth to the field edge under even-star, and hold counsel together.

Good e'en, neighbors," he said aloud, to some of the household who had come in.

They passed the Pilgrim spring, went over the brook upon a long, prostrate trunk and large, set stones, skirted the field where the corn had lately stood, and went up to the low top of Strawberry Hill. There they paused, viewing the village and harbor under the waxing moon, while from the woodland back of them came the scent of wild grapes. For nearly an hour, they paced and paused alternately, discussing the plan before submitting it to their fellow-colonists. The sagacious Governor and gracious master of healing arts considered how New Plymouth might without embarrassment invite, for such an occasion, their treaty partner Massasoit with a number of his men, and use the festive day as an opportunity for better mutual acquaintance and stronger sympathy. They would thus also return the hospitality which Massasoit in a time of scarcity endeavored to show to the delegates who had visited his home uninvited.

"Here they come, Elizabeth. Do but see how bedight they are with their fine plumes and strange trappings!" cried the excited little Humility one afternoon as they toiled upon their share of preparation, in the house now assigned to Howland, where the Carvers had lived.

"Let them come, Humility," answered Elizabeth quietly, keeping at her work. "Our men are ready to greet them. They will not come in here, child; they'll camp tonight outside. Look, ours are to them now."

From the windows and house-corners the women and children looked and listened, while the place was filled with the loud, merry voices of fourscore and ten red men accompanying their king, all in their feathered regalia, ready for a good time. Then as they halted, in the ensuing hush the hearty words of the Captain were heard, as he approached Massasoit and extended welcome in behalf of the Governor and the Colony. Nearly all the Englishmen were on hand, and with becoming propriety they escorted the Indians, now refraining their tongues and on their best behavior, to the presence of the Governor, at the Common House. The civil and religious leaders, Bradford and Brewster, arose as the Indian head men entered, and received them with their kindest manner.

Courtesies were exchanged, in which the native was always at home. There was much talk in a social way; and in the rendering of news, Squanto was in his element, interpreting with the most pleasant construction allowable. He was expert at putting things in a winsome light, or quite otherwise if that suited his purpose; and the requirements of accuracy troubled neither his cranial laboratory nor cardiac region, so long as he adhered to the main tenor of facts when obliged to do so.

The formal interchange of friendly parlance being over, the Governor and Elder rose up; the natives took the idea, and withdrew to the street as quietly as they came. With some preliminary refreshments offered to royalty, they retired to the outskirts and,

wearing their pouches of meal, prepared to encamp for the night.

These many visitors took care not to make themselves burdensome to the Pilgrims, whom they outnumbered nearly two to one. The reapers of their first harvest would be obliged to keep for the winter all they could spare beyond present needs; and plantings were gaged with that view. The natives were too much acquainted with scarcity of cereal supply, to suppose it could be carelessly spent, even in hospitality. The surplus cod and bass and other fish, which the colonists had contrived to catch though with inadequate apparatus, would also swell their future store, if salted and dried; and every family received an allowance of what was brought in. But this their old ocean diet would not answer for a dependence, since they could not afford to let the scurvy begin again its ravages among them.

The Wampanoags scattered to the woods, next morning, in search of game for their anticipated banquet, and returned with five deer, which they presented to the Governor, the Captain, and others. The open area afforded a lively scene, with its cooking fires here and there; while the air was filled with the scent of venison suspended from forked sticks, and slowly turned above the flames. Such was the New England barbecue.

Fresh meat, so sadly needed at first, was abundant now. Animal food could be had in the form of fish and molluscs, venison, and fowl. The feathered ones came in largest numbers in the initial years of the

settlement, but gradually became more shy and distant. Yet still we hear the wild geese crying high above us, as each phalanx drives through the autumnal skies; and now as of yore the flocks of ducks repose at night on the placid bosoms of rural ponds, while partridges drum and scurry in the greenwood not very far from our cities.

Beside the water-fowl, the colonists found many wild turkeys, which afforded a rich and refreshing delicacy. Therefore when the Governor sent four men to their ambushed musket stands for winged game, they brought down so much in one day, that they came back well laden with their burden; and the amount was more than enough for the whole company, with what else had been killed, though the festivities continued three days. Surely much would be needed for so many mouths, before the childish Indians could have any temptation to indulge that gluttony which they sometimes showed, followed by enforced fasting and shortage of food. There was too much of the novel in this gathering, and too many civilized observers, to permit unrestrained jollification.

What a chance the red men had, to satisfy their natural curiosity in an inoffensive way! They could watch these palefaces, note their manners, examine their dwellings on the outside at least, and within when invited. By signs and through interpreters, how pleasant and beneficial their inter-racial conversation! They who showed the complexion of ruddy Mars, had reason to be glad because martial harshness was abating among their own people through the influence of

the Christians. Never had the tribes enjoyed so great internal peace.

Both parties, white and red, could also learn each from the other, in the athletic games that were entered at this time of salutary relaxation. Young manhood was in the majority among them all, and it disported itself in healthful contests. There the swift of foot lightly touched the earth as they raced. There the youth with the long leap excited wonder, eliciting applause on one side and appreciative grunts on the other. Stout wrestlers grappled. Archers showed how far they could make their arrows speed and hit the target. And in friendly response, Captain Standish had his men perform the manual of arms, and deploy in military evolutions amazing to the visitors. These were no envious witnesses, but admiring ones. For were not the white men their most welcome allies, skilled to shoot fire and thus able, though few, to turn many to flight? And did they not need the fear of the foreigners to keep the threatening Narragansetts from crossing the western bay to Sowams, and assailing also their other tribal seats? For the benefit of nearer friend and farther foe, they would spread a glowing account of this tactical demonstration.

It is matter of record, that when a picked band was entrusted with some hazardous adventure calling for courage and strength, John Howland was one of the number. His name appears among the ten Pilgrims who first stepped from the shallop to the convenient Rock.

When he returned from the night expedition for

the capture of Corbitant, and again when he came back in the boat from visiting the formidable savages at the great harbor northward, the heart of a growing maid was glad. Admiration increased like her stature, nor like her stature ceased to grow. And as she wisely stayed her tongue, her eyes were active instead, following their hero. With pure and quiet joy, those azure lights shone on him as he proceeded to strengthen, against the coming wintry cold, the building which those that were left of the Carver household still occupied. The rest of the men were likewise at work upon the other half-dozen dwellings which they had been compelled to put up hastily in the beginning of this year, beside the common house for their assembling, and several granaries. The women and maidens beheld with satisfaction this process of improvement; but Elizabeth had more interest in Master Howland's house than she divulged to anyone, himself included. Yet he knew, as well as she, that not because of mere occupancy was she interested in the tightening of that cottage.

During the previous summer, when the wild roses appeared in profusion, every evening that Howland was not away on some expedition, one of these fragrant and delicate pink blossoms had been placed where Elizabeth would find it after her curtain was drawn, usually just under the edge of her pillow, in the corner where she slept. She looked for it, and laid it on her heart as she reclined.

XIV

PLYMOUTH IS REINFORCED, AND MAYFLOWERS BLOOM AGAIN

EARTH'S transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

—J. Bowring.

"HERE comes the watch to take at the hill a view upon all, against the gloaming. The day was fair, but its light lasts not so long, now that November proceeds apace; and so ye have done well to hasten at your various business, men and maids, whilst ye could. Let us go up with Goodman Cooke and breathe a space, before nightfall. In its season, resting is not rusting."

So quoth kindly the Governor to his little household, as the sun was relinquishing its tenure of the skies, seemingly about to recline upon its forest couch covered with now fading autumnal tints, which had lately vied in brilliancy with the solar brightness.

"It needs but a little man," resumed Bradford in a serious vein while his devoted house familiars accompanied him, "yea, one of as slight account as myself, to maintain the general order in so small a

following. I have oft observed families of twelve persons, parents and children, and only four such households would fairly match our entire colony at the present. A few more men lost now, and this our enterprise would verily be undone. But let us trust that the Lord, who knoweth our case, will send us an increase from across the sea.—What ho, Master Cooke! you are on a timely errand, I ween. Look sharply abroad, as you reach the crest. Remember we be few people, among many shapes enswathed in night, of which we cannot be certain that all are trees."

"That we have already learned, good sir," replied Francis Cooke, "in this twelvemonth now since we touched this land at yon Cape Cod."

An unwonted sadness settled upon William Bradford at the mention of the Cape. The soul of the widower recoiled from the thought of that fateful, dripping fist which had grasped and claimed her who was his own.

Once on the Hill, the glance of all swept the horizon seaward and behind them. The Bay and landscape stretched away unrelieved by sail or curling smoke, outside their hamlet of seven dwellings; and they knew that many times as far beyond their view in any direction, no candle would presently gleam from a window. Yet it was a peaceful sunset, undisturbed by any unwelcome sight of whatever sort; and they felt the charm of the place, as present pilgrims thither realize it. The Governor was indisposed to conversation—indeed such a vision serene does not call for

it—and when twilight came they left the watchman alone, and returned the short distance in silence.

The desired reinforcement came sooner than expected; and the startling news of an unknown ship approaching was almost distasteful. As the Mayflower had cast anchor within the Cape Saturday, November 21, the Fortune came to rest at Plymouth, Saturday, November 20, just within a year's time. When the Indians saw her, somewhere along the Cape outside, they succeeded in certifying the colonists of the fact the very next day. These former foes showed a fine proof of their new friendliness, by dispatching a messenger. With deerskins for sails, the marine tribes were daring coasters in their frail canoes. A run across Cape Cod Bay would not be an impossibility in fair weather, the bold, outstanding headland of Manomet being in plain sight from those sand dunes where the ocean sang and surged. The natives also knew from bitter experience, that not all of these vessels bore persons of peaceable mood toward them. And they were aware that England had foes upon the sea, particularly the French now, whose shipwrecked representatives their own Nauset tribe had maltreated and murdered, a few years before. They naturally considered that all such would be a common enemy to the red and the white already here.

The Pilgrims realized their liability to peril of this kind, but were thankful to be forewarned, barely in time, before the advent of the unknown vessel, for she appeared outside the harbor not many hours after the Indian herald's coming. But what could scarcely

a score of armed men, even when informed, accomplish against an unestimated force of hostile marines, except in artillery duel? Surrounding natives had been pacified, but a European enemy would be ten times worse. Nevertheless they would stand together, matrons and lads assisting, as long as they could. The Governor ordered a piece to be fired, which summoned home all who were at work abroad; and they made ready for defence. Whether for life or for death, these brave souls were always prepared. And death itself could not subdue their spirit.

The recognition of the nearing colors as the English flag, dispelled all dubious forebodings, and the little column of soldiery broke ranks. Instead of an overwhelming foe, behold friends, whose arrival had not been anticipated till after another winter. They who had seen seven months of solitude and utter isolation, since the Mayflower sailed, and whose only winter thus far had been one of horror, were not to endure another snowy season with their original number cut in twain. Thirty-five souls had been sent to them. And Robert Cushman, the Pilgrims' trusty agent, came on a visit, bearing a letter from the Merchant Adventurers' representative, the unreliable Thomas Weston.

The small sailing-vessel that had arrived was the Fortune. Misfortune was she in reality, at least in the end. She had been four months on the way, half of that time beaten about by adverse winds in the English Channel. And when she finally returned there, the French seized and kept her until they had taken all

that was stored in her by the Pilgrims, for their partners. If these national enemies could not attack the Colony in its western home, they could attack its interests abroad, from desire to cripple British commerce.

Rations had run short on the protracted outward trip, and all on board were in poor condition to stop at Plymouth, considering its interests and their own. In addition to this, the newcomers had been sent without much regard to the Pilgrims' hard-earned religious privileges and standard of moral earnestness; for, while worthy persons were among them, the majority of these passengers were a set of hot-headed, heedless youth, smitten with the fever of adventure, and never counting the cost.

Nevertheless they were not the worst of human beings, and if more desirable members of the race had not yet been asked to risk the terrors of a winter at Plymouth such as the preceding one, these, on account of their youth, might not only be the more sanguine, but also impressionable, and susceptible to the influence of stronger personalities. Such proved to be the case, on the whole, with this first accession to the earliest settlers. With the growth of mentality, muscle could likewise be developed, for exacting labors in getting their living and meeting obligations toward the English patrons; and they were of age to shoulder arms. The show of strength was very important for the plantation, considering the tribes of fickle savages more remote, whose growing acquaintance with the English might involve something more than simple

curiosity. The survivors of the original company were still a larger body than this fresh force: and, though realizing that provisions would be scarce before the second spring, they accepted the conditions with customary courage, allowed the new contingent to remain, and were glad for the addition to white humanity.

Yes, there was plenty of chance for all to work. This ship should not return empty, if New Plymouth could help it. Weston's letter, conveyed by Cushman, complained bitterly of the fact that the Mayflower had lacked a return cargo, though he and all concerned, in England, knew how terrible had been the battle for existence, a contest too doubtful to leave any proper opportunity for attention to business. He combined cruel insult with meaningless words of courtesy and pious expressions.

Bradford answered him clearly and with dignity; and the planters affixed their names in agreement to certain conditions specified by Weston, thus showing their sincerity and patience. At the same time the Governor petitioned for the sorely needed supplies which had failed to come; and he declared the menace of famine, with this unprovisioned troop thrust upon them. All that had been afforded the Pilgrims was a slight invoice of clothing, which, however, partly met an urgent need in that line.

Bradford's letter is a model of firmness without arrogance. For insolent assumption, he returns humble self-depreciation; but does not yield where to do so would be dishonorable. Let the extant part of his epistle serve as a sample for correspondence under

most difficult circumstances, and in the face of unfairness. These are his words, in the loose orthography of the day:

"Sr: Your large letter writen to Mr. Carver, and dated ye 6. of July, 1621, I have received ye 10. of Novembr, wherin (after ye apologie made for your selfe) you lay many heavie imputations upon him and us all. Touching him, he is departed this life, and now is at rest in ye Lord from all those troubls and incoumbrances with which we are yet to strive. He needs not my appologie; for his care and pains was so great for ye commone good, both ours and yours, as that therwith (it is thought) he oppressed him selfe and shortened his days; of whose loss we cannot sufficiently complaine. At great charges in this adventure, I confess you have beene, and many losses may sustaine; but ye loss of his and many other honest and industrious mens lives, cannot be vallewed at any prise. Of ye one, ther may be hope of recovery, but ye other no recompence can make good. But I will not insiste in generalls, but come more perticulerly to ye things them selves. You greatly blame us for keping ye ship so long in ye countrie, and then to send her away emptie. She lay 5.weks at Cap-Codd whilst with many a weary step (after a long journey) and the indurance of many a hard brunte, we sought out in the foule winter a place of habitation. Then we went in so tedious a time to make provission to sheelter us and our goods, aboute wch labour, many of our armes & leggs can tell us to this day we were not necligent. But it pleased God to vissite us then, with death dayly, and with so generall a disease, that the living were scarce able to burie the dead; and ye well not in any measure sufficiente to tend ye sick. And now to be so greatly blamed, for not fraighting ye ship, doth

indeed goe near us, and much discourage us. But you say you know we will pretend weaknes; and doe you think we had not cause? Yes, you tell us you beleeve it, but it was more weaknes of judgmente, then of hands. Our weaknes herin is great we confess, therfore we will bear this check patiently amongst ye rest, till God send us wiser men. But they which tould you we spent so much time in discoursing & consulting, &c., their harts can tell their toungs, they lye. They cared not, so they might salve their owne sores, how they wounded others."

Surely Captain Jones and his profane gang had, on their return, ample opportunity to malign the Pilgrims, when the latter were prevented by an intervening ocean from speaking freely for themselves, and could only rely on written statements to a mercantile company managed largely by men of sordid mind, unmoved by the lofty spiritual ideals of their New England partners, out of sympathy indeed with any religious "views" that might disturb their complacent selfishness. Francis Bacon, that intellectual giant with ambitious feebleness of soul, who was this year himself convicted after confession of venality, could have applied his own words to certain of the English Merchant Adventurers: "Some in their actions do affect honor and reputation, which sort of men are much talked of, but inwardly little admired."

When the New England partners had won their long dispute with death, where weaker persons would have succumbed, they next showed what material they were made of, in the way they went to work. Fortunately now, the new-comers made the male force more than

double what it had been; and at this time they could help load the conveying shallop and receiving ship, in the little while the latter lay in port, in all not over a fortnight, her stay on these shores barely exceeding a month.

Logs had been sawn in four-foot lengths, cleft with the ax, and finally split into thin-edged clapboards by means of the frow, a kind of cleaver that cut the splints, and was driven in by a mallet; which was a slow, laborious process. But they had gone at it as soon as strength returned, and consequently were prepared for this vessel although she arrived months before she was looked for. A good consignment of clapboard awaited her, in fact all she could take, beside some choice walnut for wainscotting. And busy was the scene of loading at the beach, and transporting across the harbor. In addition to all this bulky cargo of wood, there were two hogsheads packed with a large number of beaver and otter skins, procured from the Indians in trade; although the colonists were very poorly supplied with the customary articles for barter with the natives, and could not afford to spare as yet the products of the field. Later, the enlarged plantation produced plenty of corn for exchange with pelts.

Because of his visit now, Robert Cushman was enabled to prepare a descriptive treatise, on The State of the Colony, which was published next year. Thus he described the Old Colony region in present New England:

"New England, so called not only (to avoid novelties) because Captain Smith hath so entitled it in

his Description, but because of the resemblance that is in it of England, the native soil of Englishmen; it being muchwhat the same for heat and cold in summer and winter, it being champaign ground, but not high mountains; somewhat like the soil in Kent and Essex, full of dales and meadow ground, full of rivers and sweet springs, as England is."

On a Sunday before sailing, Cushman delivered his famous discourse, in which he said to the congregation, with specially fit application to the new-comers:

"Here you are by God's providence under difficulties; be thankful to God it is no worse. . . . Consider therefore what you are now, and where you are. Say not, I could have lived thus and thus; for God and natural necessity requireth, if your difficulties be great, you had need to cleave the faster together, and comfort and cheer up one another, laboring to make each other's burden lighter.

"There is no grief so tedious as a churlish companion; and nothing makes sorrows easy more than cheerful associates. Bear ye therefore one another's burthen, and be not a burthen one to another."

After speaking of the example, to the factious savages, of their own harmony who had been living together, and the encouragement thus given to Christian friends in England to join them, he concludes:

"But, above all, it shall be well with your souls, when that God of peace and unity shall come to visit you with death, as he hath done many of your associates; you being found of him, not in murmurings, discontent, and jars, but in brotherly love and peace,

may be translated from this wandering wilderness unto that joyful and heavenly Canaan."

With this excellent spiritual counsel, their agent also advocated the economic theory of having all things in common, advising the planters to hold out in an industrial policy they had temporarily adopted, which even the Apostolic Church could not long endure, and which these Pilgrims were soon compelled to abandon, with its strong temptation to inertia on the part of the less resolute characters and its unjust burden upon the conscientious. Without the incentives of personal acquisition, and with plenty of ill health at the start, it was very easy to plead bodily indisposition as an excuse from joining in the drudgery of the clods. Tasks were arduous. The help of the hoof was not here. Where was the plow, where the harrow hauled by horse or ox?

Nevertheless the smell of the earth was good for those whose breath had lately been fetid with the terrible bleeding scurvy of seamen. In the wielding of spade and hoe, muscles had been hardened before that first harvest, and the perspiration of straining limbs cleared away the sickly sensations from their brains. Tillers of the soil do not lack for appetite, on awaking after their deep sleep, and at noon, and when the day is done. And if in three meals hunger can be met with food hearty and wholesome, who is afraid of hard work? If only Plymouth could have provided its people with plenty of refreshment in its first years, the blessing of manual labor would have

been better realized. But alas! when tasks were onerous beyond measure, while provisions grew scarce, labor was not all a benefit. It rather became a cause of more exhaustion still. Happily for them again, however, theirs was not the protracted, grinding servitude of hopeless, groaning operatives, underpaid and physically failing, the victims of mercenary greed. Therefore their life was lengthened, though there was a struggle indeed, for more than a score of years, before the last debt was paid to their English creditors, after the endurance of disasters, unfairness even to extortion at times, and a general lack of sympathy shown by those lingering original partners in Transatlantic trade.

After the unfortunate Fortune had departed, and the Pilgrims' first full year of settlement had just come to a close, threatening hostility arose from the most important native power yet concerned with them, the vigorous people of the Narragansetts. Five thousand strong they could muster their men of war. Massasoit understood the seriousness of possible overtures to them from the Gallic enemies of England; and he knew all too well the hardy nature of these unwelcome near neighbors, whose adventurous temper manifested itself in their fearlessness upon the water. In their large sea canoes, holding a score of persons apiece, they were wont to tarry off shore even in rough weather; and if upset, they could swim a mile or two, sporting like fishes in the southern New England bay.

It was quite in keeping with such character, that they should hurl defiance at Plymouth. Who and

what were these, that had dwelt in the country for twelve moons, and were likely now to remain, if unmolested? How exasperating, that when famine and disease had made the subjugation of the Pokanokets a matter of reasonable expectation, these bloodless-looking immigrants should come to succour them! It was high time for action. They must delay no longer. The strangers had experienced slight trouble in dealing with the small and feeble tribes of the morning land: now let those few palefaces try their chances with a multitude, and of different quality than what they had tested. Such was the decision reached by the powerful western chief, Canonicus.

It was well for Plymouth, that the Narragansetts in their boastful confidence did not now adopt the usual secret tactics of native warfare. Instead, they thought it would cause consternation to send the little colony a challenge. This they accordingly did, by sinister emblem and the eloquence of scornful silence.

The bearer of the famous bundle of arrows, tied around with the skin of a huge rattlesnake, came in the escort of Tokamahamon, one of Massasoit's captains among the hated Wampanoags. With the stolid reserve of mutual disagreement, and the noteworthy Indian forbearance, they had journeyed a space together. The hostile herald left that ugly symbol to be received by Tisquantum, who was absent at the time. Then he wished to return; but he was not allowed to go as quickly as he had come. Having travelled so far, he could stop a little, at least over night.

He was put under the custody of the courageous young Winslow and another man.

Explanations were demanded, as to the meaning of this mute missive. Tokamahamon said it probably signified enmity. Thereupon the messenger declared that Canonicus had been urged to wage war on them. He did not divulge the source of such instigation, if it was real, rather than assumed in order to shift the responsibility from his people. Personally, his situation was uncomfortable. He was let go at last. They then entrusted a reliable Indian of their own with this return message, that while they of Plymouth had done no injury to the Narragansetts, if trouble was wanted they were ready. The snakeskin was sent back, filled with powder and balls. When Squanto came, he confirmed the supposition that the bundle of arrows had been meant for a challenge.

The impression produced by this unhesitating reply was marvellous. To these would-be heroes who dreamed of conquest, the report by their own man, concerning the generally established condition of things and the unexpected colonial accession just experienced, was not reassuring to begin with. Discouraged for a season at least, they refused to receive the return challenge, and sent it back to the senders. Here the matter rested, for the time. The colonists might well wonder at such a sudden reversal of conduct. Was it a part of Indian cunning, that they who later assumed the offensive again, now appeared to abandon their purpose altogether, and acted as the humbled do?

The effect of this incident was a decided one also

upon Plymouth. Not knowing how their bold response would be taken by the haughty Rhode Islanders, the Pilgrims heeded the warning they had received, and were determined to run no risks. A palisade must be built about them. They began to erect it at once.

This feeble and inflammable wooden protection, good only against primitive, childish men, sufficed to serve the settlers a double purpose, one conscious, the other less recognized. If stoutly defended, by aid of protected artillery and musketry, it was adequate to keep out a host of savages: and, by the eager resolution and energetic industry of its builders, it also helped to fend off the physical detriment invited by such melancholy forebodings as would have naturally deepened with winter, while the anniversary days of horrible, deathly sufferings found them in a shortage of provisions that required six months' endurance of half rations, from the time the Fortune added to their company. With ill-nourished bodies, and lamentable memories of the only full winter they had known there, and with a dubious outlook, the common maladies of the stern season would have found another opportunity more easily had not this new object of earnest attention appeared, calling for much outdoor activity and rousing the many bereaved ones from their sorrowful reflections. It lessened nervous apprehension and discontent among the mercurial, inexperienced youth newly arrived.

The little colony could make quite a showing of hands if sex and age were not questioned, and the task was executed with a cheerfulness that was, how-

ever, pathetic to see, considering their bodily weakness. Within three months, the solid logs stood firmly fixed upright, around the village with its hill where the cannon rested. The population's fighting force was divided into four parts, everyone of which was assigned respectively to a quarter of the enclosing fence. In case of attack they were to be responsible for their several sections, and particularly alert against any incendiary attempt. The timber was green, and within the enclosure there was plenty of water for quenching either fire or thirst.

Four flankers projected from this palisade, at places where it would be desirable, in case of siege, to enfilade an assaulting line with musket shot, supplementing the heavy and light ordnance. These jetties had gates, which were locked every night, or constantly in case of need; while a sentinel kept watch over all.

The wooden wall was about a mile in circuit, and surrounded an area large enough to include, with the cottages which were and would be built, also such little garden plots as would suffice for every home. Outside, were the fields for the common maize and grain, later to be owned in severalty.

Thus the hamlet was girded with a good rampart, quite sufficient for its purpose, before the middle of March, the time when hostile movements might be expected.

No unfriendly demonstration appeared; and after about a month had elapsed since the completion of the work, ten leading men were spared, the customary number, for a short voyage to the Massachusetts, with

whom they had traded in the previous spring and made this appointment. After a profitable trip, the party returned unharmed. Welcome was the sight of the shallop's little sail, for rumors were rife of an attempted coalition with those northern natives, on the part of the Narragansetts.

As the month of May drew near, again the same maiden wandered upon the Hill, who was seen there a year before in solitary meditation. But this time she was not alone.

"Look you, John," she exclaimed, pointing toward the northerly coast, "there, overthwart the downsteepy foreland of Manomet lashed by foam-wreaths, is where I saw the white sail gleam yestereve, ere the encrimsoned sun sank quite away in yon darkling woods. And how fleetly my feet sped like the wheeling gulls above us, or ever the boat, borne on the tide at half-flood, touched her resting place in the mouth of the brook!"

"Aye, Mistress Elizabeth," the young man answered. "And you should also relate, with what an altered gait of dignity you approached her passengers as they strode through the sand-grass from the shelly sea-marge, allowing the most of them to pass by, and giving but an answering smile. I marked it well, and was fain to hide my mirth thereat, how suddenly the tripping feet stayed, on reaching the street and beholding my journey-bated mates coming anear. Had they been Narragansetts, you could not have halted sooner.

"But let me mention another thing," he hastened

to say. "I have never forgotten your pledge of a twelvemonth agone. Elizabeth, Mayflowers have bloomed again, to-month."

He produced a cluster of the pink and white blossoms, enveloped in their dark green leaves, from under the flap of his doublet where he had adroitly held them since leaving, a few minutes before, the house that now was his.

"Two may play at that game, Master Howland," spoke the girl archly, while forth from her ample neckerchief she drew a bunch of the same fragrant bloom.

They had the Hill to themselves, for the day watches were being relaxed, now that general quiet prevailed far and near. The further side of the crest, less in view of the village, seemed more interesting to them at this time. Thither they strolled, lightly joining hands as they went.

"Now give to me that which shall estop our studied separations," said he, "even as this fence causeth us to make a stand."

Without hesitation she acceded to his request in a manner admitting no doubt. Up came her pure young face, to his manly countenance now bronzed from the coasting trip. As their mouths met in the mutual pledge, a chaste and holy light was on both visages, the stamp of patience under manifold trials, yet with the joy of mutual affection; and the radiance was not diminished by a depression in the cheeks due to scanty fare. The pinch of increasing privations could not hide the health of their artless, simple souls.

In the fulness of admiration for her hero, Elizabeth swept her arms around his neck, still gazing at him, and her tender clasp was answered by his firmer hold about her.

"I ween the Mayflower pales because discouraged for the redness of thy lips, sweet maid," he said gently.

"'T is kindly spoken of thee," she responded, "but when I must needs see them in the glass, I note they also are paling. 'Twould tax a well-paid cunning-man to tell what's to pass in regard of us all, and he should first look through a millstone. Where we are coming out, God knoweth. But I have thee, and am exceeding happy."

The man's strong, protecting embrace tightened, yet for some moments he dared not trust himself to speak, after what she had said about herself. When he did speak, it was with a steady, even a cheerful voice:

"At evenfall I will take thee to the magistrate, and, according to thy word of last spring, let the Elder publish the banns on Sabbath coming, and give all our wise-heads assurance in plenty from such law-worthy declaration of our marriage intentions, to be consummated after one full year. By reason of the which, let them bid us good thrift."

A breakfast horn sounded and the young planter, with his intended, started directly down. For these were busy days afield.

XV

FAMINE ARRIVES AND THE RED PERIL GROWS

A PEOPLE which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.

MACAULAY.

We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

So live, that when your children turn the page
To ask what triumphs marked the age,
What you achieved to challenge praise
Through the long years of future days,
This let them read and hence instruction draw:
Here were the many blest, here found their virtues rest,
Faith linked with love, and liberty with law.

—Old Verse.

THE Fortune had brought no food, and Plymouth therefore had been obliged to furnish a supply for the return voyage, when there was scarcely enough for the increased Colony itself. Consequently the settlers had been put on half allowance for six months, to their second planting time. But the

trial had become harder to bear as the increasing cold whetted their appetites. And now that the long winter was past, a desperate crisis could be averted only for a little, on the approach of the herring season, with also the various gifts of wild vegetation. It was not the time for fowling and nutting, and they lacked nets strong enough for bass in the outer harbor, and deep-sea tackle for cod beyond, to get in quantity sufficient.

In this severe experience, the colonial leaders treated themselves like all the others, regardless of official position. A spirit of thorough-going democracy was joined with genuine Christianity.

As May was completing the six months of short rations, their hoarded store became wholly exhausted; and the earliest crops were not yet due.

At this juncture, the true selfishness and monumental cruelty of their former patron, Thomas Weston, appeared, in sending upon them at first seven men and later sixty, with request for entertainment by the Pilgrims until his conveying ship should go to Virginia and return to take them a little further up the coast from Plymouth. He wrote that he would pay for their entertainment, adding that he had ordered a ton of bread and quantity of fish for his colony, for which he had procured a private patent; but Weston's ships seemed to have little in them at present except unprincipled bipeds and an ample stock of epistolary verbiage, politely couched and sanctimonious. The provisions sent were very tardy.

With all his wordy prolixity, he did not divulge to them that the colony was their formidable rival; and

that he had obtained his patent on the plea of establishing a Church of England settlement, composed of, and patronized by, the Pilgrims' religious antagonists. It meant that the persecution from which they had fled, only to new and almost incredible sufferings, was to follow and overshadow them in America. Thus man proposed; but God disposed. The student of American history must give his thorough study upon these initial years of New England, before he can realize the number and variety of the difficulties which the Forefathers met, and were permitted to surmount.

Weston boldly enclosed a captured letter denouncing himself, which had been found sewed between the soles of a new and unused pair of shoes; and he attempted to answer the charges made. It was a daring play of sincerity; for the intercepted letter of Edward Pickering began in this serious vein:

"*To Mr. Bradford and Mr. Brewster, &c,*

"My dear love remembered unto you all, &c. The company hath bought out Mr. Weston, and are very glad they are freed of him, he being judged a man y^{t} thought him selfe above ye generall, and not expressing so much ye fear of God as was meet in a man to whom shuch trust should have been reposed in a matter of so great importance."

And with this prayerful wish the missive closes, two signatures suffixed:

"The Lord, who is ye watchman of Israll & slepeth not, preserve you & deliver you from unreasonable men. I am sorie that ther is cause to admonish you

of these things concerning this man; so I leave you to God, who bless and multiply you into thousands, to ye advancemente of ye glorious gospell of our Lord Jesus. Amen. Fare well."

That the very person, whom the Pilgrims were warned about, could reveal such an epistle directed against himself, instead of destroying it at once on possession, was both marvellous and mystifying. But the game of affected innocence did not quite succeed, with these truly wise minds, though it did have some effect. Notwithstanding the impossibility of investigation at their distance, their judgment failed not. Weston the wily did not take into account, that the most elaborate nets may prove the best to take their makers; for there also came, by indirect method, a plain message to William Bradford from Robert Cushman, and from John Pierce himself, in whose name the patent was procured for this private adventure, though its religious animus could have been concealed from Pierce or any who would object. Pierce simply warned the Governor of Plymouth to have nothing to do with this new colony, but allow it to settle unmolested somewhere by itself.

Robert Cushman's communication had this noteworthy conclusion:

"I hope all will turne to ye best, wherfore I pray you be not discouraged, but gather up your selfe to goe thorow these dificulties cherfully & with courage in y^t^ place wherin God hath sett you, until ye day of refreshing come. And ye Lord God of sea & land

bring us comfortably togeather againe, if it may stand with his glorie."

There was occasion for this call to be courageous. What did the Pilgrims now, when they were advised that the majority of the new colony were men destitute of principle, a worthless human collection? Happily, they did not yet know of Weston's scheme, with plenty of sympathizers, to down them as Separatists. But they knew that their prospective neighbors were about as uncongenial as could be sent, quite like a convict colony let loose. If only the fasting, to which Plymouth would be reduced, could cause the proposed colony to give up and return, they would willingly have endured severe hunger. But the fact stared them in the face, that this dangerous crowd were intending to settle down permanently, as near neighbors.

Here, if anywhere, Plymouth's spirit of the Christ shines with peculiar lustre. They pondered the matter well, and decided that they could not thrust away persons of equal destitution with themselves, for the strangers seemed to have no provisions left. And the fact that the latter were consistent with their habitual improvidence, did not alter the distressing situation, for all concerned.

As the Pilgrims began to suffer under the first stages of starvation, in their most acute crisis thus far, Weston's advance party of seven came late in May, about a month ahead of the sixty others; meanwhile the early produce, cultivated and wild, was slowly growing, but would not ripen in time to avert disaster, nor would it be enough for so many. The

seven were brought in a shallop from Weston's little ship, the Sparrow, which he had sent with the Charity, of one hundred tons, and another smaller craft, the Swan, the last being ordered to remain in America at the service of his colony. The shallop conveyed a letter which, though a bringer of bad news and without offer of provisions, was the means of revealing, to the now overmuch visited Plymouth planters, a possible source of supply. At least they would endeavor to get a little, from a fishing fleet supposedly provided with proper rations and having the right kind of tackle for getting food from the sea.

And this was the message, coming from a total stranger, a message mingled both with sadness, on account of the terribly reduced sister Colony in the South, and with gladness, because of the disclosed source of relief for themselves. For if Jamestown had partially succeeded in escaping swift destruction by assassination, Plymouth could not at all avoid a more lingering death by starvation, unless help appeared somewhere and soon.

Thus the brief note of honest friendship read, with its warning against general native treachery:

"*To all my good freinds at Plimoth, these, &c.*

" Freinds, cuntrimen, & neighbours: I salute you, and wish you all health and hapines in ye Lord. I make bould with these few lines to trouble you, because unless I were unhumane, I can doe no less. Bad news doth spread it selfe too farr; yet I will so farr informe you that my selfe, with many good freinds in ye south-collonie of Virginia, have received shuch a blow,

that 400. persons large will not make good our losses. Therfore I doe intreat you (allthough not knowing you) that ye old rule which I learned when I went to schoole, may be sufficiente. That is, Hapie is he whom other mens harmes doth make to beware. And now againe and againe, wishing all those yt willingly would serve ye Lord, all health and happines in this world, and everlasting peace in ye world to come. And so I rest,

"Yours,
"JOHN HUDLSTON."

In reply to this, a cordial acknowledgment was sent to the worthy Captain, by the returning shallop, attended by the Pilgrims' own vessel with Edward Winslow aboard. He was received with kindness, and Huddleston not only spared what little he could, refusing any pay, but requested the various other ships' commanders to do the same, expressing his pity and respect for the afflicted settlers. All complied freely. There were about thirty vessels, more than usual this year.

Winslow had the double satisfaction of loading the little shallop with what it could hold, and of finding where to go if forced to the extremity again, and if the ships could be met with. On his return from the coast of Maine, the last of June, the people were noticeably feebler, emaciated, and some of them bloated. But none of them had incurred disease, in their weakened state. He was just in time. The famine was stayed till harvest, by eking out the supply at the rate of a quarter of a pound of bread daily

to everyone, supplementing the too restricted diet of clams which might have brought on again the dread scurvy. This very slender dole of cereal food was thus limited because shortly now Weston's sixty expected men put in an appearance, and stayed a month and a half, nearly all summer while their ship Charity, of as ironical name as the Speedwell and Fortune had been, took to Virginia certain passengers thither bound, and returned.

With a hospitality at once beautiful and pitiful, the Pilgrims gave the new-comers as good shelter as could be had, provided them with equal distribution of food, and nursed carefully their sick ones, Dr. Fuller offering his professional services without charge. Weston had sufficient foresight to send out men who were at least able-bodied, at the start; but, generally speaking, the unrestrained conduct of reckless adventurers, when by themselves, was enough to impair the strongest constitution. Nevertheless, whether anyone culpably brought feebleness upon himself, or succumbed to illness because untrained in fasting, the invalids among them were cared for and kept as long as was necessary, even after their hardier fellows had left Plymouth.

What was the responsive feeling of these unfortunate new colonists? They seemed incapable of right emotion. As a class, with very few individual exceptions, they showed a truly great consistency of one kind of character; for in their reprobate nature they evidently had no idea about the requirements of gratitude for favors received. Their own opinion

of themselves was so high, that they accepted attentions as a matter of course, and entirely due to them. More than that, they stole what and when they could; and added insult to thanklessness, by ridiculing the Pilgrims' religious belief and orderly life. Oh, they were a choice lot, hard to match, were these gallant pioneers of Weston's own!

Their last fond act before bidding farewell to their straitened hosts, was to do what in them lay, to cause the gradual extinction of the Plymouth Colony when its third winter should arrive, by taking beyond their allowed share of the maturing crops. The matter was made worse still, by a poor yield. Of course these heartless visitors would be likely to include themselves in final disaster, by their perverse conduct while guests, for they could never stand alone as a colony if Plymouth perished; but they did not have prudence enough to realize that. However, their loss would have been a benefit to human society; for of almost every person among them, the world's great dramatist could have truly said: "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." And if some Circe with her wand could have transformed human beings into the animals they most resembled, these would most easily have glided from selfish men to shell-fish, for surely theirs was the pinching propensity of an exclusive clam. With inexpressible relief, the Pilgrims beheld at last the departure from Plymouth of this nondescript gang which, unfortunately for England but happily for New England, was not to remain anywhere in America long.

Though the harvest had come, there was no adequate supply for a year's storage. This second corn crop, which extended over a plantation of sixty acres, was poor for several reasons. They were not yet entirely familiar with this American product, and were altogether too weak to till it properly; while at the same time they felt compelled to neglect it in their haste to construct, during the summer, a further defence from unfriendly Indians, who insolently declared it would be easy to overcome them by aid of a famine. The behavior of Weston and his colonial company contributed largely to this native disaffection. And their thieving ways, as guests of the half-famished settlers, made it difficult for the latter to keep what corn they did raise. Though many were caught and chastised, much robbery was begun, sometimes by daylight, before the maize was fit to eat, and on its ripening much more still was taken. Even after Weston's men had gone to Wessagusset, now Weymouth, some of the servants imitated the example set them, by pilfering, but were publicly whipped. Because of all these circumstances, there was not enough to last even through winter, much less till next harvest.

They had begun to build a fort, substantially and well, in the summer; but after the first eager inception of the undertaking, it dragged with painfully slow progress on account of bodily feebleness, and because of the unwillingness of some over-confident ones who did not see the need of erecting it, though all perceived its desirability about the time of its completion. It was ten months before the work was entirely fin-

ished, next March, when their third winter was past. Up the Hill where, with the help of the Mayflower sailors, they had dragged the artillery, they now tugged the stout timbers. They who had neither horse nor ox to plow and harrow, were also obliged to carry piece by piece, what beasts of burden, if available, could have hauled by the load. Weak as they were, they easily tired, sawing and splitting heavy logs, and hewing out thick planks, in the summer heat and the biting winds of winter.

The planking formed the flat roof of the square, commodious structure, on which were mounted six cannon, firing balls of four or five pounds and commanding the surrounding land, with the harbor and offing. This platform, with battlements added, comprised the fort; and, as a superior position, was occupied by the sentry until a regular watch tower was raised near by, considerably later. Below the platform, the interior of the fort was used as a church during the Colony's earlier years. The building presented an attractive appearance on its conspicuous elevation.

The necessity for this laborious undertaking was laid upon the majority of them after receiving the news of the Virginia massacre, in addition to their knowledge of Narragansett enmity, and because they heard of the increasing insults of certain nearer natives emboldened by their physical deterioration. Though they were so fortunate as never to require the use of the fortress upon an assaulting force, its overlooking presence was a strong deterrent against

invasion by foes. If not demanded by an actual siege, as events transpired, nevertheless prevention was much better than cure.

In September the troubled Colony had a cheerful surprise. The ship Discovery was for them a discovery indeed, sailing from the South with Plymouth as a port of call, and having on board former Secretary John Pory of Virginia, who was going home to England after the fearful experiences there.

The Discovery had been sent out by certain merchants for the exploration of natural ports on the Atlantic seaboard, and the examination of the notorious shoals of Monomoy which had kept the Mayflower from coasting around the elbow of Cape Cod. But what was of especial advantage to Plymouth at this time, was the fact that she was a trading vessel too, supplied with material for doing business with the natives. True, the Indians could sell but a small amount of food, when it came to that consideration; because until they bought English hoes they did not habitually plant in abundance, even with enough cleared land. But until now, the settlers had slight means of barter with the aborigines if sell they could or would.

This relieving circumstance for Plymouth must, however, be mixed with misfortune, in keeping with their common trials. The commander of the Discovery was a second Captain Jones in more than name and title. He could sell the means of getting a food supply: yet he would not unless he chose. With his civilized savagery, he considered it was to pay all he

asked, or go without. The sufferers could starve to death, if unable to accept his harsh terms. Rough like his predecessor, not knowing or caring that his name ever came from that of a dove, he extorted a double price for his beads and knives, and would not pay over three shillings a pound for coat beaver which came to be valued at twenty shillings, a pound in money for one pound weight. But so great was the need of the colonists, that they promptly accepted the manifest injustice, and though heavily in debt to their patrons abroad, they were thankful to buy the trading supply at any price, to save their lives. Otherwise their third winter at Plymouth might have been their last on earth. Monopoly had its opportunity, and made the most of it. Jones the ungentle could also spare certain edibles himself; and it is safe to say, this too was delivered with a different grace from that of the good-hearted Huddleston and his fellow-captains.

In refreshing contrast to this rude treatment of the destitute, was the kind and cultured bearing of the retiring Secretary of Virginia, John Pory. He was accorded the best hospitality ashore that could be given, while the ship lay in port, and acknowledged these courtesies in a letter after leaving. Its postscript mentions his indebtedness to Bradford and Brewster for their favors, praises the works of Ainsworth and Robinson, and speaks of certain other literary treasures, doubtless spiritually valuable, which were entrusted to him by Governor and Elder. Thus he comments, on what he terms "jewels":

"And what good (who knows) it may please God to worke by them, through my hands, (though most unworthy,) who finds shuch high contente in them. God have you all in his keeping.

"Your unfained and firme freind,

JOHN PORY."

The Virginia refugee proved to be what he subscribed himself, a friend unfeigned and firm; for in England he commended the plantation to those of titled rank and power.

With the equipment fortunately procured even at exorbitant charges, Plymouth succeeded in bartering with the natives for barely enough corn to suffice through the coming winter if shared with Wessagusset. Though the select sixty had gone northward there, of course they had no tillage of their own. And soon after settling, they wasted what the departing Charity left them, enough, it was said, to last till another harvest if prudently used.

Their local head was one Richard Greene, a brother-in-law of Thomas Weston. As September passed, he came to Plymouth in the Swan, offering its service if he might join with the leader of the older community, on the latter's intended trading trip, adding the now stale offer of later compensation from Weston. Unwilling that these improvident neighbors should starve, Bradford complied, only requiring that a written agreement be made out, giving Standish the command and appointing Squanto as guide and interpreter. As the pinnace was about to sail, with its own small boat and the Pilgrims' shallop, Greene was

fatally stricken with fever. He was buried there at Plymouth with much ceremony, as Governor of a sister English colony, in which also were a few persons of character, willing to make an honest living. Their very decided minority gave them no voice.

This trading attempt was singularly thwarted, before its final success. Twice the little Swan, assaying to go forth, was beaten back by autumnal tempest. And the second time, Myles Standish, who had escaped unscathed from the early general epidemic, took his turn of fever while aboard ship, as if it was infected; and he was obliged to come back to land. In November, waiting no longer, Bradford assumed command, and they set out to round the Cape for the region of Buzzard's Bay. But on reaching their old opponent of November three years before, the shoals of Monomoy, now Chatham, they again forbore to go beyond, ended their voyage there, and regretfully concluded to get what they could find in the locality. Moreover, they dared not venture in dangerous waters without Squanto as pilot: and here he was taken with such a hemorrhage from the nose as the Indians pronounced fatal; and so it proved. In vain William Bradford nursed this efficient helper of their weakness. He could only accede to the poor red man's request for prayer, "that he might go to the Englishman's God in Heaven."

This strange and sudden dispensation removed the cause of some coolness on the part of Massasoit toward the English, who had not yielded to the royal demand for Squanto's person, as one adjudged worthy

of execution on alleged attempt to supplant the head chief. Evidences had developed, that the brilliant native who once lived in England, with his versatile capacities joined to a character not altogether reliable, was entertaining ambitions which if unchecked might be subversive of the existing Indian regnancy. To the English he was true: as concerned Massasoit, time would decide circumstances. Time did decide; and his sovereign, who felt the menace to his own power, could now rest easy, for no such rival was longer in sight.

The great sachem could not understand the attitude of Plymouth, which, actuated from motives of pure humanity and self-interest, had the appearance of secretly espousing a rival's cause, even after Massasoit had insisted and sent an executioner with his own knife. The officer, after enduring one excuse and another, had left the place in great wrath; and for a time the king had suspended all communication with Plymouth. Even after he had finally made peace with Squanto, consistently with his reputation for brief anger, he nevertheless continued to act distantly or cautiously for a while, as though fearing a changed attitude in the English toward himself. Such was the very unfortunate situation, until Tisquantum was removed without the act of man.

After the pinnace had taken on eight hogsheads of corn and beans, they sailed away for the Massachusetts, who had agreed to plant largely for Plymouth. But their rates at this season were too dear for acceptance, a quart of corn being valued as high as a beaver's

pelt, or its equivalent in trading stock. Also, a sickness was raging in that region. All they got there, was strong complaint by the natives against Weston's men. Trouble was brewing.

The Swan then returned to the Cape, at Nauset, accompanied by her boat and the shallop. Here, however, the Pilgrim vessel was cast away in a hard storm, the Swan's boat was unserviceable, and they could not transport their purchased provisions to the larger vessel, herself in danger. Consequently, they headed for the two English settlements with what had been put aboard in the place where Squanto died. But Bradford left to her Wessagusset holders the fever-smitten Swan, that had witnessed the deaths of Greene and Squanto and the prostration of Myles Standish. Taking a guide, he started to walk home through the wilderness, and acquaint himself with the land south of Plymouth. He received most respectful treatment from the natives whom he thus ventured to trust, and who had come to know his love of peace as a magistrate. He completed the distance of about fifty miles, tired and footsore, but in safety. In three days the Swan glided into the harbor, and after leaving for Plymouth its share of supplies, went on to Wessagusset with the remainder. Those in her promised to return as soon as possible and collect what they had been forced to leave in the storm; and they also said they would bring a carpenter to repair the Pilgrims' abandoned shallop.

Before leaving the Nausets and their southern neighbors, Bradford had seen that the purchased cereals

were stacked and covered with mats and sedge; and in each place he had hired an Indian to guard the stacks from thieves and vermin, charging the other natives not to touch what had been sold. Both chiefs agreed to be responsible for their trusts.

After the colonists' third year came in, Myles Standish, now recovered from fever, ventured again in the Swan, with her shallop and the promised carpenter; and they found the Plymouth shallop at Nauset, nearly buried in the sand, but not badly damaged. It was repaired, and loaded with the provisions which had been stored during two months, but which were in good condition. Both shallops were soon lost a second time, in a severe gale, as it seemed necessary to cut them off; but afterwards they were sought and found, not seriously injured. Chief Aspinet was deferential, ordered a petty thief beaten who had wronged them, and commanded a woman to make bread for the Englishmen.

Soon after this, Governor Bradford and others, with Hobamack for guide, went to get supplies at Namasket, part of which Indian women carried on their shoulders the fourteen-mile distance to Plymouth. But presently a violent distemper visited the natives there, and the colonists themselves transported what was left of the loads. Suiting the burdens to their abilities, they were thankful to procure food as near as that. Next, Bradford once more led a party for the same imperative necessity, walking twenty miles to Manomet on Buzzard's Bay, where they bought and stored more corn; and received kind treatment from

Chief Caunacum there, who entertained them in severe weather.

Toward the end of February, the supply of corn again ran low; and Standish with six men went to Mattachiest, now Barnstable, on the southernmost shore of Cape Cod Bay, obtaining a good quantity. The Indians loaded the shallop, which, however, was frozen in there for a while. In this tight situation, ominous signs of native disaffection appeared. The Captain not only was foremost in learning their language, but possessed a remarkable power of penetration; and they now seemed to feel a certain hostility of mind toward him, despite effusive greetings shown him, and the invitation, which he declined, for his party to take shelter in the wigwams. Instead, he ordered his half-dozen comrades to keep constant watch in the camp at night, three at a time. He afterwards expressed his belief that but for such vigilance, they would all have been murdered.

A thief succeeded in taking from the boat some beads, which were now of more value than money; whereupon Myles acted promptly with a firmness and fearlessness surprising when the colonial band's insignificant number is remembered, and their icy environment. Chief Iyanough's hut was beset by this dauntless seven; and Standish said that while he wished to do no harm, neither would he receive any, but would make attack unless the injustice was rectified. The missing articles were then secretly laid upon the boat's cuddy; and Iyanough commanded more corn to

be brought. The ice relaxed its rigid grasp, and let the shallop out.

The bold soldier's mettle was soon to be tested severely. He went next to Scusset harbor (Sandwich), to bring from Manomet on Buzzard's Bay the store left there by Bradford in charge of Chief Caunacum, one of those who had come to Plymouth the first autumn, and given their marks as loyal to King James. But now, while Standish was present, a fiery savage named Wituwamat in company with another arrived from the Massachusett tribe, and spoke to the local head well guarded words not intended to be understood by the paler visitor, but whose purport of conspiracy was later revealed. He argued upon the weakened state of all the whites, as presenting a timely opportunity for their extermination by the combined tribes. He and his companion, with cunning feint of friendship, carried corn to load the shallop, over a long road. They would let the English eat a little, and die.

Some of the Wessagusset settlers had annoyed the Indians near them by digging out much of their stored corn, and continued to steal though offenders were flogged in the stocks; for their own seed corn itself was used up, and the natives would not sell at all. When the ample store was spent, which the Charity left, it turned out to be not so easy a matter to find more. Then they fastened the gates of their palisade, intending to go and take by force what they wanted, whether the owners survived or perished; but the violent crowd was prevailed upon, by the more careful

element, to seek the sanction and assistance of the Plymouth government. At once on receiving such a request, Bradford and many other Pilgrims gave their names to a letter solemnly deprecating the wickedness proposed, and pointing out the ruinous results which would follow that sort of action.

Also from Obtakiest, chief of the Neponsets in that district, Bradford received complaints of abuse by the whites. The Governor earnestly protested to Wessagusset, but with poor success, not having yet the means to enforce order in that hornets' nest.

Thus the injury to Plymouth by Weston's men extended beyond their stay with the Pilgrims, and brought on the danger of destruction to both companies of whites. For the errand of Wituwamat from the north, whom Standish met in the south, was to secure co-operation in a plan involving seven tribes, to wipe out the Plymouth settlement, because of its expected revenge after the annihilation of Wessagusset which was now determined upon. The newer colony alone had given offence, but the older one also was to pay; for both were undesired. Then would return the freedom from foreigners which they enjoyed in former days. Such was their cherished hope.

The first active measure intended was to remove the English military head, whose name was becoming a source of terror. A stout Pamet, who had hitherto behaved in the most devoted manner, was hired to attend to this business, which he did with such diligence and crafty persistence that it was a wonder he

did not succeed. He continued his gentle, attentive deportment, in pretence, before the Captain there at Further Manomet, retiring to rest with him alone, and professing solicitude when, very inconveniently, he did not fall asleep. Standish was suspicious of foul play. The night was bitterly cold, and he paced back and forth; or occasionally turned his side to the fire, when reclining. The morning came, and the would-be assassin was disappointed. Next he schemed to tempt his desired victim to cross over to his own Pamet, the present Truro, claiming there was much corn in that slender wrist of the Cape; and he actually persuaded him to set sail thither, but an adverse wind forced them back to Plymouth. Then he prevailed upon him to start for the very territory of the disturbed Massachusett Indians, since Patuxet's need for food-stuff was urgent; but again they were beaten back by a contrary wind, which was decidedly favoring in this case.

And now the kind severity of the weather was supplemented by a sickness of Massasoit which did much, however, for the health of Plymouth, because it helped to save the very life of the Colony. Word came that the Chief of chiefs was sick unto death. He had showed himself so good and efficient a friend at first, that this seemed an excellent opportunity for the Pilgrims to prove their own continued good will. Besides, a Dutch vessel was reported stranded on his coast and it was thought advisable to confer with those voyagers, as to possible future trade. But any colonial complications in this respect, that were likely

to arise, were prevented for the present by the vessel's floating again and departure just before the Englishmen arrived.

Winslow, true gentleman as he was, undertook to carry to the king such dainties and medicine as were available. Under guidance of Hobamack, he was also accompanied by one Master John Hamden, an adventurous Londoner wintering at Plymouth on a trip to America. His purpose is not surely known, in temporarily imitating the Separatist self-exiles. On this trio's two days' journey overland afoot, a messenger met them and said that his lord was dead. It was a false report; and the bearer, evidently unauthorized by Massasoit, afterward claimed that he did this to increase their gratification on finding him alive. The faithful war-captain did not hide his genuine distress of mind, lamenting the supposed termination of a truly notable life. He praised his peculiar virtues, his prowess and wide influence, his prevailing clemency and forbearance.

Massasoit was not dead, they soon ascertained, but he would have been before long if they had not arrived. He had eaten nothing for some time, and lay helpless, with furred tongue and closed eyes, in the midst of a crowd, the medicine men, and numerous women vociferous with their hideous incantations. At the coming of Plymouth's future Governor and the stranger from London, the bedlam subsided. On hearing of his friend's presence, Massasoit took his hand, saying faintly twice, in his own language, "Art thou Winsnow?" (The native tongue could not compass

the letter l.) Then sadly he exclaimed, "O Winsnow, I shall never see thee more!"

His Pilgrim visitor offered Governor Bradford's sympathy and desire to send aid. When order and privacy were gained, he washed the afflicted man's mouth, scraped his tongue, and worked over him until gradually his patient could take a very little nourishment. This, with the quietness and cleansing, revived the chieftain so that he opened his eyes and recognized his earnest helper, but exclaimed again, as if it was too good to be true, "Art thou Winsnow?"

Slowly but surely improvement went on, except once when his royal but childish will insisted on taking, without the grease being removed, the broth of a very fat duck which Winslow at his request had shot. As a result of his wayward persistence, he had a critical setback, with bleeding at the nose. However, by humble submission now to his kind nurses, he rallied; and at last recovered, to the joy of all. Their hearts were also won by the further nursing of their sick, at the hands of Winslow and Hamden, who complied with their requests in circumstances offensive and an environment hard to endure.

Massasoit's own gratitude was unbounded, and all doubts departed as to his allies' fidelity. Only the day before the Plymouth deputation arrived, a visiting chief had maligned the English, and labored hard to break the existing friendship. "Now I know," declared Massasoit after this happy intervention, "that the English are my friends." And he renewed his devotion to them, maintaining it to his last day. Surely

as their confederate, he was Massasoit, Great Ruler.

Ousamequin, that is, Yellow Feather, as his personal name was, then divulged the plan of the general native uprising, which he had been in vain importuned to join, however silent he had been toward Plymouth of late and during his illness. The Massachusett and Neponset tribes, in the neighborhood of the white barbarians of Wessagusset, were principals in the plot; but the Narragansetts had sent from Rhode Island pledges of union with their former foes of the north, and the tribes on the south and east were parties to the scheme. But with savage looseness of organization, and over-reliance upon leaders, they waited for the instigators to take the initiative. Therefore Hobamack gave as his advice that the leaders should be executed without delay.

Further warning came to Plymouth from the very seat of sedition, through one of Wessagusset's few worthy whites, Phineas Pratt. He had gone with three other companions to Chief Obtakiest's headquarters with a proposal to make them canoes, thus hoping to keep their good will. Pratt was a carpenter, and better able than others to build anything like a boat. This pleased the Indians well; because they intended to use the improved canoes, or boats, for their military expedition, and with them also to capture the pinnace Swan, lying idle in the harbor.

While being entertained in this Neponset community, Pratt did not like the look of things, and secretly revealed his fears to his three fellows. In their happy ignorance, unhappily for them, they did not believe

him, but continued to enjoy the hospitality and supposed amity of the chief; who in fact was personally not so ardent for war as others, but had yielded to the clamors of the fierce, and the entreaties of his tribe.

When Pratt saw he could not dissuade his mates from their false security, he broke away one midnight and took the route to the south. But the natives' beaten trails knew no guide-posts at the forks; and, going forth under the disadvantage of darkness, Phineas later on wandered a little aside from the path to Patuxet. His error was most fortunate. He had been missed in the morning; and swiftly a pursuer sped after him, fully determined that the alarm should not be carried to Plymouth, if his right arm could prevent it. Meanwhile the anxious red people were told that he could never reach the settlement, and would be devoured by prowling wild beasts at night.

After his enemy had gone on, Pratt found the way again, arrived at Plymouth unharmed, and told its inhabitants that the exasperated natives were on the point of outbreak, and Weston's colony was in desperate straits. Their town was nearly forsaken while they wandered in search of food, for which they had even sold their garments. Greene's successor had gone to the fishing grounds of Maine, in quest of provisions; and they were broken into three bands, with little ammunition left. Their miserable state excited the contempt of the Indians, who returned evil for their evil, left them to suffer, and stole from whatever sustenance the wretches could gather. He ex-

pressed his fear that they might all be presently knocked in the head.

At Plymouth now there was swift but weighty deliberation, as a handful of men might prepare themselves when surprised and surrounded in the woods by a pack of wolves. The people, informed of the conspiracy by their Governor on the annual court day, left it to him to decide what measures should be taken, showing their trust in his judgment during a profound crisis where errors might be fatal. Accordingly, as was to be expected, again the gallant Captain of the colonial force went forth, April third, New Style, the day after Pratt reached town. Only eight went with him, to strike at the heart and head of the conspiracy. Though they dared venture with no less, so small a command was resolved upon in order to reach the seat of trouble without exciting suspicion. They equipped the shallop as usual for a trading expedition, and indeed had need of such commercial intercourse still, if that were possible.

Coming with a fair wind to Wessagusset, no sign of life appeared there, either ashore or aboard the Swan. After firing a shot, some of the settlers appeared, whom Standish rebuked for leaving the ship and place unguarded. They carelessly replied there was no danger, not suspecting extreme measures; but on hearing the grave news concerning themselves, they became thoroughly alarmed. Word was sent around for all the colonists to come in, while the diversion of trading was in progress. Though the Captain contained himself well, a shrewd Indian reported to the

others that he had detected anger in his eye. They sent back the message that they knew his purpose, and were prepared.

The bolder spirits came often in the presence of the English, whetting their knives with insolent boasting. One of them named Peksuot ridiculed the short stature of Captain Standish, who only kept still and bided his time. Thus they gathered courage and made sport, as though in no haste here, seeming to have the Plymouth group in their power.

The Wessagusset whites were reluctant to appear on the scene; and Standish, realizing the crisis could not long be put off, determined not to wait for their timid motions. Finding himself one day in a hut with enough of the whites to match the natives present, he gave the word to his men and ordered the door fastened. The Indians thus trapped were two of the five leaders of the conspiracy, Peksuot and Wituwamat, and the latter's youthful brother and strenuous follower, with a fourth man.

Standish snatched the knife from the neck of Peksuot, his recent scorner, and began with him. The others everyone took his man, measuring strength with him. These Indians, armed or disarmed, were wholly surprised, having mistaken the English reserve for cowardice. Nevertheless they struggled desperately to gain the advantage. With their natural stoicism, they uttered no outcry of rage or dismay, but bravely endured many wounds before they fell. The youth of eighteen was taken alive, but on account of his untamed spirit was directly hung, as a determined, mor-

tal enemy. A few women at the settlement were temporarily bound. Three more warriors in the vicinity were killed, making a total of only seven, in this disagreeable but necessary business.

Another one, by somebody's blunder, escaped and gave the alarm at headquarters. Whereupon there was donning of buckskin breeches and moccasins and archers' arms. Standish took only a squad of four, half of his men, and lost no time in advancing for the encounter. The Indians thereabouts could hardly muster more than thirty now, but that was six times the Plymouth group marching to meet them. Soon the customary Indian file was seen approaching, and both parties raced for the possession of a little eminence. The English reached it first, and held it.

Then ensued a singular scene, not of carnage, but of ridiculous aspect. Hobamack, famous for his bravery, was also regarded by the natives with a superstitious dread, somewhat as a medicine man was likewise considered to have mysterious powers. This supposed "Devil," as his very incorrect name signified, knowing his influence on these simple minds, waved his arms and boldly ran shouting toward his enemies, who beat a precipitate retreat. In the chase it was difficult for the pursuers to get a fair mark, but another of the five conspiring leaders turned himself in flight and sent an arrow at Standish, so exposing himself that a return shot struck his arm and broke it.

Thereupon with a yell the enemy rushed to cover, and in the bush fed their wrath with foul, abusive outcries. Standish dared their leader to come forth

like a man and fight in the open, instead of imitating garrulous women. The wounded one would not accept the challenge, and presently they all fled.

Returned to the Wessagusset stockade, Standish was asked by the emaciated survivors of that colony to see them safely away, as it was their desire to abandon the place, take their vessel to Monhegan Island, and thence return to England. These lately sturdy fellows had done all the mischief they possibly could, had endangered their own and their neighbors' lives by inviting famine and massacre, and now had enough of America. Their rescuer spared them all the corn he could, barely allowing enough for his own party's homeward trip, and saw the useless, godless lot well out to sea. A few honest souls among them, however, professed such company uncongenial, and desired to join the Plymouth Colony, as they had failed to bring their fellow-colonists to a better mind. Their wish was granted.

Also a young Indian of gentle demeanor, without the hypocritical effusiveness of a spy, came frankly to Standish and asked to be taken away with the others, declaring that he was not a native of that region, and was clear of complicity in this plot. He was accepted as a prisoner of war.

Before leaving the happily forsaken buildings of Weston's fit representatives, the captive women were released, their beaver coats untouched, and their persons treated with all respect.

Myles Standish was jubilantly greeted on his return

to Plymouth. The rejoicing was great and general, and there was reason for it.

Nevertheless the Governor wished to make the matter sure. The Indian lad was released from his irons, and sent back to Obtakiest with a message of peace provided that hostilities should cease, and of warning if they should be renewed. The three whites who had gone to his camp were demanded, and the chief was told not to demolish the English houses and palisade. For a long time no answer came. Finally a squaw, conscious of the uniform kindness shown to her sex by the Plymouth people, appeared at the village among them, and said that Obtakiest was sorry but the three had been killed before the message was received. He earnestly desired peace, but with his people was hiding in terror, expecting further vengeance, notwithstanding Bradford's professions to the contrary. They had not yet learned the validity of a Christian's word.

The native consternation was in fact so great that for far and near about Plymouth, tribes were for the time scattered from their villages in lonely retreats, where many contracted lingering and fatal diseases, or found no food and quickly perished. This needless fright was terrible while it lasted, but the weakness resultant made civilization more secure in its critical beginnings, insomuch that for a full half-century thereafter, peace reigned within the limits of the Old Colony, until the ineffectual last stand of the aborigines. The Cape Indians, however, though they included the Pilgrims' first foes, always remained loyal after this

incipient insurrection of 1623, not even joining in the war of Pometacom, called Philip.

Phineas Pratt's human hound, who missed his trail and went on to Buzzard's Bay, stopped at Plymouth on his way back, professing friendship. His real purpose, like that of others before him, was to investigate the condition of the people, and report at home their weakened state. He was recognized by his intended prey, and apprehended, being fastened by a chain outside the lately completed fort, as its first prisoner; and a guard was set over him till the return of Standish. That hero, as ordered, and according to contemporary military usage, brought with him the ghastly, brined head of Wituwamat, who had been a ferocious slayer of Englishmen and Frenchmen. With a decided effect on the minds of any observant natives such as Pratt's hunter, and those who should afterward hear, the head before burial was set on high upon a pole at the fort, as "a warning and terror to all of that disposition."

XVI

THE WEDDING TRIP

"Each for the other, and both for God."

SOCIAL salvation is a mad man's dream, without individual regeneration. Cattle may be bought and sold by the carload; but "A man's a man for a' that," and cannot be spiritually considered in carload lots, nor in community consignments.

—A. C. Moses.

Real joy to the soul cannot spring from a guilt-burdened conscience and an impure heart. We must still cry after a great awakening, that will call the people back to the God of our fathers. To have this awakening, each of us must confess his transgressions and his omissions, and seek to gain pardon, new love and power. . . . The Lord answers those that seek him. Just as pure and bright, just as consoling and hope-inspiring as before, shines the figure of Jesus Christ, whose soul suffered anguish for us and who bore the sins of the world. He continues to gather to himself souls that thirst after truth, peace of conscience, purity and power. In him was God reconciling the world unto himself.

Jesus Christ is the Light of the world and the Savior of the world. Therefore, if we receive his Spirit we shall, with love in our look, survey the earth and long for the time when all mankind shall know their God and Savior. Is such a desire real in and among us? Then the messengers who go out from us to the heathen world can present their message not only as an expression

of their own faith and love, but also as a love greeting from a people who, in the Gospel of Christ, find their liberty, their progress, and their hope.

—GUSTAVUS, King of Sweden,
Annual Message from the Throne, 1909.

"I NEVER condescended to any man's fulsome kissing save from my kindred and thee, and now that I am wedded I set my face against it still." Suiting the action to the word, with a blithe little laugh Elizabeth Tilley Howland promptly met the proffered lips of her spouse. For once more the Mayflowers were blossoming, and John had taken her to the civil magistrate, to whom the solemnization of marriage was entrusted. He it was, and not an ecclesiastic, who sometimes then officiated in this obligation of civilization regarding such as would wed, failing which duty, orderly society disintegrates and mightiest nations fall.

Love, genuine love instead of selfish bargaining, made excellent compensation for the want of wedding gifts and elaborate ceremonial, in the four marriages of Plymouth's third year.

The village nestled in quiet content, smiling with reviving nature when the reproaches of the heathen had ceased. Peace, profound and abiding for many years, caused all to feel at ease far beyond the fort and palisade, as truly as within their shelter.

Kind to cordiality were this new couple's fellow-colonists, masters and dames, children and youth; for they had thoroughly known their praiseworthy lives,

unswerving piety and sweet patience, all through those most trying first years of Plymouth's life. "But come away, my better Queen Elizabeth," quoth John Howland when the pair had left the Governor's house after a seasonably early morning marriage, and had received the congratulations of formal witnesses and numerous neighbors. "Truth it is, and glad we are to have it so, that naught save good will dwells in the bosoms of our friends who were present, or who may behold our written marriage contraction if they list. Yet thou art not as that other queen who loved much to be looked on, with a pride as graceless as the ruff surrounding her neck like a wheel. And blameless as these about us are, I like not to be so on their minds as must needs be while we move amongst them here."

"No more would I," returned his bride of the hour, "nor do I crave that these many pairs of eyes should regard me, though never so civil. To be saluted as Goodwife Howland is passing strange, albeit I greatly cherish thy name now mine also. I would fain enjoy such greetings somewhat latterly."

Said the master of his household, "Everything is in order at home, and I am allowed by our Governor the space of a few days from town tasks, before corn planting is upon us, so the earth be warm enough for that. The Indians tell us to sow it when the oak leaf is large as a mouse's ear. No levy is appointed either for military duty or to get supplies at present. Let us then take that we made ready yestereve for this day's journey, and go hence."

Howland shouldered his musket, the same that won

him his wife, and, by their preconcerted plan, walked with rapid stride alone through the street, looking straight ahead.

"Whither away so fast, friend?" a pleasant voice accosted him. Turning his glance toward the doorways, John saw in one of them Master Isaac Allerton, of the more affluent and financially responsible in their company. He heeded not several other benevolent visages, of the men who lived with Captain Standish in his house next the fort; only to all he made reply without pausing: "I'll have a haunch of venison against my return, if so be it goes not amiss with me."

The bridegroom came to the nearest gate, open by day, in the stockade. Going just outside, he stood there some minutes, aimlessly noticing the strength of the tall posts he had helped place a year ago, and how the brightness of the chopped part of the wood was fading on exposure to weather. Very soon a footfall met his ears, which were much more alert than in England and Holland. Then through the flanker and gate came one whose presence was wont to make his heart beat high. He did not fail to observe how light now those footsteps were, as they used to be in childhood a few years ago; and he remembered in earnest the anticipated venison, for he knew, while pity arose, that not from strength was that quick carriage, but by help of a happy spirit.

Heroes and heroines of our early community, you deserved your leader's praise bestowed upon you, for the persistently cheerful face when faintness strove to relax even the attempt at a smile!

"Soho, my lady!" he said gaily. "You forgot not our wherewithal?"

"No danger of that, I ween," she answered with equal unconcern. "But what think you? I was following the pale quite demurely, behind the garden plots, with this full pouch of meal under mantle and arm, when without a word came the bride of our first spring, she that was Widow White. She gave me a goodly embrasure and kiss, saying if I knew how thoughtful her Winslow had daily been for her good hap, I'd make sure a true husband was worth the having. At this she clapped a savory conserve into the pouch, directing me not to show it till our halt for noonmeat. Then went she back and I saw no other, though presently methought I heard some quiet conference of women."

They traversed South Meadow where the town brook comes around from Billington Sea, the beautiful pond named for its discoverer who hastily supposed it a salt water inlet. It was a pleasing start, with glimpses of the liquid blue through the trees on one side. Skirting Sparrows Hill, they went westward up over the plateau, which was wooded then, and lacking its present sweep of vision. Elizabeth, seeing nothing beyond her immediate surroundings, began to feel the isolation from scenes of habitation, which only were familiar to her.

"Why, John," she almost whispered, looking around, "already we see naught but utter wildness, here and everywhere!"

"Say not so, my liefest life," returned he. "We

men make out we are well stead, if we do but discern the cut of an ax from tree to farther tree. Look yonder, all along. Note how we are holding the old well-trodden path, more forthright leading than flexuous, 'twixt Patuxet and Namasket, a simple matter of miles twice seven, and one that is oft pressed, as you are ware, by the feet of the red women, even their children with them. The day is yet young; and though this firelock is ready, naughty four-footed things are in hiding till night; and all the way to Ousamequin's Sowams, naughtier men are not about. Our natives who neighbor us, and to whom we go for lodging, have ever been with us in unity; and Massasoit, the Great Chief, has them well in hand—or what remains of them from the plague before our coming to America. And thus how delightsome is our freedom in this land, who are also fairly out of the clutches of the King's shoulder-clappers!"

By these words he reassured her, driving away her awe of the heavy forest, with the help of a hug which was the heartier from his growing sense of possession, and because here they were unobserved though out of doors.

Truly there was enough all around them to give enjoyment, almost to forgetfulness of themselves sometimes, rather a rare thing in lovers. Nature was veiled in light green gauze with darker contrasts, on which the sun cast no fierce regards but gently beamed. A like mildness was in the air, mingled with the new sylvan aroma. "It joys me now," declared

the bride, " to behold the paintments of these arborous walls."

On the banks above the path's worn hollow, below the scented pines the bayberry bushes were displaying tiny nut-like clusters, promising another variety of sun-steeped, delicious odor when their green should gather its gray powder. And down in the sand and stones, from among the pine needles and the dwarf oak's dead leaves, shone the polished deep green foliage of the trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, surmounted by its smiling bloom all fresh and bright as the flesh of a babe. Nor was it alone. Its relatives of the heath name were in evidence, though unproductive yet of fruit, as the sugary little blueberry and huckleberry shrubs, the flavorous, scarlet-dotted checkerberry, cranberry vines for crimson fruit of acid tang; and among other kindred, the azalia, whose pink flame would surprise the passer through dreary wet jungles, when perchance he might have come from inland hills ornamented with another cousin of all these, the magnificent mountain laurel with its roseate and snowy flowers perfect in geometrical design. Not only was the *epigæa repens,* as it went " creeping along the earth," so pleasing to the Pilgrims after their first winter's terrors, that they bestowed upon it the name of their ship just departed; but the natives also were far from indifferent to such smiles of the vernal season, and all the multitudinous beauties of their land, which these young whites were now witnessing.

The charm of the open was everywhere, instilling confidence and delight in the yet maidenly breast of

only sixteen years. Her husband of this morning caused her no annoyance when his mirth was stirred by her awe in the midst of solitude unrelieved, but near the settlement. His entire ease in such surroundings made her remember anew the strength of her protector. She ceased to be startled at the sudden scampering of tiny forest folk, the occasional rush of somewhat larger creatures, and the fleet bounding away of deer surprised while browsing the tender first foliage, yet all of them seldom seen by the pedestrians; except that now and then a rabbit sat up and fed its curiosity, with bright eyes peering through the dew-beaded ferns, or a squirrel chattered at them saucily from the oak boughs.

"Leastways the winged ones fear us not as much as others do," remarked Elizabeth.

"With the smallest strength, theirs is the greatest safety and victorious independence," answered John.

As if to deny this imputation of weakness, a startling scream rent the air, from the top of an old birch; and against its silvery whiteness out flew an immense golden eagle. In widening circles it arose, loudly clapping its pinions till it could gain headway for its heavy body, then soaring sublimely sunward.

"It is rightly called the king of birds," said John, as they watched it disappear in the very zenith. "How the Indians delight to deck their dark tresses with its tail feathers! And such is its strength it hath been known, in Europe certes, to gripple and scape with a child of several years."

"Report hath it, as I remember," returned Eliza-

beth, "that one of them held an infant in its talons for four miles, to its home in the overbrowing heights. And the Switzer mother followed, climbing where men dared not venture, found her darling, and brought it back hurtless. As the story runneth, which was recorded for the lasting honor of maternal devotion:

> "'Babe of her body, bliss of her breast,
> Love did wrest from craggy nest.'"

As they went on, soon the limpid azure of Clear Pond glimmered before them. Again a cry surprised them, this time a weird, prolonged wail, rising with melancholy intensity. Elizabeth, in dread of what she could not understand, caught at her husband's arm.

"What is't?" she asked in a low voice.

Again his unconcern quieted her, while he jestingly replied: "Surely, mine own, since we are not by the sea, and since all things about us are at liberty, it can neither be the moaning of the slow tide, nor the moaning of the fast tied. Credit the affirmation of my second denial, to our poor Carver gone, when he sought to ease his spouse who would have sleep, but was frighted by only the howling of our village spaniel roped near, which she commixed with the night-waking wolves' voices beyond."

Once more the unearthly lament ascended, in notes as of utter loneliness and despair. Elizabeth shivered. "Besparage me not," she said, "if I behave greenly. Tell me now what that may be, of which you reck not at all. Though we of New Plymouth are by this time

grown wonted to gruesome sounds and pathetical sights enough to make some heads unqualitied, never, as true as four barleycorns make one fingerbreadth, never did I hear a strain so ghastly, except with the winds at sea when under night they searched all about the Mayflower, as though they would find a crack in the hull to rive her asunder."

"Con the matter thyself, then," he answered, pointing to the pond which now had come in open view.

She had just time enough to see a northern diver, or loon, nearly a yard tall, hide its white breast by bending the long, dark head, neck, and back, and plunging beneath the water. "It is an exceeding cautious bird," John explained.

"As if it feared all other creatures would have after it amain in angry chase, at such an ill call," she commented, much relieved. Then as they turned away, they heard a splash, and looking back from behind a butternut tree, they perceived the expert diver emerge near the other side of the mere, under which it had been swimming, and go contentedly to its grassy nest on an islet.

"Where home is, the heart is," said Elizabeth, "though it be lowly as a nest of grass for a bird, or a log cottage for a bride."

"So the bride be content with such as we have," replied John, "her husband is happier than the King."

"Happier, I'd hope," said she again, "than a king whose folly is equal to his learning. But he is happily hence. He may not monarchize and belord it over us with conveniency here, nor hale us before his

knee-crooking minions or his own personable, gearish gayness, and then enjail us. The harrow of his persecution was that heavy, I ween it would sink in the sea or ever it could come across. More innocent is this company now all round about us, which hath quite expulsed mine erstwhile timorous mood. Look yonder—and do but hearken! Only a musicless, muddy-mettled soul would scantly think on this."

From a shady recess there flashed a gorgeous golden robin, or firebird, uttering his clear, joyous notes, and alighting at his curiously wrought dwelling pendant from a wild cherry bough. "What a blazing breast!" she exclaimed.

"It is one of our most beauteous of feathered folk," said her companion. "And a useful fellow is he, hunting garden pests at his need while yet the day's undawning, till he be fat-fleshed, but mostly sparing the crops. I like too his tameness. He is unfearing, and alway in open. Had we some ash-cakes of corn, and time to linger, we could test his trustful, social ways by a little patient coaxing. Hast heeded, how boldly the plainer robins draw nigh our cabins?"

"Even so," she rejoined. "This very morn, when Master Bradford had spoken in stillness the words solemnizing our life compact, and the Elder had now ended his fervid supplications to God in our behalf, forthwith an honest red-breast took up his full and earnest strain—a wedding-song for us."

As if to vie with such clarion-like singers and not be outdone, a bobolink sprang from a moist meadow, displayed its silver collar over black satin, and fol-

lowed the couple a little way by flitting from bush to bush responsive to Howland's mimicking whistle. Then while the comparatively open space they had come upon continued, another competitor greeted their ears from a lonely, lofty cedar, which they at once recognized as the common warbling vireo, one of the sweetest of forest songsters. They stood entranced while its flute-voiced carol rolled freely forth, fluent and effortless. Its bright red eye was discernible in the sunlight, like a ruby encased in silk of softened olive hue.

"Some call him the Preacher," observed John, "for his emphatic, pleading appeals, put like questions and intensified by abrupt pauses."

"There's no gainsaying his cedar pulpit is majestical," commented the other half of the audience. "Oh, for an ink-horn and quills, that we might write of that we see!"

As in a distant processional through the colonnade of a transept, a scarlet tanager sent abroad its rich and resonant reverberation; and they could still hear back of them the minor theme of a wood pewee that they had passed by. Now a red-headed woodpecker rapped smartly, as chorister, and a general chorus gathered. But first a bluebird began alone, in most musical low notes, a mellow, loving melody. A flock of lively yellowbirds fluttered nearer the soloist, from their favorite haunts in the bayberry bushes, as if the better to catch his delicate, subdued variations. A shy little thrush entered on a duet with him, delivering his own quaint and modest trill; for he could no longer

contain himself, wishing to sing early and late till night itself. Then a song sparrow formed a trio with these two, accustomed as he was to go in the company of the social bluebird.

"Now what think you of that?" said one lover to other, forgetting to proceed, as the song sparrow, melancholy poet of the woodland, gave forth nevertheless the sprightlier tune which it takes as spring advances, leaving its plaintive, almost whispering note of early March, cool season of better memories and anticipations, and avoiding too its autumnal sentiment of pathos, when the quivering refrain ends in a little droop of exquisite tenderness.

As the three leaders drew to a close, and the chorus resumed, gathering strength with numbers, Howland took his lady's hand, for he knew if they needed not to hasten, neither should they tarry long. She added her own voice to the harmony in leafy arches, singing softly as she went on.

They had crossed a couple of rivulets on stepping-stones and tufts of grass, but now came to their first ford at Green Brook, in present Carver.

"Here let us rest a breathing-while," said the husband, "for we are at the midmost of our journey, having reached this place about noonstead, so I make by the sun, as was my intendment when we fared forth at nine of the clock. And as for the nature of the road, the remainder thereof is muchwhat like that we've left, nothing arduous, or steep for longer than a deer's leap.—Art ready for refreshment, mine own roe?"

"That I am," said she, "but not until I doff my hosen to ease my feet in the water. And I must needsly imbare them also for the flaggy quag hereabout, or I'd bemire my shoes and go wet-shod, for I've neither stilts nor boots, nor yet pattens to strap on."

"When at a ford, it is to wade or stay. 'Tis Hobson's choice," quoth John, referring to the contemporary Cambridge liveryman and mail-carrier to London, who rented horses by turn instead of his patrons' preference.

They divested themselves of foot-gear, and John led the way through a short swamp and the stream, which soothed and laved their limbs nearly to the knee. Elizabeth stopped a minute to gather her apparel and see if the sturdy legs striding ahead were going deeper. She called out merrily, "Do we require a penny-purse of ferriage-moneys to tranect us over?"—then suddenly without another word she flounced past him, brushing by and nearly knocking him down in his surprise, and bounding to the bank with commendable agility. They both looked back to the place where she had paused, but nothing appeared.

"What's your whimsey now? You are all outbreathed," he said, wondering how long it would be before the next alarm.

"A thing or two grated against me," she replied, panting. "Was it water-snakes?" She examined her shining skin for any marks, while John asked if she felt a hurt. Once assured of her intact state, he

staggered for laughing. "Why—what's to do?—when will you be at ease?" he puffed. "Can you not conject what 'twas? Some silly little fishes, when you stood rooted in the brook, deemed it safe to try their teeth on white flesh a minute-while. Then you played the hind bravely, and I wanted but little of toppling over as you darted by. I'll warrant you've wet your skirts. No?—I say, yon swimmers shall pay dearly for their impudence, if I mistake not," he added, watching a ripple here and there.

From his pocket he extracted some twine, with a large, bent pin attached. But where was the bait? Looking about, a bevy of little lavender butterflies hovered near, and when he had gone and clapped his hat over some of them, he succeeded in killing two of those entrapped, before they could escape. And in a very short time he landed a small speckled trout; then a little patient waiting was rewarded by another and larger beauty of the brook, which he gallantly presented to her, as she sat in the sun with feet outstretched to dry.

Not staying for more, he let Elizabeth dress the fish while he collected some dry drift-wood for a small fire. He produced flint and tinder, and with steady diligence struck a spark in the latter before long, and blew it to a flame. The trout were quickly cooked, on cut spits held above the blaze. The couple were becoming faint, and, after a blessing invoked, the savory food was eagerly devoured, just meeting the sharpness of their need. They were further refreshed by drinking water from their hands.

"Now for your allowance of meal, my chosen trencher-mate. For myself, I'd not pay a Dutch groot for it, after so rich a repast." So spoke a young man who could have taken with good relish, if alone, a quantity of the moistened raw meal, as the Indians often did on a journey.

"Nor I," was the rejoinder. "I've changed my fare today, as who should act in bridely fashion. I'd make no bake-meats howso toothsome, though there be here smooth bakestones to set thereunder." With the saving habit which had become intensified by dire necessity, they kept all the corn meal for later use, when they might have nothing else on the return trip. But the bride unslung from her shoulders the pouch of rations, and brought out of it a pewter cup. On removing the cloth tied over it, Mistress Winslow's gift came to view, some grape jelly preserved with honey.

"No marvel Massasoit recovered strength," John observed as the pair slowly enjoyed the delicacy, "if Dame Winslow sent him any such compost as this. It's worth a gilder, and better than quaghting some hot tickle-brain sought by every malt-mad prate-apace."

"Better too, than chanking checkerberry leaves to appease an empty stomach," added Elizabeth.

With one accord they arose, washed their hands speedily, and the knives with which they had eaten, then took to the path again before the sun overhead had lowered perceptibly. Schooled among fellow-sufferers to refrain from complaining, Elizabeth, not-

withstanding her small frights, knew but remarked not upon the fact, that this would be no place for women after nightfall."

"My man," she asked, as she followed on the narrow trail, "hast found me a languid lass this morn? Must I at far-day kiss the hare's foot, for my lagging?"

"Verily thou hast too often trodden a circle at home, for time-bewasted tardiness on a straight line without," was the heartily appreciated reply.

They trudged on without speaking except once when John commended her silence in such absorbing scenes, saying he had married "no clapper-tongue." The solitude encouraged quietness, as with the native people. By and by, a short way from the path a steep, bare ledge appeared, full of loose stones. As it surmounted the forest, John said he would go up and get a view if possible, toward their destination, the Indian village of Namasket; for it was only a few miles away now, and the sun was steadily declining from its height. He started with a rush. Equally interested, she followed, but more slowly. All at once, when half-way up, he gave a backward jump, whirled, and came tearing down, pulling her along with him, with no explanations till they reached the trail in safety.

"Avaunt there, ye spiteful!" he exclaimed, breathing hard, with face now livid which a moment before was pallid, and shaking his fist toward the ledge.

Even as he spoke, Elizabeth heard a thrilling sound, a loud rattle not very unlike a locust's noise. It was renewed vigorously; and now she saw, against the

gray rocks near the top of the ledge, two heads, each as huge as a man's fist, with eyes flashing hateful fire, and red tongues emitting harsh hisses amid rapid vibration.

"Rattlesnakes!" she said with a forced firmness, while she eyed the serpentine terror of North America, whose fatal bite is swiftly effective. Then she reeled against Howland, and gasped in a sickened tone, "Oh, had you trodden upon one——"

As the thought of her recent great danger smote him, it was his turn to cry out: "Where was my forewit, that I straight forgot and allowed you unbooted, and with fenceless hands, to assay such a stony slope? That is precisely the sort of habitation these lurking reptiles elect, in holes among sun-heated rocks. And their sting is dead-doing. I crave thy pardon, Elizabeth," he said, as they hastily departed from the spot. Once away, he exclaimed in a heat of self-accusation, "I could beshake me! What manner of guardiance and conduction have I offered you?"

"'Put not your trust in . . . the son of man,'" spoke the young woman mildly, with loving reproach in her eyes. "'Wherein is no help,'" he humbly added, completing the quotation.

Then as if cognizant of the unborn phrase, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry," he halted abruptly, saying, "Let us go back."

"Wherefore, love? 'Tis a place happily rid of," she observed with astonishment.

"In truth we are to pass homeward there," he answered. "We cannot rid us of the place; but we

might be rid of at least one of that unseemly couple, incaverned too near to travelling folk."

"As you like," she said, and returned with him.

He prepared his piece while slowly traversing the few intervening rods. Arrived opposite the ledge, no sign of the snakes appeared. Howland took a good-sized stone which had rolled down with his retreat, and sent it crashing toward the serpents' den. Again the rattles resounded angrily, both raised heads appeared, paused, and one enormous coil slowly emerged, then stopped.

"They show not such fierce fire as sundry of their less dangerous relation," he said in a low voice. Perceiving his good chance, he immediately sighted, made sure of his aim at close range, and shot at the nearer head.

Instantly following the report of the musket the reptile leaped into the air, looking like a hoop, while it loudly clapped both ends together, head and tail; and then fell limp and lifeless. Its mate vanished.

Howland, gratified, smiled. So did his wife, in admiration at his success.

They went on again in earnest, for shadows were lengthening somewhat.

"John!" spoke out Elizabeth after a while.

"Well, mine own?"

"Wherefore are evil beasts, which men must outbrave?"

"Wherefore?" said he. "Do you find them where evil men, or childish men, are not in prevalency? When the peoples learn of God better, they have better

knowledge of themselves, and of what they can do. They cultivate the earth; and as its savage aspect softens, the enemies of humanity perish or are crowded back. Again, they become impious, selfish, and idle, and their arts accordingly languish, while they thus weaken their souls. Is it not on record that the Lord sent his stern-eyed lions to the disobedient, to displant their land of all who made merry of his holy and healthful laws?"

Elizabeth then put another question:

"But not all salvages, howsoever hateful their hearts and horrific their fell-feats, are as lowly in condition as these, so weak and scattered, in a wilderness of verdurous vastity boundless and awesome. Why are our Indians such unarted green-men, when over a hundred years agone the Mexicans excited the greed of Cortes by their magnifical estate? When, butcherous and none-sparing, he slew those whose island neighbors Columbus had supposed to be natives of India, he found wealth and pompal grandeur enough indeed to rival the Orient. And, with all the heartless barbarity of the South American heathen, we wonder at their rock-hewn tunnels in the mountains, their far-stretching aqueducts, the noble architecture of their towering stone temples and forts. How could they, who knew no derricks, hoist in place those blocks of several tons apiece, and set the same with such nicety of precision that one cannot insert a knife-blade between the edges, in the surface of the walls?

"Why, 'tis passing strange, how within the life of some of us Toledo the Spaniard found a temple of the

sun over eight hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty feet high, whence he took gold and silver treasure in value near to a million pounds of our money. Amid rainbowed plashing fountains, you might walk in their gardens and see among their cultivated flowers the likeness of others delicately wrought in precious metals; or you could go a long journey any whither upon paved roads, and over suspension bridges across dizzy chasms. They wove and spun the llamas' wool; and their recited dramas and love songs were the admiration of their white conquerors.

"But here are we," she went on, "dwelling nigh to a people who are unacquaint with aught of arts save the rudest, for the most part; they are not towned, and their well-nigh unneighbored groups of habitations are as crude as the demand for fitter ones is necessitous, it would seem, in a clime differing much from the benignant face of nature amongst those better housed Aymaras and Quichuas, Toltecs and Aztecs or whatsoever, by cloud-compelling mountains of the far south or on the nearer heights of Mexico."

"But mark you well, by the way, my good young woman," responded Howland, "that at this hour I am better content to be drawing near to red friends whom you term green-men from their mental childage, than to come upon any of their race who might make us astonied at their deft operations yet would be pleased to give us speedily a necking-stroke and tear our hearts out in sacrifice to their sun god, whose adorement was in benighted fanaticalness.—However,

that's unsquared to your question. Since you inquired into the causes of so great distance, in manners as in countries, betwixt the inhabiters of one continent and another, I make answer that the countries have much to do therewith. You spoke of those farther lofty mountains, my Elizabeth. Such were their colossal standing militia, massed against invasion, pledging them quietness and consequently the opportunity to attain unto a high development, from time dateless.

" Here it is not so. We are in an open, broad land, where those who desire to travel may with the more ease pass what way they will, whether few or many, without let or hindrance from immense mountain ranges or waters deep and wide. Their marauding expeditions have been their bane, with our fortuneless poor Indians, who before our coming were not thus quiet as now. They have lived in the dread one of another, by reason of so facile approach; hence were ready to shift hither and yon, with planted fields of but slight extent, and all their thoughts upon the hunt, or blood-bespotted warcraft. The wider the lands, the less of an empery each ruler holdeth. So being war-wearied, unstable, and broken into petty principalities, their energies of head and hand went sorely amiss. Thus unresting, how could they rise? Also this northmost of proper countries is not so tempting to the unskilled tiller as are portions of the earth otherwhere, which abound in tropical richness, and yield largely without toil; so that a generous soil, and genial skies in those parts, allow the more leisure to engage in various arts and occupations. These our natives,

roaming or tarrying, occupy not one quarter of their whole territory, the more part of which is known as outlands. It is a wasteness of greenwood and herby, summer-swelling wildings, whereagainst the winterly season soon arises with overglooming austereness."

Howland brought his comparison of aborigines north and south to an abrupt end, staying his feet with his tongue as he exclaimed softly, " Speaking of wild plantage, beasts and people, look."

This wedding day had been so checkered with things sweet, severe, and dubious, that the bride glanced first at her husband's face to note his mood, but found him smiling; then sought the cause of his new interest. At a little distance and unconscious of intrusion, stood a lad about twelve, motionless as a bronze statue and wearing nothing but a child's quiver of deerhide suspended from his shoulder by a strap. In his right hand, but not raised, was a fowler's bow and arrow. Suddenly with his left hand he made a warning gesture, to another smaller boy who was seen crouching in fear behind a rock. The children were intently watching something considerably aside from the path, in a hollow. At first Elizabeth did not see it, till John directed her to the trunk of a tree fallen over into a very small pond, one of the many sapphirine gems of the Plymouth woodland, which youngest swimmers could easily cross and would enjoy frequenting.

Prostrate upon the log, lay a dark, shaggy object, apparently asleep. They recognized it as an undersized black bear. The boys, wandering out from Na-

masket village in quest of rabbits or birds, had obtained their first view of larger game, and were oblivious of everything else in the vicinity. So was the bear. The bridal pair, gazing more carefully, observed that one oily-scented forepaw was dipped and unmoved, in the deeper water where the tree went under. All at once, quick as a flash he whipped it out, with a silvery shining fish in his long claws. The beast held the dainty, trembling morsel close to the wood, then with a jerk of his head he caught it in his jaws and dispatched it with good relish; whereupon he resumed his still hunt. The northwest breeze was away from him and so did not betray the human scent. But the boys were much nearer him, not far from the path ahead.

The timorous younger brother turned to see if the ground was free from obstructions in case retreat should be advisable. Perceiving John Howland, well known at Namasket, and his strange lady companion, he got the other's attention by a hiss. Both stared an instant, voiceless, then at top speed went bounding out of sight. The animal down at the pond raised his head at the sound of their rushing through the brush, and in his survey discovered the white couple standing. He gave one surprised ejaculation of ursine speech, "Whoof!" scrambled off the log, and shuffled into the thicket. He resided too near the settlements to put much confidence in man.

"Now, my lady, thou hast thy forerunners," said John, thoroughly amused at the double disappearance of boys and brute.

" My lord, thy heralds have sped," she replied.

" It is well," he remarked. " I had thought to come unannounced, but day is drawing toward its dusking with us farther out from Namasket than would have been except for our several delays."

" And by reason of having a woman drumbling and snailing along, foreslowing on the path," she interposed, " but one who is neither in practice nor her wonted strength."

" Speak not so, my dearest," he protested. " You made good speed, for one as you say unused to journeying, and without that degree of vigor which we all hope to regain if patient now. To tarry a bit, twice or thrice, was better for thee, my spouse," he added, reverting tenderly to the older forms of their personal pronouns. " Amorrow thou wilt doubtless be foot-weary, but after a day of resting, our back-return should be less tedious. Though I've no metewand, I do not misaccount that we are now well within two miles of our stopping place, and should soon discern it, ere owlish even-while, as we come out at the clearing."

" Were we within twenty miles of it, how could I find the road tedious with my husband at my side? " she spoke out joyously.

On this interchange of opinions in their now unpausing advance, each threw an arm about the other, John accommodating his stride to her own good step, for a little way; and one might have seen some reciprocity of osculation, but for pendant boughs concealing.

Soon the trail became wider, with occasionally what looked like a dog-path running aside here and there, the resorts of the squaw collectors of fuel and poles, and the starting-points of hunters toward their labyrinths marked by nature alone. Then it became lighter ahead through the trees, until the pair emerged into a cleared space. There, sloping down before them, lay the serene vale of Namasket loved by its villagers, who removed not thence as many of their kind were wont to wander. There was fat Muttock, greenest, richest spot in the dale, with its own little pond, on the brook that meanders from the long lake of the white cliffs to the river of rapids.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the bride.

"Fit for a wedding trip," said the bridegroom, pleased at her fine appreciation.

Dotted quite thickly along the brook were the Indian wigwams, not like the pointed tepees of Western tribes, but rounded over, like old weatherbeaten haystacks huddled together.

"But look at the people, John," said Elizabeth. "They all come. And who is yonder tall man of true formosity nearing us?"

"That is the head man himself, walking out to greet us before the rest. We must make our manners to him, and speak him fair. He must have started ere we came in sight, after the boys told him the news. Note the attire, befitting his chiefty, which he has donned to win our better respect."

Before his wife could answer, Howland advanced

to the rapidly approaching chief, and on meeting him took his extended hand.

"Welcome, Howland!" said the lord of Namasket. Then in his own vernacular, now partially understood by the whites who had travelled about with native guides, he inquired respectfully if the visitor had brought his squaw.

John assented, and turning to Elizabeth, gave the chief's sonorous name, and spoke her own as Mistress Howland. She dropped her best curtsey to the dignitary, who smiled benignantly, with a gesture of welcome.

Elizabeth could not help thinking he would have made a good study for a Dutch painter, standing there straight as an arrow, with a face indicating good mentality, albeit with no other tutor than nature. His expression of welcoming favor gave place directly to a settled look of sober repose, the habitually serious, impassive mien of his kind. But across the high cheekbones and prominent Roman nose his coppery complexion was brightened by a stripe of the favorite red pigment made of earth and pine bark, and a second bar of chalky white beneath the dark, penetrating eyes, giving a vivid effect by contrast.

Quite striking was his attire. His feet and shapely legs were encased in moccasins and deerskin breeches, worn inside out, well tanned and oiled. Though the native neighbors of Plymouth adopted a little later the use of strings of wampum, this aboriginal gentleman had ornamented his bare waist with a girdle of those curiously worked, perforated pieces of clam

shell, the white blended with the shading blue and black. Over his full chest depended a necklace of varicolored English beads taken in trade. A handsome pelt of the black wolf, rare and much prized, swung from his left shoulder, forming a half-cape which was shifted around in the direction of cold opposing wind, rain, or snow, and which by its scantiness allowed the arms more freedom of action. Over the long, black tresses rose a few turkey feathers set in a wide fillet, a sort of uncovered cap of soft hide, glistening with more of the dexterous bead-work wrought by the women and old men on winter days in the skin-tented camp, as they sat between the warm inner mattings and their fires.

At a respectful distance behind her lord, the chief's squaw drew near with their family. She and her daughter of about sixteen wore half-kirtles of oiled deerskins, extending from their waists to the knees, and highly decorated with designs in beads and various dyes. The mother had an ample cape of joined beaver pelts, partially shielding her prominent breasts, between which a shining profusion of white shell chains terminated. The girl had only her skirt and a necklace, and her forehead was overhung with hair in token of maidenhood. Their feet were protected by moccasins, which for ease and comfort have never been excelled. A boy of ten in a loin-skin displayed a shapely child's form, and led a toddling brother minus habiliments. They had all been permitted to come with the head of the family, as the white couple were evidently on a social visit. Howland, according

to travelling custom, told the chief how long they would like to tarry, relying upon the unfailing Indian hospitality.

Meanwhile, a considerable collection of villagers had come up, and stood deferentially apart, but gazing with much interest. After the opening interchange of words was concluded, the head man turned and spoke some hurried words to a group of women, who scurried away to execute his commands. He then escorted the couple, the crowd falling just behind, to his own lodge. As the sun left the vale, they seated themselves on a bit of greensward, sloping from the dusty, trodden plat outside the wigwam.

A broken, brief conversation, much aided by sign language, ensued between the two men, red and white, while Elizabeth patiently and trustfully waited, glad to be out of the wild, and amid friendly humanity of any description. The host took up a pipe of tobacco that he had lately been using, and offered to light another from it for John. The latter, confident he would not offend, declined, by placing his hand over his stomach and intimating nausea would result because of his habitual disuse of that nicotine nuisance. "Ugh," the savage grunted with a grin, "one, two white squaws here." Elizabeth laughed heartily, to help the general good humor, but secretly admired her husband's gentle refusal of the worthless weed.

While the other two resumed conversation, and those standing about began to withdraw, her attention was diverted by a clamor of many female voices, and a hurrying of feet. On they came, some dragging long

supple poles, and others bearing the covering, for a wigwam. Now she understood what the chief had commanded, after they had all come out to meet them. They were to be honored with a neat, new lodge.

The work progressed to its completion in short order, and the Europeans marvelled at the swiftness and strength of the toilers. To be sure, the thicker shelter of winter was not needed, and this light booth could the sooner be made ready. First, they loosened the hard earth with stone axes, where they wished to fix the poles. These were so long and flexible that both ends were inserted in the ground, forming a number of arches which crossed one another at the top. All that remained to do was to overcast the whole with birch bark and leafy boughs placed upon a few skins. Howland and his wife both expressed their pleasure at this summer arbor erected for their comfort and rest, and went at once to inspect it. As they drew aside the door flap to enter, a woman came with a load of hides and furs upon her back, and another carrying mats of woven rushes, which they threw down without a word, and went out. This was ample for a mattress and covering.

The hut had an erect central pole, cut green, at the foot of which a stone slab was laid, leaning upright against it. A third woman came to the door, but as the guests had taken possession, she gave a guttural call and waited till Elizabeth let her in. She was bent under a pile of dry faggots, tinder punk included, and uttered a sigh of relief as she dumped it down in the middle of the closely curtained wigwam. The large

smoke hole at the top let in the lingering light, until the fire was kindled. This was soon done, for another loud grunt sounded outside, and servitor number four appeared, carrying flame to spare the occupants the trouble of igniting and spreading a spark. At once the wood was blazing cheerily, insomuch that John replenished it slowly, or they would have been uncomfortably warm in the April evening. A gentle breeze blowing sucked the smoke out in a fair draught. Against one side of this booth, where it was too low for a person to stand, Elizabeth knelt and busied herself in arranging the most novel couch she had ever handled.

Now came a group of women and made known their presence at the door of hide. One of them presented some boiled sweet acorns, another gave some sliced and dried bear's beat, and still another held up several perch caught that day, tied together at their tails by a slender rootlet. The bearers said these gifts were from the chief; and Howland, with such words of appreciation as he knew, placed his hand upon his heart in sign of gratitude for all this sum of hospitality, the women comprehending well that the gesture was not for them, but to be repeated by them to the host.

The perch were found to be dressed, and were soon cooked at the end of sticks held to the fire. Its light illuminated the darkness that had come. John took his sheath-knife and cut up the dried meat. One taste of the boiled acorns sufficed for Elizabeth, who was pleased that her partner could dispose of this present.

Having finally satisfied their good appetites with the delicious fish and accompanying pinches of corn meal, they sat for some time at the ruddy glow, till drowsiness came the sooner because of their tramp. Both were thoughtful and mostly silent; while the Indians in thirty wigwams sang themselves to sleep. The events of the day were touched on, while they took comfort in the hospitality which these people had given to the extent of their ability. Mr. and Mrs. Howland determined to show them the utmost cordiality in their manner on the morrow.

They let the fire burn low, only now and then making it flare up with a small stick, rather for its pleasant light than for the heat.

"This is America," observed the girl of sixteen, after a pause of thoughtfulness in keeping with her womanly maturity of mind and bodily stature.

"Rather say, this is Old America, Elizabeth," he replied. "Young America, New England if you please, is yonder, in huts somewhat better than these. But when Young America is older, let us pray that these simple children of nature may be rid of their rudeness, and we all dwell together as the followers of Christ."

"God grant it," she said fervently, thinking also of the poor female toilers for their lazy lords.

In the ensuing hush, from the direction of Plymouth to which John had just referred, and over the path they had taken, came a prolonged howl very familiar by this time to the settlers. Now it rose, again it subsided, as the wind and distance changed.

The dismal chorus reached its climax at the edge of the clearing; and there stayed, awed by the sight of the many wigwams. Occasionally an angry yelp or two would start the rest of the wolves in louder unison of doleful baying, but they dared come no nearer; and knowledge of that fact caused no uneasiness to all human hearers, even without fires. In winter they would have double need of them, to avoid freezing, and because the brutes were bolder and more hungry.

"The pack collected and started on our scent at onfall of darkness—the cowards!" said John coolly.

His wife remarked dryly: "Had I not learned much during little time in this country, I might hint that my preference for a night abode would be within the compass of close-put, solid trunks of trees, rather than their branches if never so thickly pleached. And I would ill stomach this music now if our wigwam were not in the midst of others, next to the chief's own. Doubtless he would have laughed, had he known my secret wish to be placed at the village border: I am otherwise minded now—What was that?—Oh, 'twas only a moping owl whooting in the burry copse hard by, to deny that all our charming serenaders are keeping at a distance. This is in worse liking than e'en a London bellman on his rounds, crying lustily of nights, 'Lanthorn and candle-lights!'"

Floating on the wind, another sound grew steadily, unattended, terrible. Nothing in the wilderness could equal that weird screech, for power and horror. Man and woman paled, with lips compressed. With a sickening sensation at heart, she sank back in his

arms. He sat erect, on the mat they occupied, and held her more tightly.

Then she spoke. "I have seen one panther, and given him and myself to thee. Another so near as that, I believe the Lord will not ask me again to view."

In deep tones of manliness her husband made answer: "That one was enough, and, as the case proved, happily allowed. But now, though the same specimen that met thee, if alive, would be more shy of beaten paths by day, and wary of our fire-weapons, I'll not take thee without more company where this one is screaming, albeit for myself I'd go alone, as do other men. For thee I'll ask attendance, till we be returned to where our chimneyed hamlet is seated."

Again he said, as he shook his fist at all the ferocity beyond the plantings: "Get you gone! Bear back to yonder farness, and behowl the orby moon. Cruel cowards, whether brute or human, how ye all love darkness!"

In a few moments the various nocturnal voices swept on, some growing faint and distant, other wanderers taking their place. The village was quiet, the cries of frightened children decreasing till all was still. Even the little lodge seemed to have a singular silence now; and turning, John saw the partner of his life stretched along the mats fast asleep. She had just reclined, and unawares given way to her weariness at once.

He placed sufficient covering over her clothing, and watched her a while, in the flickering light. With its

last glimmer he stooped and impressed a kiss on the unconscious forehead.

"Mine own treasure!" he softly murmured. "God rest thee in measureless peace. My last day with thee shall see no languishing of the love that fills me on this the first."

Offering a prayer for her, himself, and the poor people near by, he sought the sure recreation of an honest man's repose.

They spent next day among the Indians, before returning on the third day of absence from Plymouth. Though of course all the colonists had their personal liberty, there was great need of men to work the plantation, as they themselves keenly realized; and Master Howland would not presume to embarrass the situation even by a wedding excursion of undue length.

To Plymouth's dusky neighbors he did not betray the fact that he was just married, and made the true statement that his wife had seen an excess of care and needed an entire, even if brief, relaxation and change. The leisurely walk of about fifteen miles, in the spring air, she was able to take with enjoyment, the buoyancy of youth still responding in spite of the fact that all at Plymouth were affected by the shortage of provisions. Elasticity of gait had indeed temporarily slackened to a less active locomotion, but steady and patient.

Elizabeth anticipated eagerly the day at Namasket, and after a breakfast provided according to customary hospitality, John was pleased to accept an invitation to accompany a hunting party. He left her in the com-

pany of the women, who were delighted to have a white visitor and observer of their daily work. Though she would have liked to know what they might say about her, she felt no fear among them; for these people's friendship had been thoroughly tested, and they were in awe, too, of the adjoining Colony.

Her almost complete ignorance of sign language caused great merriment at times, and none joined in the hilarity more heartily than she. But for the most part she was content to show her interest by watching what they did, smiling her approval at their skill. The chief's wife took her in charge, and showed her samples of their winter industry, in beautiful wearing apparel and rare basket-work, with such products of wild hemp and flax as fish lines, and nets for weirs. This leading lady had taken pains to daub her face, arms, and part of the bust with stripes and circles of yellow, blue, and green, having removed the sealskin for better effect. Cosmetics were even then in vogue.

A few aged men, with observant boy apprentices, exhibited their polished arrow heads and other work of stone or bone. A venerable woman also placed in her hands a small basket made of sweet grass, with contrasted colors, and signified she wished her to keep it. Elizabeth at first declined to take it, pointing to Plymouth, then at herself, and holding her hands out empty while she shook her head, to intimate she could give them nothing in return; but as the squaw pressed the fragrant woven work upon her, she accepted it, patting the wrinkled cheek of the giver, which made the sharp old eyes sparkle.

Before the sun had ascended high, its rays were so ardent in the unshaded village, that Elizabeth was going to leave her cape and the basket in her lodge, knowing that any thieving child or older person would be liable to detection and severe penalty, if so basely minded. But remembering that any old offender was likely to have his nose slit after she left the neighborhood, she took her unrequired clothing on her arm, to lay on the ground where she might stop. The village centre in the bright sunlight and at close quarters began to seem less romantic than at a distance, or toward evening when any shelter would be welcome. Bones of animals more or less recently killed lay about, left from cooking, and being but partially dried their scent was not exactly agreeable. Gaunt dogs shambled and shuffled about, snuffing at bits of near carrion. They were unattractive, quarrelsome scavengers of this permanent camp, rather too permanent perhaps, for the best hygiene. It seemed to the girl from England that the canine inhabitants were either snarling one at another or fighting vermin on themselves; and she did not wonder that, what with sand-fleas and all, even the more stationary Indians had to change their ground somewhat, from time to time, or burn the longer-used huts to destroy the infesting insect pests. And despite the hideous clamor from the woods the night before, their sylvan depths began to look inviting again. Glancing that way, she beheld a lively scene.

The spring planting had commenced. Needless to say, all the farmers were females. Even the boys were free from the supposed humiliation of labor, and wan-

dered idly at will, early imbibing the savage dislike of settled occupations. Elizabeth was glad of a pretext to escape from the proximity of scolding grandmothers and obstreperous infants. Pointing to the fields, she strolled thither, from the somewhat unsavory plat of the huts, while a bunch of naked urchins ran alongside.

The toilers were making good use of the day, busily dropping corn and beans, and seeds of pumpkins and askutasquash, more briefly called squash by the English. Pity possessed the white bride's breast, for she was unaccustomed to see such work wholly left by the men. But Pilgrim women took their own share in the fields outside of Plymouth's palisade; and before she reached her bronzed sisters, she made up her mind to lend a hand here.

As she came near she saw certain ones fishing the corn, as the Indians had also taught the colonists to do, placing a putrefying fish in every hill, whose decomposing body acted as a fertilizer. The hill was heaped by aid of a sharpened piece of granite bound to a stick, taking the place equally of a hoe and, for small trees, an ax.

It was not far from noon, and Elizabeth was enjoying the planting, though there was no lagging on those long rows. The quick workers were pleased that their guest, for whom they had done what they could, was disposed to assist them; and their respect for her increased. But what seemed strange to the daughter of Europe was, that they kept up their pace without pausing to eat. A few young mothers, who carried

papooses on their backs, sat down and nursed them when the demand waxed louder. But nobody seemed to have any idea of a nooning, in this queer farming; and poor Mistress Howland was devoutly thankful that they all had breakfasted heartily. She had noticed before, that when an Indian ate, he both made up for lost time and made sure of the immediate future. But now, hungry as she was, almost to faintness, her Pilgrim grit asserted itself; and she kept at it the more steadily as the hours wore on, because she had herself passed through sufficient and compulsory training in this respect. After a time, her faintness ceased, and she seemed to become hardened to her abstemious task; while a cool breeze brought its refreshment, fanning and drying her fair forehead, shaking out the loosened locks there, and swinging the long, maidenly braids which she was keeping a few days more, the better conforming to the hair-dressing of the native women in this primitive environment.

By the middle of the afternoon quite an area was seeded down, when a clamor of masculine voices in the distance arrested the shrill garrulity of some of the squaws whom even toil could not still. The hunters were returning. There was a stampede to meet them, for their coming meant immediate business of yet more insistent sort. As they emerged beside the brook, from the direction of Lake Assowompsett, the men were seen to be carrying among them a stag, doe, and fawn hanging from poles laid across their shoulders. Some also had partridges and other fowl, and

one held a thong with large trout of lustrous mottled skin.

The paleface was easily distinguished in his foreign costume, and his wife, equally outlandish of attire in the view of Namasket, rejoiced to behold and meet him. Disregarding the towering braves, she came directly to him, unlike the shrinking native menials of her sex, who not only had to prepare dinner for their marital masters, but were obliged also to wait until the latter had devoured all they wanted of it.

Together the Howlands sat again with the chief, and watched first the dressing of venison and other products of the chase, then the process of the barbecue at several big blazes. Hearing a steady, pounding sound back of them, they turned and saw a woman squatting before a stump which was hollowed into a basin at the top. She was grinding corn into coarse meal to boil, making nasamp, the colonial samp. The pestle for this rustic mortar was a stone tied about by a sinew, and suspended from the bending end of a slender sapling. The woman kept pulling the rock down, and the young tree pulled it back, aiding her considerably; in fact she had little more to do than to guide it, after momentum was acquired. When the meal was made, she poured water over it from an oiled skin bag, and brought hot rocks which set the water bubbling in the gouged stump. This method was known as stone-boiling. Later the white guests found the samp thoroughly cooked, and quite appetizing in a dish of clean birch bark.

Most of the meat was roasted on spits or suspended

from poles, but some of it was boiled in great stones and blocks hollowed out; and still other pieces were baked, wrapped neatly first in young swamp reeds as the forest leaves were not yet grown large. Protected thus against the dirt, the flesh was put in a hole amid well heated stones, covered with earth, and a fire built over it. What they could not consume while fresh, would be sliced with knives and hung to dry, with abundant herring, on the lodges' central poles, where it had a good smoking also, out of reach of the flame and safe from the dogs.

While these preparations were in progress, Howland related to a group of old men the incidents of the chase, mainly by the expressive gesture language, in which he was becoming more proficient. His wife was as much interested in his mute interpretation of the actions of men and animals, as in the hunting affair of itself.

As he described it, and explained to her in remarks aside, when the party had reached the woods skirting the Lake, they were gladly welcomed by one of their fellow-villagers, for he had stayed alone in a bark shelter during half a moon, with his hatchet and a basket of corn, making an oaken canoe which now was finished, but needed a number of men to launch it. This log vessel was as ponderous and clumsy as a birch canoe was light and instantly responsive to the paddle. The man had slowly burned holes in the tree which he had charred and chopped down when nearly dead and dry from former ring-barking. He had then persistently scraped and gouged the trunk

until its long hollow could accommodate ten men sitting on the bottom of it according to their custom.

Howland was the nineteenth man here, and helped push the bulky thing down into the water near by. Ten of them stepped into it as it floated, and grunted their favorable opinion of it, but as the maker alone had a paddle, they shoved it ashore for the present; yet not until a keen-eyed youth had espied a handsome trout leaping and chasing gnats around a point, hushed his fellows into silence, and transfixed it with an arrow when it came near enough to the motionless canoe. It floated with the light bone-tipped dart, and the young man waded to it and picked it up.

Besides this substantial but rather unwieldy dugout, Howland noticed that the primitive manufacturer had just put together the frame of a light river canoe for six. The top of this frame was in shape a long, narrowed oval of flexible poles, composing the gunwales; and, except where joined at each end, they were held apart by stout, semicircular withes fixed transversely, which would also support the sides of bark to be added. Along these upright half-circles lay a flooring of spruce splints. All the parts were tied together with rootlets and sinews, and strong thongs of hide or twisted cords of hemp, the knots being daubed with pitch, that plentiful preventer of leaks in the overlapping pieces of the final covering.

The party proceeded along the lakeside, scanning all the shores for game. Nearly two miles south, over the blue expanse of water, they made out three animals, two grown deer and a young one, about to swim

over the strait between Assowompsett's bold promontory now occupied by two of Massasoit's descendants, and the short tongue of land opposite. It was a convenient place for creatures to cross, and the Indians, knowing the fact, had built one of their driving pens within the adjoining woods on the east side. The strip of beach, narrow at this time of the year, barely admitted their single file, and made their approach to the game less liable to discovery, especially as they were partly screened by the overhanging forest fringe which they had to brush aside now and then.

Arrived at the little tongue of land, they perceived that the deer had traversed it as they slowly foraged, seeking for the choice of the tender vegetation. The tracks then struck directly inland, pointing northward of the pen. The most of the hunters therefore bore to the left, their whole line spreading itself at hearing distance respectively. Noiselessly the human cordon closed, drawing toward the converging brush fences. The fewer men tarrying on the right had not long to wait, before one and then another, from the left, moved around nearer them, in the rear. Great caution was needed, not to startle the animals too much, lest they should break away in swift, headlong flight. Surprised they were, at an uncertain sound from some invisible being somewhere about; but the wind, gently rustling from the east, gave no clue. The antlered one in vain snuffed the air, and scanned the bushes with his splendid head held erect. About to resume his picking, again he heard a heavy thud, and still again, as the hunter who found them struck a large

stone against a trunk several times, and subsided. It was enough. The stag became uneasy at the unwonted noise, and led his family away from it at a smart walk, in the direction of the thick abattoir.

The other men had warily crept nearer together, and all now heard the deer in motion. Instead of shooting at the animals on the spot, they had resorted to this gradual chase in the obscuring forest because there were three beasts instead of one, and though they would have been less likely to fail of killing outright so few than if there had been a drove of them, the pen was near and the game secure if once within. Everybody carried bows and arrows, for Howland had magnanimously refused to put himself at an advantage over the rest with his gun, and had left it carefully secreted at the chief's lodge. The innocent hind began to hear several sounds at short spaces back and about them, and did not relish what they could not understand. They broke into a trot, expecting to leave that place. The stealthy pursuers followed, with all possible silence, hoping the game would slacken gait until the enclosure should appear. Their remarkable sense of location supplemented the lack of landmarks in the monotonous wilderness of trees, though here and there a few fresh cuts on the timber guided them somewhat, if not as plainly as on a regular trail.

The recurring quiet, as the moccasined feet kept their distance, gradually calmed the animals, and their trot abated. Presently the dark, dead brush of the abattoir showed itself in front. Though not noticing

the trap, they were working toward its end on the right. For an anxious moment the outmost man of the line watched their progress. When there seemed a chance that they might escape, he advanced alongside till slightly ahead of them, but kept out of sight and commenced a low but ugly wolfish growling. Instantly the hunted group deflected their course, and with easy leaps of indescribable grace bounded directly toward the enclosure. Then they stood still, and listened, for lupine sounds were too common to fly from unless renewed and in chorus. Nevertheless they set off again at a jaunty pace straight away from the place of disturbance. That had promptly ceased and the human wolf had sped at his best, but crouching and avoiding dry sticks, striving to arrive first at the point of the wedge-shaped fence-work. This was so constructed as to allow one beast at a time to pass out through the point. Breathless, the Indian reached it, and stood guard. The chief also, with one companion, followed on the other side; and the three took their station together at the narrow aperture.

Meanwhile the whole band emerged from cover and rapidly came up behind, till they all had passed within the ends of the abattoir. Thoroughly alarmed at their appearance, the deer whirled about from the trap they had just discerned; but they stood only a second, realizing the hopelessness of rushing the line. The Indians raised their bows menacingly, and shouted. In bewildered terror the unhappy denizens of the groves plunged forward, the hunters hastening to close up; and after dashing madly here and there they saw

the opening and bolted for it. There they crowded, panting and bellowing, trying to go through. One by one they struggled out only to drop, pierced through and through with the quivering darts. With an exulting whoop, the red men rested a moment, laughing and puffing; then they slung their booty on poles, hanging by the thong-bound fetlocks, and started homeward.

Howland did not enjoy this incident, the slaughtering of these mild-eyed, inoffensive creatures of beauty, a whole family of the forest; and he was glad that the usually taciturn natives, satisfied with their success, were more talkative now, lest his apathy should be discerned. Soon, however, they all relapsed into the customary silence of the woodlands, with eyes and ears alert; and thus were able to steal upon some feathered game, and bring it down. For of such as this was their sustenance, in large part.

As they were nearing the outlet of Namasket's brook, John heard a quick snarl, hoarse and harsh, which was no imitation this time. Everyone ran forward and found their head man had led them to a baited deer trap, a snare such as had nearly tripped up William Bradford when the whites were exploring the Cape. There was no deer in this snare; but a wolf which came to steal venison, as his sort often tried to do, had sprung a second trap which precipitated a weight of stone intended for his head. It had instead pinned him down by the haunches, evidently the night before, and would have caused his death soon. At sight of his human foes he roused himself,

his eyes glowing phosphorescent green, his jaws frothing and snapping, his mane bristling, and body trembling with pain and rage. They soon put him out of his misery. Such voracious robbers had to be looked out for; and when that evening Elizabeth inquired why there was a bonfire at each end of the planting, John told her it was for the watchers, set to keep the wolves away from the fish in the hills of corn, during a fortnight while the flesh decayed.

One day away from Plymouth gave this couple a beneficial change, and one day amidst unrelieved savagery was sufficient for the present. But in spite of the repellent features observed, they felt compassion for them, and the wish that they might come to the knowledge of better things. The Indians, naturally fond of news and always pleased to have travellers relieve their rather monotonous life, showed their best deportment toward these representatives of a people that had been profitable and honest in trade with them, and had already promoted inter-tribal peace and encouraged social purity, though in the last respect they were more exemplary than many other heathen nations.

The Howlands were gratified to observe the affection of parents for their children. In fact, the parents petted their little ones overmuch, with result that the latter were saucy and unobliging. But punishments were immoderate, for young or old. Male children were greatly desired, to increase the fighting ability of the tribe. All females were ignored as such inferior creatures, that the men's manners were the same

as if they lived by themselves alone. Nevertheless women were always in demand as valuable plantation hands and substitutes for beasts of burden.

"Why," said John in their lodge that evening, "these wives are better stead than is my spouse; for if a husband be intolerably harsh and churlish, his consort but needs to fly to another tribe and state her case, and she will be welcome there to live—for she brings an extra pair of hands, and her back may bear an hundredweight of lobsters or corn, some miles."

"Now what pity that I might have no such prospect of escape, if 'twas found I could not swing for you a three-man beetle!" replied Elizabeth with assumed concern.

"It cannot be gainsaid," continued John, "that these are a shrewd folk in their seeking of profit, whether by the hand of squaw or trader. They will wrangle and strive to gain a petty point, with the foxship of a Jew. When barter is the word, who is more prompt and impatient of delay than your native red man? His wit is ever keen and quick. He will go far, and be forthcoming in good hour, if so be he may get but a small advantage, with the traffickers. At the first we found them exceeding wary, ever suspecting ill dealing. And as for reckoning, you must yourself be speedy to follow, when they take to their counting by grains."

"Did you note, John," his wife asked, "how at this evenlight a small lass told their odd names for sundry stars as they began to appear in the edge-o'-dark?"

"That I did," he answered. "The children know the rising, course, and setting of the constellations, who are used from infancy to behold the skies above them anight."

"Why have they thus many ailments, for a people who dwell in the open and want not for pure air?" Elizabeth queried, and answered herself: "Of a truth they should first learn cleanliness."

"Aye, no doubting on that," remarked John, and added: "Bethink you a bit, the poor people have no knowledge of medicaments, save to steep certain herbs and roots, and withal to sweat; then when cometh a scourge of pestilence they are all but helpless, and fall like sheep in the wilderness. The survivors fly, not pausing to bury the dead. They cannot well keep them from the naughtiness of nature, howsoever they wring out their wet breeches at the fire after going in the heavy summer rain the day long, and though they set their lodge-poles in lowland thickets, of winters. They are weakened by famines induced by unwisdom. All in all, I deem their case to be somewhat thus: an enviving air in plenty and bodily exercise abundant make certain of them exceeding hale and lusty and able to dure many afflictions so grievous as might speedily put an end to us of Europe, leastways before we came hither to live more nearly as do they; and for the rest of them, they perish in their oversorry plight."

"Methinks you have fairly said it, John," reflectively observed his younger fellow-student of ethnology. Then she mused: "How pitiful and hopeless is

their mourning for the dead, cutting themselves in their vexation, specially the fathers for their children, the while all unpainted they lie in thick soot, sorely lamenting, and refrain from their divertive pastimes and ruinous playing at stakes, as well from all unruly actions and any falling out betwixt them! They accept comfortable address from their friends, who fondle the head and cheek of a weeping one and bid him be of good cheer. But now, from no chapel tower resounds for them the Christian's passing-bell. Oh, that soon we might cause them to understand the Source of true solace!"

"For verily," he responded, "they have a certain blind faith in overruling powers, good and evil; only with them there be gods many. They give thanks for good hunting and harvests, and pray to be delivered from trouble and bereavement. They term the soul the seeing part of man; and believe that the wicked are unresting hereafter, while others go to a carnal paradise in the balmy south.

"We have seen what plainheartedness and unstinted hospitality is theirs," he continued. "We were not comelings accepted with bad grace, but they have guested us with stewardly diligence; and on the morrow one of their best goeth with us, though we may properly relieve him from attending us or ever we come to the out-corners about Plymouth, so he be not minded to go thither for himself. Notwithstanding this admirable kindness to friends, their fury is beyond all bounds fiendish and bloodthirsty when the pagan nature is roused to the full against a foe. We discern

gleams of promise in these benighted souls, but surely their darkness is gross.

"Their ignorance ought of right to be dispelled, and I make no doubt it shall break from them in time, for their vast betterment, now that the Cross of earth's Conqueror is planted here. This can not be done in a day, Elizabeth. Their heart must be changed man after man, by men of God in their midst; and though now we toil to secure our existence in these far, outlandish parts, yet forget not that one object of our pilgrimage to this most strange America is the ultimate conversion of its heathen. Indeed it was so nominated in the King's charter.

"The accomplishing of such a matter may never be in the mass, as the Spaniards strove to make Christians of Southern Americans, driving some of them into the water at the point of the sword. 'Twas baptism or drowning, I trow. And they elected the easier alternative. Much good it did them! Nor shall any other temporal and general benefit, offered to any people, purchase their souls for Christ at wholesale."

"One by one, so hath it ever been, my love," said the Christian bride. "Though many at a time may turn to righteousness, every soul must act for itself. But the promise remaineth, declared by the Most High unto Messiah: 'Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.'"

These strangers in a distant country, full of faith though they were, and accustomed to talk about the true God to their red neighbors, yet knew not that

a youth named John Eliot was then pursuing his education in England, who should consecrate his noble powers of mind and heart to the uplifting of this needy race, not giving them foolishly a veneer of Christless civilization, not content with making them expert in using the hammer, plane, chisel, and square, but bringing them also that everlasting Evangel which transforms selfish baseness, rude or polite, into godlike, sacrificial, highest character; living himself to see many communities of Christian natives, orderly and industrious, worshipping in their own churches, reading in their own tongue the written Word of the Lord, and remaining loyal to the government during its tragic struggle with their heathen fellows; while, beside a goodly band of Indian preachers, many white missionaries also joined the work, and the Gospel of personal regeneration through the Cross of Christ received a marked impulse in the Protestant world. With equal devotion labored other humble and zealous ambassadors of Jesus to the American aborigines; noble Roger Williams the first of all; the apostolic succession of the great-hearted Mayhews, amid New England islands for a century and a half; David Zeisberger of the Moravian Brethren, later, throughout many fruitful years, and the saintly David Brainerd who departed in his prime; Stephen and Mary Riggs of the far West in the nineteenth century; William Duncan still at his splendid work on the Pacific Coast; with a glorious company of heroes such as Egerton Young in the remotest forests and snow-fields of the North. What was written of another, whose vital

breath went out while he kneeled in tropic depths of the Dark Continent, may be said of every one of these soldiers of Christ:

"Like Him he served, he walked life's troublous ways
With heart undaunted, and with calm, high face;
And gemmed each day with deeds of sweetest grace,
Full lovingly wrought he.

"Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared,
In his Master's might to spread the light,
Right lovingly wrought he.
He greatly loved—
He greatly lived—
And died right mightily."

XVII

DROUGHT AND RELIEF

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

—*The Epistle of James.*

IN thanking God for the mercies extended to us in the past, we beseech Him that He may not withhold them in the future, and that our hearts may be roused to war steadfastly for good and against all the forces of evil, public and private. We pray for strength and light, so that in the coming days we may with cleanliness, fearlessness and wisdom do our allotted work on the earth.

—THEODORE N. ROOSEVELT,
in national Thanksgiving Proclamation.

THE Howlands returned, but for what? To share with Plymouth one of its most perilous crises, and the darkest threat of destruction, though only a threat, before three years should pass in the life of the Colony. The Pilgrims had overcome the trials of their embarkation abroad and their arrival and settlement here, they had survived the terrific ravages of disease, had frustrated the studied plots of many savages for their annihilation, and had struggled, weakly but successfully, with gaunt famine. Their unflinching heroism bowed to adversity's blast,

yet refused to be broken. Let posterity honor and emulate courage so unquenchable!

Now, however, the shadow of pitiless famine loomed again upon their horizon, only larger and darker. And the menace of imperilled harvest was the more trying from its sharp contrast with the brightest promise of spring-time yet given. They planned wisely, hoping to prevent a repetition of their misfortunes in plantation experience. Therefore they abandoned the idea of a general farm, though maintaining a while longer their community system in other permissible respects. Yet in some minor matters besides that of tillage, they gave up the unsound theory, where it would not conflict with the original colonial agreement between their patrons and themselves; so allowing not only more individual success along industrial lines, but more privacy in social relations. They had kept within the limits imperative for Christian civilization, and were careful to preserve a true decorum one toward another; but some of the household labor and living restrictions, as laundry and even kitchen cares with generally limited accommodations, produced, as a rule, a degree of enforced intimacy which their fine sense of propriety resented. Naturally they complained.

This exaggerated principle of sharing was annoying enough in the equal division of clothing. The stock of garments was dwindling, while rough tasks told upon such as were in use. And it seemed unjust, that the slack and careless persons who had come among them, even a few such from the first, should have their wardrobe replenished from the general

store as soon as neat and prudent ones, who endeavored to keep their attire in good repair. Other disagreeable features and inconvenient circumstances were involved in the policy that had been adopted with more sincerity than foresight.

As a consequence, much discussion arose amongst them, as to how they could better their internal state, thus encouraging thrift, comfort, and mutual respect. Necessarily thrown together in their village life, because it was unsafe to have too extended a settlement, they used what means they had, to build against the fierceness of the natural elements, the ferocity of native men, and the hungry desperation of trooping wild brutes. But though they were determined to fend off dangers from without, they were likewise particular to preserve decency in their midst.

This third spring, not only was the sanctity of every home still maintained as from the start, despite the assigned presence of unsought individuals, but every family now was to have a definite portion of land, temporarily, for cultivation. The capable and energetic man would be no longer subjected to the indignity of delving the soil for the slow or unwilling.

The plan of private management of land worked admirably at once, much to the public relief, and no less to the local government. With the incentives of personal acquisition and improved family prospect, every earnest planter rejoiced; and the result was an increased plantation, in the care of which even the women and children gladly gave their aid. So far, so good. And happy was the change.

But following their planting, provisions failed again. They knew of no sufficient supplies obtainable anywhere. Their historian recorded, that many a night found them without a particle of food left, from what they had contrived to gather.

Notwithstanding this dreary recurrence of famine, the people endured their hardships with wonderful patience and fortitude, and sustained their minds by prayer. Some of the more hardy and expert were delegated for the hunt and procured venison occasionally, in which all shared. The little rabbits were acceptable, which could easily be caught by purse-nets laid to their burrows. Pigeons and other wild fowl were obtainable till fall. The summer yielded its wild fruits and palatable herbs, various and helpful for a light diet, but too unsubstantial for a dependence. They relied mainly on the products of the sea and shore.

The men took turns with their one imperfectly equipped shallop, and a net they had purchased, and came back from no trip entirely empty-handed, though sometimes gone for days. Cod and lobsters were quite common throughout that summer. The boat was in constant use, one fishing gang of six or seven immediately succeeding another, and every company trying to outdo the rest. When they stayed out long, or found little, the villagers at home went to the beach at ebb-tide and dug what clams they could find for them all, while crabs and eels furnished a further complement. By these uncertain means, starvation was staved off until the crops matured.

In early summer another sea-captain endeavored

to extort from them an exorbitant price for food, consisting of two hogsheads of peas; while he was unwilling to give market value for their beaver. They told him they had lived thus far without peas, and would attempt to do so still. Fully intending to pay some day, as they did pay, debts heavy and lasting enough to stagger less resolute souls, the sufferers refused to be forced this time, except some who bought a little on their own account; and they let him carry his hogsheads out of the harbor, to go and test the patience of the survivors of the Virginia massacre. Thus did he, like their nautical Jones the Second and Weston's evanescent colony, do his part to make Plymouth liable to a more lingering death than the Jamestown victims experienced. All cruelty did not reside in bronzen breasts.

This white specimen of black rapacity was a personage of no less importance than Master Francis West, supporting the weighty title of Admiral of New England, and charged with the duty of restraining fishermen who had no license from the English Council for New England. But his honors were fleeting and his powers brief: for the interlopers along the coast of Maine successfully resisted his authority; and on appeal to Parliament they obtained the privilege of free fishing hereabouts, which as yet has not ceased. Thus, after his rapidly risen rule had experienced a sunset in Occidental waters, West went South.

He succeeded, however, in further disturbing Plymouth when at first he came there, by the fear of disaster to a ship he had met and outdistanced in a

gale; imparting the not very comforting information, that this overdue vessel was bound for their port and carried friends of theirs, to say nothing of probable supplies. And if, by the way, those dear friends were supposed to have perished, and their provisions with them, there was all the more reason why, in the expectation of the all but admirable Admiral, the Pilgrims should purchase from him his precious peas. He left them all in a fine state of suspense, nicely balanced between sinister misgivings and ardent hopes, though of course they would have wished him to give them any news of interest.

Another grave matter of doubt was now added, which tempted even some of the stout-hearted to give way at last to despair. They could not tell what was transpiring on the ocean, they could see what was liable to occur on land. Severe drought increased. They had managed to make shift somehow, while waiting for the crops. But what could they do, if, as seemed likely, these crops should totally fail?

The middle of July was approaching, and no rain had fallen since the last days of May. The heat had been excessive. The stalks of corn were wilting sadly, changing to dry husks, and vegetation in general was parched. No prospect of relief appeared.

Without help from man, they turned to God. The authorities declared a solemn day of humiliation, "to seek the Lord by humble and fervent prayer in this great distress."

To the fort on the Hill, their only church at present, marched in their Sabbath order this Colony of about

one hundred souls. There were the surviving half of the Mayflower passengers, all that was left of the Pilgrims; and with them the others who had taken the places of the dead, namely, the young men and few women from the Fortune, and those who separated themselves from Weston's returning colonists.

Up the Hill they followed the slow and measured drum beat, these fathers and mothers of Plymouth, these too in whom youth itself showed a guiltless languor, and this small group of children, little lads and tender lasses whose innocence could not exempt them from sharing the fate of all the rest. Leading the column were the military, civil, and religious heads, Captain Standish with his drummer, and Governor Bradford with Elder Brewster.

What a day was that! And who, of those there, could forget it? From whose memory could ever fade that scene of pleading with the Almighty? While one voice followed another, the others joined silently, in adoration and praise to the Most High, in thorough heart-searchings and lowly confession of their unworthiness, in citation of the divine promises, in fervid supplication that the rod of his afflictive visitation might be lifted. Their soul was melted as silver in God's crucible, and he was moulding them according to his will. From that fire they emerged shining with a lustre and glory of spirit, which the finest culture of the schools can never impart.

After this manner prayed they, one worshipper arising when another had ceased:

"Lord God, thou art great. Thou fillest immensity.

The heavens are the work of thy fingers. Thine is the earth, with all its parts, and thine the wide, wide sea. Thou hast led us to the ends of the world. Wilt thou leave us now?

"Nay, O God our Father, thy power is boundless, while we are weak and helpless. Frail creatures of clay, we can not protect our own. We have seen dear ones fade away, but thou didst send us men to take their place, and succour us withal. Thy might is endless, for the help of such as thou wilt help, and to those that love thee thy promises are sure. Have mercy upon us, O thou Compassionate, have mercy, and cleanse our souls from sin.

"Spare us a little space, God of our pilgrimage, ere we sink down in the last sleep. Save us from perishing in this wilderness, for the sake of thy holy Name. We are thy sheep. Thy vows are upon us, and for the cause of thy Christ have we left all. Behold us here before thee, with our wives and little ones. Lord of nations, let New England live to thy praise. Hear us, infinite Father, hear us. Pardon and purify and fill with thy power. In the Name of the Crucified, Amen."

Thus they wrestled. Reviewer of History, turn the page reverently, where that event is recorded.

They came together beneath an unrelenting sky, clear as polished brass: they departed under the veil of misty benediction long withdrawn; the music of the falling shower saluted their ears as they awakened from their slumbers.

Gently, noiselessly, the rain came down, while of

winds there were none. It abated its watery fulness, and the thirsty dust took in that which had descended; the low sound of its pattering was heard again, and the deeper soil was dampened; and at length the earth was saturated with the copious flow. The drought was broken. Relief had come. And so gradual was the blessing day after day, without torrential outburst or crashing tempest, while brightly gleaming suns interrupted its plenitude for better reception by the fields, that even the red men were amazed, and the colonists, listening below their roofs, bowed in grateful tributes to the mighty Author of all good. For it was of greatest moment to these settlers, to observe the yellowing stalks revive in the very juncture of the consuming crisis, and steadily stand up and stretch, growing and greening again, and lifting their limp pennants.

Again the Governor and Council met, and named a day, a day of rejoicing and not of mourning, a day of Thanksgiving. It was set at a time deemed convenient and seasonable, as the liberal harvest came on. And now throughout the broader land, this appointment of the early New England government is every year renewed.

Soon after the beginning of this refreshment of rain, came the meeting with friends and relatives who arrived in the belated ship spoken at sea, and thus by their delay had avoided the recent hard trial and worse outlook at New Plymouth, where at that time additional numbers would have increased the mental anguish alike for settlers old and new. As it was,

these wives and children and others aboard the Anne, and on the pinnace Little James which followed her after another week, were shocked and moved to tears at the lean and haggard appearance of their husbands and fathers, and the sight of many in ragged clothing and some without sufficient covering. A few of the disembarked were cheerful, if for simple duty's sake, and because it was indeed a relief to be so far from persecution's power, in a land practically theirs and with life under their own direction; and these were delighted in spite of present circumstances, to join, after three full years of absence, their friends and kindred, to whom they held out encouragement and fresh hope. But most of those arrived were at first filled with sadness and pity, and much concerned for themselves. Even now, under auspicious skies and with harvests coming soon, it was on the whole a pathetic reunion.

This was the largest addition yet received, over sixty, though some were found to be such undesirable characters that the colonists were willing to pay the cost of sending them back next year. Others of the men were very worthy persons, and welcome, whether of the Separatist order or not. The Pilgrims made no stipulations in this respect, as their Governor both wrote in his epistles and recorded in his history. But they did not want their project, for the success of which they were responsible, ruined by the coming of reprobates bent on mere adventure, or wishing to escape from creditors at home, or branded and smarting under some moral stigma. Plymouth had no de-

sire to imitate other foreign ports which become notorious as social cesspools of roving villainy. Yet before the town was fairly established, there was a rush of all restless spirits seeking to be carried over, if they might, and to batten like worms on whatever material good the Forefathers had gained by agony and tears. The Pilgrims' agent, Robert Cushman, did laudable service for the purity of New England's inception; and its straitened condition, while becoming established, undoubtedly shielded it from the greedy, gloating gaze of worthless characters. Cushman was unable to do as much as he would, in this respect, and so confessed in a letter accompanying these people. In it he moreover urged the colonists to continue protests to England against such injustice, as follows:

"You must still call upon the company hear to see y^{t} honest men be sente you, and threaten to send them back if any other come. We are not any way so much in danger, as by corrupt an noughty persons. Shuch, and shuch, came without my consente; but ye importunitie of their freinds got promise of our Treasurer in my absence. Neither is ther need we should take any lewd men, for we may have honest men enew."

Plymouth also accepted, beside these sixty, some men who did not care to join its plantation members that were bound in partnership with the company in England. It was therefore agreed they should live on their own account, being only required to obey the laws, support the government, and be depended on

for military defence. According to the original understanding with the English Merchant Adventurers, trade with the natives was declared restricted to the New England company, until the dissolution of its partnership abroad, after a certain required time.

With those new-comers who did not wish to join the colonial trade organization, specifications were drawn up at Plymouth and mutually agreed upon. The opening article was thus generous in its spirit:

"First, that ye Govr, in ye name and with ye consente of ye company, doth in all love and frendship receive and imbrace them; and is to allote them competente places for habitations within ye towne. And promiseth to shew them all such other curtesies as shall be reasonable for them to desire, or us to performe."

Another letter came with these ships, from the general company in England, subscribed by thirteen names representing the more friendly constituency of that body, persons who still retained a degree of influence and were sending the vessels and occupants. In this cordial way the missive began:

"Loving freinds, we most hartily salute you in all love and harty affection; being yet in hope yt the same God which hath hithertoo preserved you in a marvelous maner, doth yet continue your lives and health, to his own praise and all our comforts. Being right sory that you have not been sent unto all this time. . . . We have in this ship sent shuch women, as were willing and ready to goe to their husbands and freinds, with their children."

After further matter of business, the epistle concludes in these memorable expressions:

"Let it not be greeveous unto you yt you have been instruments to breake ye ise for others who come after with less dificulty, the honour shall be yours to ye worlds end. . . .

"We bear you always in our brests, and our harty affection is towards you all, as are ye harts of hundreds more which never saw your faces, who doubtles pray for your saftie as their owne, as we our selves both doe & ever shall, that ye same God which hath so marvelously preserved from seas, foes, and famine, will still preserve you from all future dangers, and make you honourable amongst men, and glorious in blise at ye last day. And so ye Lord be with you all & send us joyfull news from you, and inable us with one shoulder so to accomplish & perfecte this worke, as much glorie may come to Him yt confoundeth ye mighty by the weak, and maketh small thinges great. To whose greatnes, be all glorie for ever & ever."

With what joy the devout Elder received to his arms his two daughters! Dr. Fuller and Goodman Cooke welcomed their life partners. And among the women who had now joined the Colony, were some who also were to be united in marriage, helping to establish new homes. Of these, the widow Alice Southworth, a lady of great piety and force of character, had consented to correspond with the worthy Governor, as a former acquaintance; and she now became his bride, before the Anne left the harbor.

With so many new helping hands among the men,

it was a short task to load the ship with clapboard and all the furs they had with them.

Edward Winslow was commissioned to go back to England at this time, to obtain such supplies as were most needed, and especially to present there a true account of the condition of affairs at New Plymouth. Beside his spoken words, in behalf of the surviving and now promising little Colony, he published next year his admirable journal, Good Newes from New-England, giving, in pleasing simplicity and dignity of language, so plain and complete an account of events in the very beginning of English civilization here, that the interval of three hundred years seems annihilated.

As the summer of 1623 drew to its close in September, the saved harvest of corn attained its maturity, never again to disappoint the planters. But how could it this year suffice for so many more mouths, all unexpected? Those who with great diligence had cared for this crop besought the Governor that they might not be deprived of it, and professed their willingness not to touch the food supply sent over for the use of the new-comers. He consented to their request, for the voyagers from the Anne were equally desirous that their provisions should be reserved for themselves, until they could have their own planting.

In the midst of this general content, while reunited families gave God thanks for all his goodness, came a test to one man; and nobly he met it. William Bradford was made a subordinate official, nominally, not discernibly. With characteristic modesty acquiescing in the new arrangement, as it was his duty

to do, he saw the circumstance pass before the return of spring, to leave his title, or that of any fellow-citizen elected in his stead, undisputed henceforth in the Old Colony until it merged with the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Before their coalition, neither of them had authority over the other. And this winter's northern attempt at settlement failed before it fairly began.

Captain Robert Gorges, son of Sir Ferdinando, arrived this same September in Massachusetts Bay, with families among the passengers; and descended, for a brief taste of life in America, on the forsaken site of Weston's disorderly human collection, at Wessagusset, now Weymouth. Gorges had full powers from the Council for New England, that body destined itself to succumb to the disadvantages of distance; and he was commissioned Governor General of the country, having on his advisory board Admiral Francis West, of ill success in ruling New England waters, and, " for the time being," one William Bradford of Plymouth, to whom he delivered a copy of his commission. All this was recognized as orderly and regular, if the powers in Britain so willed.

Into the harbor sailed the new dignitary one day, having sent previous notice of his arrival on the coast. He and his were hospitably entertained, and after a fortnight he went north by land, thankfully acknowledging the courtesies extended. Before leaving, however, he called to account, for the Wessagusset disgrace, Thomas Weston himself, who came into port just at the wrong juncture. All his fraud and vil-

lainy was charged against him, including his procuring much heavy ordnance ostensibly for coast defence, which he privately sold.

When Captain Gorges, particularly grieved at the indignities offered to his father by this reprobate, was inclined to clemency, however, on the intervention of Bradford, who with all Plymouth had also sorely suffered through Weston's abuses, the latter, thinking himself free again, gave full vent to his spite; insomuch that the Governor General, arising in his wrath, vowed he would either curb or banish him. Again did William Bradford, being secretly entreated by the wretched Weston, with great difficulty secure respite for him, remembering his earlier services to the Colony. This favor, and others granted to him when in deep distress, Weston afterward ignored, and reviled the Pilgrims.

The ephemeral Governor General of New England was satisfied with ruling its forests for one winter, after which he was pleased to return to civilization more extended than in America. Some of the people he had brought went back with him, others went to Virginia, and a few persons remained, who received aid in supplies from England. One of them, however, returned a year later, after the uselessness of his mission became apparent. This was none other than the intended spiritual head of New England, a clergyman by the name of Morell, invested with so large a load of ecclesiastical authority that he dared not display his instructions. He sailed from Plymouth, and, as he was about to go, ventured to mention to

some of its residents the power of superintendency, which certain dubious friends of the Pilgrims had evidently intended he should exercise over their much disliked Separatist fellowship. This scheme, utterly to change a church order after such an entering wedge, was as artfully contrived as the thorough subversion to a more impotent faith was managed, in multiplied cases of New England evangelical churches early in the nineteenth century.

Thus ended that whole project, in which Morell and others figured openly or behind the scene. Its lifelessness in the outcome was as evident, as the plot was clever in idea. And the Old Colony was not to blend with its later northern neighbors till seventy years from its own inception. Meanwhile it was to establish communities all through its proper region; and the entire Massachusetts coast was to continue free from the churchly afflictions out of which its inhabitants had fled, into exile as voluntary as constrained.

In the spring Edward Winslow came again, bringing a fair supply of necessities, including much needed clothing, and cattle for breeding. His success abroad was the more fortunate and timely, because a strong opposition to the interests of this plantation of Independents was increasing, among those of its patrons in England who had been moved merely, or mainly, by mercantile considerations. The day of the company's dissolution was hastening.

When the ship Charity, in which Winslow came, went back, it conveyed the answers to a dozen baseless criticisms against the Pilgrim Colony, by those who

had abandoned Plymouth after brief residence as irresponsible settlers there. Those especially would feel malice whose character was so disgraceful that they had to be deported.

The first two and fourth objections against the settlement elicited a reply declaring its religious harmony, its purpose to fulfil spiritual duties, and its honest desire to educate the rising generation. The magisterial historian records the leading calumny, as to "diversitie about Religion," and makes indignant rejoinder:

"We know no such matter, for here was never any controversie or opposition, either publicke or private, (to our knowledg,) since we came.

"2. ob: Neglecte of familie duties, one ye Lords day.

"Ans: We allow no such thing, but blame it in our selves & others; and they that thus reporte it, should have shewed their Christian love the more if they had in love tould ye offenders of it, rather than thus to reproach them behind their baks. But (to say no more) we wish them selves had given better example. . . .

"4. ob: Children not catechised nor taught to read.

"Ans: Neither is true; for diverse take pains with their owne as they can; indeede, we have no comone schoole for want of a fitt person, or hithertoo means to maintaine one; though we desire now to begine."

And thus three accusations were dealt with:

"9. ob: Many of them are theevish and steale on from an other.

"Ans: Would London had been free from that crime, then we should not have been trobled with

these here; it is well knowne sundrie have smarted well for it, and so are ye rest like to doe, if they be taken. . . .

"11. ob: The Dutch are planted nere Hudsons Bay, and are likely to overthrow the trade.

"Ans: They will come and plante in these parts, if we and others doe not, but goe home and leave it to them. We rather commend them, then condemne them for it.

"12. ob: The people are much anoyed with muskeetoes.

"Ans: They are too delicate and unfitte to begin new-plantations and collonies, that cannot enduer the biting of a muskeeto; we would wish such to keepe at home till at least they be muskeeto proofe. Yet this place is as free as any, and experience teacheth that ye more ye land is tild, and ye woods cut downe, the fewer ther will be, and in the end scarse any at all."

This self-defence, which the planters' foreign agent urged them to make, "did so confound ye objecters," it was stated, "as some confessed their falte, and others deneyed what they had said, and eate their words, & some others of them have since come over againe and heere lived to convince them selves sufficiently, both in their owne & other mens judgments."

For the discredit of the Pilgrims' modern critics, jealous at the strength of their faith and the purity of their character, a second clergyman appeared at Plymouth and remained long enough in the land to draw out, by his wicked slanders, a declaration which remains in the immortal History of Plymouth Plantation, wherein the Governor denies the religious in-

tolerance and bigoted narrowness, of which his company was accused by one of the most foul and traitorous hypocrites on record, and by a thoughtless throng since that day.

This John Lyford, nominally a minister of Christ, in reality a most capable minister of Mephistopheles, was sent to this godly congregation, through an error and in ignorance of his dastardly disposition, to perform those sacraments which Elder Brewster, his better in culture as in character, lacked the official power to administer. He was sent reluctantly, however, to satisfy certain urgent ones abroad; and permission was given the colonists to use their own liberty and discretion about choosing him for office. Plymouth's true friends were not responsible for his coming, but were practically coerced by those who knew him better than they did.

Such was his profuse servility and fawning manner on meeting these sterling men, whose hands he would have kissed as he cringed before them, that they were sickened at once, and could not accept as a spiritual leader so abject and grovelling a specimen of the genus. With his quickly apparent serpentine qualities and crooked performances, he had intermittent spasms of contrition, lachrymose, lugubrious, and disgusting because in every instance he obtained an advantage from the patient Pilgrims, and followed it by lapsing into his secret, factious ways, attempting to subvert the local government and spread sedition generally, among some of those who had come on their own account and were generously allowed residence beside the

colonial trade company. Plymouth had surmounted many and various trials during its first three years, and did not wish to add internal rebellion to the list. His intercepted, malicious letters were produced in court, to his complete disgrace, as most traitorous libels; and he made ample confession.

Because of this supposedly sincere confession of Lyford, modest Elder Brewster, whom he had hoped to supersede, was as earnest as any in restoring him to the fellowship of their church, into which he had been received after his first repentant fit. His sentence of exile was to have taken effect in six months, and before that time he was back at his bickering game and viciously written verbiage, as easily and naturally as a venomous snake, slimy and slippery, reverts to its own way.

His wife, a worthy woman and faithful mother of at least part of all his transported children, was filled with fear of divine judgment for his manifold offences; and in a discreet manner she revealed his habitual unfaithfulness to her. Mr. Winslow, as lately returned from abroad, disclosed the exposure, which had been made at a large assembly in England, of his moral pollution while a trusted pastor in Ireland, whence he had fled in dismay. This was all brought against him in his second Plymouth trial, he was declared unfit to hold a sacred office with or without professions of penitence, and was forthwith banished as a singularly pestilential and persistent traitor.

His necessary banishment did not increase amity among those of the English Merchant Adventurers

who favored the Established State Church, and who, in collusion with desiring clerical candidates, succeeded in keeping the Pilgrims' accepted pastor, John Robinson, from coming to his own. While there was hope of his reaching Plymouth, any other clergyman sent in his place was an intruder, even if otherwise exemplary. That a discredited preacher could have been forwarded, family and all, with no reference to his record, is suggestive of the furtive, cruel malice prompting such action. Robinson could only write of his unwilling compulsory absence, which was owing solely to the unfair discrimination against him on the part of certain colonial sponsors, who repudiated his clear right as Pastor, to attend his spiritual flock. They even pleaded the lack of means to send him and Mrs. Robinson; but found a way to transport an infamous creature and his numerous progeny, beside other base individuals whom Plymouth, in mercy to itself, could not tolerate and retain.

Thus the Pilgrims' true ordained Pastor, of ever honored name, affirmed his affectionate regard for them, in a letter from Leyden penned in the close of 1623:

"It were to us more comfortable and convenient, that we communicated our mutuall helps in presence, but seeing that canot be done, we shall always long after you, and love you, and waite Gods apoynted time. . . . Unto him who is ye same to his in all places, and nere to them which are farr from one an other, I comend you and all with you, resting,

"Yours truly loving,

JOHN ROBINSON."

In proof of the charitable toleration of the Pilgrim community at Plymouth, the shallow Lyford's fordable lies first and second, as intended for English consumption, were thus recorded, with their answers. The opening insinuation, followed by many other untruths, was double-headed.

"1. First, he saith, the church would have none to live hear but them selves. 2ly. Neither are any willing so to doe if they had company to live elsewher.

"Ans: Their answer was, that this was false, in both ye parts of it; for they were willing & desirous yt any honest men may live with them, that will cary them selves peacably, and seek ye comone good, or at least doe them no hurte. And again, ther are many that will not live els wher so long as they may live with them.

"2. That if ther come over any honest men that are not of ye seperation, they will quickly distast them, &c.

"A. Ther answer was as before, that it was a false callumniation, for they had many amongst them that they liked well of, and were glad of their company; and should be of any such like that should come amongst them."

These replies to Lyford's charges were given in his presence at court. They were not sent abroad, as there was no need; for the whole huge mass of his elaborated epistolary poison was happily intercepted and held.

Thus this little Colony of humble souls, mighty in faith, heroic in deeds, overcame not only their earlier desperate crises, but also this later difficulty of for-

eign disaffection and local conspiracy, the last being shared in by a select circle of malcontents looking for mischief. In the face of all reverses, the settlers advanced steadily, sturdily, toward governmental stability, territorial extension, and final financial freedom from all their oppressive incumbrances. Nothing terrified them, though terrors truly abounded. Steeped in troubles, inured to injustice from the start, they patiently accepted these checks as a matter of course; and strode through every impediment in a practical, business fashion, with also a modest self-depreciation. Theirs was the greatness of unconscious nobility. Success crowned their labors at last.

Sometimes practically destitute of currency, corn became their staple article of domestic commerce. The forest and its wild occupants furnished material for their trade abroad.

The plantation's fourth year found the people in number about a hundred and eighty, including a score, approximately, of persons not in the trading company; together occupying thirty-two abodes, protected by a strong stockade: a nucleus of civilized society in the vast, barbaric void. Though yet as weak as some other infant colonies, it was a force of sufficient size and strength now, to endure the fluctuations of fortune without that imminent peril of collapse which had made its first years exceedingly critical.

Half a hundred fishing ships, annually visiting the northern coasts, offered an additional market of exchange when desired, and largely prevented the extortionate prices which pitiless parties in England were

quite ready to inflict on these struggling colonists, at every opportunity.

The better to feed those industrious fisher folk with satisfying maize, the settlers desired their Governor to apportion tillage no longer annually, but for continuance in present use, until freedom from their foreign obligations should allow land assignments for inheritance. This was done, and with excellent result, permitting the able and enterprising to make more profitable use of the soil under their care, than if changed in yearly allotments.

Though every individual received no more than an acre, this gave several to a family. Much of the farming tract comprised the sightly slopes on the right of the town brook, including Strawberry Hill. The Indians had used for cultivation that part of the village environment, before Patuxet became Plymouth. Now, also, all the arable land lay as close to the hamlet as possible, for easier defence against attack or pillage of the crops, as well as for convenience of access. It was a compact body of workers, with no time to waste, this group of farmers surrounded by forests. Here was the resolute commencement of New England agriculture.

Henry Howland, brother of John, brought a black heifer in the Charity. That and twain besides, were for meek kine considerably divided, at least in point of ownership, among the new consumers of milk—a veritable luxury here. The lacteal supply of the cows was supplemented scantily by a few goats that had been obtained, whose assertive bleating made amends

bravely for the smallness of their number. To the lowing of cattle, including their formidable leader, was added the crowing of cocks; for the settlers' poultry had multiplied well, besides their swine, and there was less need now to beat the bush for meat, or to find an occasional wild turkey's egg of doubtful age.

As the burning heat of drought was followed by the sweet relief of summer showers, so the arid, acrid animosity, which strove to pursue them from England, did not represent a permanent disposition toward New England and its later including national government. With what surprised gladness would the Forefathers have looked forward, if they could have so done, to the dedication of fair monuments in their praise, at the very place whence they fled from the motherland! How their true hearts would have exulted, not only over thousands of miles of British and American border without a single fortress, but also on the occasion of an extensive Anglo-American Exhibition in London, marking a century of international peace between all English-speaking peoples!

XVIII

A WHITE VIOLET

WHAT, sir, was the Pilgrim's idea of a nation's progress and a nation's glory? . . . He was content to do the duty that lay nearest to him, and to leave events with God. He was content—ay, and with him those noble women—God bless their memories!—who could stand by the couch of the dying, and close the eyes of the dead, when the famishing wolf was howling at their door, and while their sick and suffering babes were clamoring for the life which they alone could give—they were content, even then, in humble confidence and trust to leave their destiny to Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations and of men. . . .

Industry, piety, and frugality, with an unwavering trust in God, they were content to follow, as the unerring guides to national prosperity and honor.

—GOVERNOR CLIFFORD, at Plymouth, 1853.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did that shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, . . . there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

—Edward Everett, at Plymouth, 1824.

The source of all human action is the will. That a man should walk the right way something more than knowledge is needed. There must be an active expression of will. Give the heart a task which enthralls and attracts it and you will turn the life whither it should go. That which is abnormal in our time is that it neglects the heart. Men strive after all sorts of knowledge except the science of conduct. Notice how careful parents are about the physical and intellectual training of their children and how little they trouble about their religious education. They care for their food, their medicine, their rest. They anxiously listen for the slightest hoarseness or cough. They provide them with all the means of learning—teachers, governesses, tutors. But is a hundredth part of this attention directed to the moral development of their children? The indications of a bad heart in a child—dishonesty, selfishness and the like—do they cause a fraction of the anxiety that symptoms of the ordinary children's sicknesses do? Even when parents take into account moral training they

naïvely think it sufficient to teach what things are right and what are wrong. They do not realize that education must go deeper than the intellect—that it must affect the heart. . . .

Many think that social progress can come with the growth of knowledge alone. Such judgment shows an incomplete appreciation of man's nature. Science has accomplished great things, its field of action in many directions is nigh immeasurable. But the driving power of true progress is not the intellect. Culture cannot radically improve morals. It widens mental horizons, develops intellectual power, but without the coöperation of religion it cannot renew mankind.

—Gregori Petrow:
The Gospel as the Foundation of Life.

"VERILY ours was the virtue of venture. What we dreamed of we dared to do."

The speaker was Goodman John Howland in thoughtful soliloquy, as he approached his cabin door, ax in hand, after a particularly wild and trying day in the woods, late one February. It had not stormed, except for the wind, but was clear and very cold and gusty; though the first part of the morning was quiet, so that he had gone cheerily to his chopping under the increasing sunshine. But a roaring northwester soon arose, driving before it the loose snow which had been heaped upon the landscape the day before, as a memento from the wintry sea.

"New England winters have a way of saying farewell not overly softly," John had said, and kept doggedly at his task, taking his noon lunch standing in the shelter of a tree. The wind bit, but he backed to

it when he could, as he worked. He had to stop and stamp his feet occasionally, when he was not walking about to pile up what he had cut, to dry over summer for his family supply of fire-wood.

On his way home before dark, he came upon the unmistakable, long footprints of a well-grown bear, judging from the size of the tracks, their deep impress, and the reach of the steps in the snow. He was glad to have avoided its company, as a surprise party, because the time of year was nearing when these brutes were liable to show fight; and he had not gone far enough from the village, he supposed, to take his flint-lock, wild beasts being less in evidence in the neighborhood since the population had been increased so largely. Yet he had a stout ax and strong arm, a cool head and a steady heart, and with these good possessions he did not hesitate to follow the trail; but where it came out into the open fields of the snow-buried plantation, the fury of the wind had swept over and completely obliterated the tracks, so that he soon gave up the attempt to find them again in the hastening twilight. Hobamack, one day afterwards, told him he did well not to pursue further, for slow as the bears were, the stroke of their powerful paws was swift enough to knock aside a descending ax, and send it spinning. Howland's interest was mostly due to the fact that the trail, before it was filled in, led toward the palisade; and he was curious to learn the animal's objective point.

"'Tis a she-bear, methinks, soon to be nursing, and hungry-mad," he said to himself, and dismissed the

matter, with a sense of satisfaction that the stockade was too high for creatures to climb or leap. He did not recall that any post would afford a knotty protuberance or vestige of a fork, on which a savage frequenter of trees could set his paw and lift himself; for if the tall fence had not been smooth enough to ward off brutes, neither could it have forbidden the pressure of unfriendly human feet.

The snow had begun to crunch, freezing, under his tread as he passed into one of the gates, the guard in the distance hurrying to fasten it for night. Owing to his delay, it was already rather dusky, and people were for the most part within doors, except a few chore boys on the jump in the keen air. The gloomy aspect of the primitive environment at this time seemed to penetrate and pervade the village itself, for even the dull, faint lights, ordinarily showing through the little window-panes of stout oiled paper, were wholly darkened by the heavy, closed shutters. "What an unlustrous street!" he exclaimed. "London's worst fog anight were daylight beside this." The contrast flashed upon him anew, between this insignificant spot in the vast enveloping wilderness whence he had just emerged, an equally ungracious sea foaming in challenge before it, and the sweet serenity of the farmsteads far away over that deep. Therefore his soliloquy aloud, as he now drew near his home in the wailing wind; for truly the Pilgrims' venture was a bold one, and fraught with many uncertainties, of which posterity could never know the sum.

Hark! was that the sweeping blast altogether?

Was there not with it a human cry? He listened, but it was not repeated. Then he knocked, not with a smart, resounding rap, as formerly, but an easy one. It was well he did so now. He waited a moment, wondering if his coming had been noticed this blustering evening, and was about to resume more loudly, when he heard the big wooden bolt drawn back softly. The rustic door opened, and his wife's form filled the frame.

He started, alarmed. Her appearance was unusual. Her eyes looked warningly upon him while she slowly shook her head, and placed a finger to her lips to request quiet, as he gently shut and barred the door. Then she whispered: "But now he cried out, almost rousing him from sleep. I did make thee tarry here a bit, because 'twere a pity to waken the child. What aileth him, I make not. Look on him."

They tiptoed near a rough little piece of furniture, a cradle put together by Howland himself. As they stood gazing down upon it, a fair picture indeed met their eyes, the face of a sleeping babe, a little creature less than a year old, a stranger to the ordinary dwellings of civilized humanity, only a woodland White Violet, as his mother had called him while a true name was sought.

Yes, it was a picture of marvellous beauty, as ever it is and everywhere. And this, despite an unnatural red spot gathering on each cheek, and a breathing rather too rapid to be normal. Yet he slept, slept all unconcerned that the world of thronging cities and inhabited fields was distant many leagues, slept un-

heeding the rage of the icy breath upon their roof, or the uncanny sounds on the other side of the stockade, or the more ghostly, gruesome shapes fast flitting there in the moonlight over the stiffening crust. Indifferent to it all, because in happy ignorance, the tiny body lay in wrappings soft and warm. Above its forehead rivalling the snow, the first silken locks shone in the flare of the pitch-knot on the table. Eyelashes fell over a round wee face, whose fulness had laughed at adversity, daring it in the happy courage of infancy. Its mouth was sweeter than any other mouth could tell, and maternal lips delighted to press it, like paler coral laid on ruddier sort. One chubby hand rested on the coverlet. Treasure beyond price, God-given jewel! This is thy second self, Elizabeth. Father, fondly regarding, this is thine other life. Yet no! It must answer to its own name, and follow a path no other created being in the universe may take.

Elizabeth was the first to speak. "'Tis well, my John, you laid the floor last fall, of these half-logs, like a good housewright. They be better than dirt, now, though rough-hewn to our feet. And right glad am I you got us skins enow to put all about upon the wall, notwithstanding you newly plastered every chink."

"But what—what is't causeth him to look thus strangely?" stammered John, finding his tongue at last.

"I'll relate at once what I may," replied his wife. "And beyond it I cannot say. 'Twas on this wise the trouble commenced——"

"Hath Dr. Fuller been to him?" he interrupted.

"Yes, and quieted him somewhat, so that he went to sleeping.—But you remember this morn was still and sunny, and that I said it was a fit time to take him without the house? Well, all things looked as blithe and bright as they are dark and awesome now. I'll grant 'twas cold, for such as I and mine; yet I encased my feet in the felts, and laid on wraps in plenty, methought, and enswathed the child so as seemly it could scarce breathe. Then I went with it in your steps out to the fowlery and piggery by the fence, and slowly back and forth some while, enjoying the sun, and counting the days before spring. On a sudden I heard a scratching and puffing over the pale, and the gruntlings began squealing and racing around the pen, whilst the pullen flew cackling every whither. Thinking it was Master Cooke's mastiff, I went to affright him hence. The noise without stopped, and I concluded the dog was hearkening too. At that I saw the narrowest space betwixt two posts, too slight for an Indian's shaft to pass, and I peered through. Oh, John Howland, what a sight was there! You could not guess what?"

"A bear?" he ventured.

"How know you?"

"Mind not now. Do you go on," he said, impatient of explanations aside.

"There was no going on for me then. I stood rooted, my blood as freezing, and not from the cold. Then I staggered back, so soon as I had the strength, and went to bespeak the aid of several, to rid the

neighborhood of so grievous a monster. Whereupon there gathered a little company which went afield, but for all they made some haste they found not the thing yonder. I e'en heard certain of them fall to laughing, and Stephen Hopkins came and kindly queried, with brave attempt to keep his mien sober, if that might not have been my fantasy, craving my pardon. I held my tongue full civil, I ween, and was not unrespective toward him, yet notwithstanding told him if the gate had been open and the bear unfearing, they might have seen him much sooner than I, and fallen foul with him straightway, with good need to lay at him roundly. They were not long enow from England, if they could not make out a heavy beast's track, when the snow was not smooth and hard as in crust-hunting time. Why, John, it was a fearsome sight to look on! The shaggy scoundrel sat up on its hind legs, and swayed like this—from side to side, snuffing the air and flapping its ears to and fro. But oh, what fangs, and great red tongue lolling forth! I observed to Master Hopkins that I could not, like a roving limner, tell the number of its tushes, for when my wits returned I took foot and tarried not in that place; but if they had any doubtings, theirs was the fantasy, and naught did let them from conning the spot once more: the which they did, with wiser care, and readily discovered the footmarks where the risen wind had not covered them with snow drifting against the pale."

"But what of the babe, Elizabeth?" asked the father, wondering at its returning fever.

"Oh, chide me not, my dear husband!" she said, needlessly fearing his rebuke in her trouble. "Dr. Fuller hath performed his duty by way of upbraiding, to my sufficiency, remarking I was hardly a whit better than a child myself, and of right should sit at school whene'er a man could be found, some day, with leisure to teach us youth. Whereat he stayed his tongue, sorely pained in mind though himself was; for he perceived my deeper concern. And this work of my unwisdom is all I can bear. Of a truth I'd first be rib-roasted with the lash, than to view my White Violet so. Ah-h." Her voice choked with emotion, but with a struggle she mastered herself, and went on. "Soon after my quick, strong fright, he begged—and I nursed him. That is all. Oh, that I had let him go an hungered then, even to the dimming of the day!"

There was a sad silence. Then said he, "The Lord grant us to learn before it be too late!"

The mother concluded her account, reporting, "The physicker pronounced the affection gastritis, and further had fear of convulsions. 'Twas speedily seized with the gripes, whereagainst he hath laid a hot emplaster: and it rent my heart to have it give such lamentable cries and twist its little form. He was hereabouts much of the day, betwixt plying his arts and watching; and we know he is no quack-salver. See how exhausted and spent is the child!"

Its agitation was returning, with hot flushes and distress, to the mental distress of the inexperienced

couple. John could not endure the ominous symptoms and went in haste after good Samuel Fuller, at once Deacon and Doctor. Fortunately, he had just finished leisurely his supper, and was stirring the fire for a few minutes of rest, expecting no immediate change in his latest charge. He arose at once, put on his cloak and hat, and went back with John. The infant was wide-awake, crying in pain.

The case became baffling at last, to the medical knowledge of the day, which this man possessed in proper measure. Yet he had no thought of giving up, but studied conditions constantly, did what he could, and when at utter loss simply waited hour after hour, beside the crude little cradle.

"Friends, I abide here this night," he said grimly, without looking away from the sufferer.

"Oh, go not hence a moment!" they both exclaimed.

He commanded them to eat something, but they could not think of it, and crouched motionless in a corner, looking on in dumb agony. Again, the mother would take the small, tortured frame in her arms, laying him against her bosom, and pacing about the room as she vainly sought to soothe him. On the table, feebly but faithfully burned the alnight, a long wick in a large lump of wax, sufficient to last till daylight.

Midnight came, and with it the midnight of sorrow seemed to be at hand. The sharp wail weakened, and soon sank to stillness: the writhing ceased. All three started to their feet, the Doctor bending over

with a tense scrutiny. The parents could hardly see a sign of life.

"Lives it, or no?" cried Elizabeth to their faithful professional friend.

"For this present moment, yes," he replied almost in a whisper, half to himself.

Elizabeth threw her arms around her husband's neck, sobbing there convulsively. He stood like a statue, cold and still, upholding her, but with streaming eyes and twitching lips. Outside, it seemed as if all devils desired to break through the rattling shutters, and pluck this frail flower hence. The tempest of wind shrieked, and would have shaken many a house not built of solid logs. And once again, mingled with the storm and the commonly heard howling of half-famished wolves, there passed that undoubted scream which they had known here and in the Namasket lodge. A sense of desolation smote their breasts. Despair sounded in those ravening voices, intensified in the feline demon. And despair clutched too at the aching parental hearts.

Presently John looked toward the silent cradle, then turned his wife's face and pointed to the Doctor. He was holding a napkin under the baby's mouth. Elizabeth sprang to his aid. The same circumstance had occurred before, yet with no marked effect. In a few minutes now, the child sank back white as a sheet, and as limp. But its hurried breathing abated steadily, the temperature commenced slowly to cool; and it was soon lost in healing slumbers.

"'Twas a near call, quick and sharp," Samuel

Fuller commented, with a great sigh of relief. "I had almost told myself that he was gone, so in suspense were pulse and breath, and from a high calenture he came to be well-nigh clay-cold. Let us be silent and pray."

This he said with the first tremor in his tones, and bowed his weary form. The pair threw themselves on their lowly cot, and with joined hands united their unspoken petitions.

In a little while, Dr. Fuller came to them and spoke softly, "I have certain instructions to bestow on ye before I leave about four of the clock. But first, my children, I insist you shall have some food. Nay, refuse not, it is for your health, and your better service for this one of yours. And when thou art sufficed, Elizabeth, I will that thou snatch some sleep for thyself. John and I will waken thee if need be, and apprise thee of any change."

Before sunrise the excellent man was himself in repose at his own home, John was stretched out unconscious of surroundings, for a little while, and Elizabeth watched beside the slumbering convalescent with a feeling of inexpressible gratitude.

With the relaxing winter, her own earlier strength returned, such as she enjoyed before the trials of bereavement and famine and motherly care assumed too soon. In her joy over the child whom, despite her previous youthful ignorance, she still could hold to her heart, she sang to it some simple lines of her composing, which she entitled

"WHENCE AND WHITHER

"Whence is thy coming, cherub child?
Cherubim, truly, beyond blue vault,
Cherished our life in mercy mild,
Life whose fountain wells forth from God,
O favored Mother!

"How was thine advent, voyager?
Dawn of my day, in glowing skies,
Flooded my path as messenger,
Bringing supernal light to thee,
Exulting Mother.

"Why dost thou stay, small stranger fair?
Comfort to yield thee like fragrant dew.
Lessons celestial gladden care,
Teaching of lowliness, girding to holiness
The saintly Mother.

"Whither thy journey, Violet sweet?
Homeward at last may I some time return.
Glories ineffable then let me meet,
Crowning for ever the Shepherd of Paradise.
There greet me, Mother.

"Which is thy choice of dwellings, darling?
Heaven awaits such as I; but Earth
Makes brief abode, as tree for the fledgling
Present resort, till it fly away, winging,
And following Mother.

"Where is the treasure to pay baby's way?
Wealth abundant for pilgrimage now,
Riches unlimited, safe from decay,
Kisses betoken, caresses reveal,
My precious Mother.

"When will my task seem heavy, dear charge?
Lay I soft hand on the heart of love,
Say I its throbbing strength is large.
Never exhausted, affection endures,
Most faithful Mother.

"Who will heavenward lead my dove?
Resting on patient knees, I know,
Pillowy bosom, bending above,
Bears me each day on the safest of roads,
True, tender Mother.

"Whom wilt thou follow when I leave my son?
Father of infancy, Lord of my youth,
Thee above all, I seek, so laden
Ever with joy in thy blessed presence,
Who taught my Mother."

John was not to be outdone, and one day he caught up his son, held him on his square shoulder, and tramped about the diminutive interior of the home, reciting from memory his production, with its proverbial title,

"The Child is Father of the Man

"O little son, our life is in thy veins;
In thee live sire and matron: yet no less
Thou art thyself alone. Soul pure from stains,
Small form, thou, child, art father of a man.

"The pearl in Oriental waters bathed,
Distilled in iridescent sea-shell pink,
Is like thy radiant purity, unscathed
By scorn and sin, gross sense and evil mind.

"Thy greater Author giveth thee to me.
His Heaven will attend thee for a space,
In bliss almost unbroken. Now we see
His Spirit looking forth from thy dear face.

"Be ours the prayer, and ours the willing care,
That Spirit not to drive from our new body.
Dwell thou, true Glory Infinite, thus there,
According to thy Word: do not depart.

"Of such thy kingdom is. May they continue,
As humble shrines of flesh inhabited
By thee, the High and Holy, retinue
Of guardian angels hasting to their help.

"Sweet boy all undefiled and beautiful,
My joy in waking, my delight in dreaming,
Upon thy golden curls so plentiful,
The light of love incessantly shall rest.

"While, few as tiny fingers, early years
May introduce the voyage now unknown,
Thy sturdy shape shall grow; and, free from fears,
Thy heart be stranger unto rage and hate.

"With spirit slowly opening like rose or river,
Preserve not only, but increase, thy gladness
In youthful brightness, as untarnished mirror
Receiveth sunbeam, or still lake the stars.

"And then, when inward sleeping strength may rise
In virile tide, suffusing rugged limbs,
And might of robust force shall self surprise,
Have rich, full joy of virtue continent.

"By manful recreation and restraint,
Young princes learned to shun poor stupid folly,

To dare, enduring wounds without complaint,
Full nobly reared who suckled breasts of queens.

"So, freed from soft and weak voluptuousness,
With clear, cool brain engage the thinker's task.
Thy coursing blood without sick sensuousness,
Go, grapple, quiet mind, with themes sublime.

"My son, my sorrow thou shalt never be,
If, like a cliff against the inky storm,
Thou standest resolute, undaunted, free,
Before the temporizing human brood.

"O cherished offspring ignorant of wrong,
Lift up, lift up thine eyes when dangers come;
And in the stead of sadness raise the song.
Amid temptations all, be strong! be strong!"

XIX

FOREIGN FETTERS FALL

EVERY age has furnished its champions in defence of the liberties of mankind; and to their efforts, under God, is the world indebted for its civilization, and for what it enjoys of a deliverance from an iron despotism.—Among them we reckon Alfred the Great in England; Gustavus Vasa in Sweden; Luther in Germany; William Tell in Switzerland, and Washington in our own country.

Love of liberty, and the generous purpose to extend and to perpetuate its blessings, excited our Pilgrim Fathers to conceive, and to execute the sublime design, to people the Continent of North America. History records no enterprise, so signally marked for purity of principle, for wisdom in its arrangements, and for magnitude and grandeur in its objects. The result is seen by a world in wonder, in most that is good, and noble, and lovely, in our highly favored country, in the giving up, in a period of two hundred years, of a deep wilderness, to a Nation, refined and elevated in character, rich in her schools, her religious institutions, her moral influence, and her internal resources; mighty in power, a sister, and compeer among the renowned of the old world.

—JOHN KEEP, 1837.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And sow thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for Pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

—KATHERINE LEE BATES.

IN the fifth year of Plymouth, the patron company in England became so disorganized, that the larger part deserted the Colony, as far as concerned the sending of supplies. They were unwilling longer to assist, for any consideration, these religious Separatists who still adhered to their views as firmly under the hardships of America as under the persecution of England. Failing to shake their resolution by any furtive schemes, the majority of Merchant Adventurers now abandoned them; and further declared, that they would never resume trade relations, so long as the Pilgrims persisted in desiring the rest of their company to come from Leyden when possible, with their able and eminent Pastor Robinson, cordially hated of formalists. They would leave them to any fate, unless he and his fellow-Independents should reconcile themselves to the State Church by a recantation under

their hands. This gifted, influential leader, restrained from coming to his own, soon afterward died.

The high ecclesiastical dignitaries encouraged such abusive treatment, and did not take the advice of Latimer, in his Sermon of the Plough: "Ye that be prelates, look well to your office; for right prelating is busy laboring, and not lording."

So sunken into lifeless formalism was much of the national church then, that the Independent poet John Milton, of immortal honor, uttered this lament, in his "Church-Government": "Many on the Prelatick side, like the Church of Sardis, have a name to live, and yet are dead;" and again, in his "Prelatical Episcopacy": "The Councels themselves were foully corrupted with ungodly Prelatisme." A spiritual blight and moral pestilence kept company with the ravages of a malignant bodily plague at the time, the mortality mounting in two winter months to 41,313.

As a result of this persistent perversion of the genius of Christianity, the Puritan protest abated not, but went on growing. The desire increased, to fly from hopelessly decayed religious conditions, insomuch that the worthy George Herbert, writing of "The Church Militant" during this period, observed uneasily

> "Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."

Despite the cruel malice of the bulk of the Merchant Adventurers, an appreciable minority remained faith-

ful; and sent, in this same year of 1625, more cattle, and clothing with foot-wear and leather, four of them subscribing themselves significantly, over mere initials, "your assured freinds to our powers." Their traded commodities were very welcome, of the sort most needed, though in part poor of quality while costly. Business in general was paralyzed by the great distemper in London, with its terrible mortality.

In their letter, these four friends of Plymouth expressed their hopes in a kind and earnest manner:

"Let us all indeavor to keep a faire & honest course, and see what time will bring forth, and how God in his providence will worke for us. We still are perswaded you are ye people that must make a plantation in those remoate places when all others faile and returne. And your experience of Gods providence and preservation of you is such as we hope your harts will not faile you, though your freinds should forsake you (which we our selves shall not doe whilst we live, so long as your honestie so well appereth). Yet surly help would arise from some other place whilst you waite on God, with uprightnes, though we should leave you allso.

"And lastly be you all intreated to walke circumspectly, and carry your selves so uprightly in all your ways, as y^t^ no man may make just exceptions against you. And more espetially that ye favour and countenance of God may be so toward you, as y^t^ you may find abundante joye & peace even amids tribulations, that you may say with David, Though my father & mother should forsake me, yet ye Lord would take me up. . . .

"Goe on, good freinds, comfortably, pluck up your

spirits, and quitte your selves like men in all your difficulties, that notwithstanding all displeasure and threats of men, yet ye work may goe on you are aboute, and not be neglected."

Myles Standish was sent over in hope of persuading the body of the company to a better mind, as well as to request the nominally ruling Council for New England to bring those recalcitrant merchants to terms. But he met with only partial success in spite of brave efforts, particularly because of the industrial stagnation, owing to the pestilence and the unsettled political condition embarrassed by rumors of war with France. Nevertheless the Pilgrims' sympathizers, both in the Council and the company, promised to do all they could in their behalf, and a good step was taken toward the satisfactory termination of relations with New Plymouth.

"In ye mean time," as the record reads, "it pleased the Lord to give ye plantation peace and health and contented minds, and so to blese ther labours, as they had corne sufficient, (and some to spare to others,) with other foode; neither ever had they any supply of foode but what they first brought with them."

Two new shallops were built for them by their carpenter. One of these he boarded over amidships to form a bunker. They stowed it full of corn after harvest, and Edward Winslow with other first-comers undertook a voyage to the Kennebec River in present Maine. To keep the maize dry, they exposed themselves unsheltered in the boat, though they encoun-

tered autumnal roughness, and lacked the assistance of any professional sailors. But they were not quite amateurs themselves by this time, having become already somewhat seasoned to the uncertainties of New England coasting; and they weathered it out with their habitual hardihood. They bartered their corn for seven hundred pounds of beaver, with other furs besides; and were thankful for their good success and a safe return.

Next spring, in April of 1626, Captain Standish came from his delegated business abroad, to the fishing resorts of Maine; and a boat was sent from Plymouth to get him and such things as he had been able to purchase, which he knew would be of most use to the settlers.

But in addition to the news of his not very profitable negotiations, he brought considerable sad intelligence. Their loved Pastor was beyond the reach of those who plotted long against him. This information was enough to fill them with sorrow. Yet further, the congregation at Leyden were losing many others by death, and were lamenting because they saw no way to rejoin their former companions in faith and covenant bonds. The circumstances of Mr. Robinson's illness and decease were written to Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster, the virtual pastor at Plymouth in all honor and acceptance. Robert Cushman, too, the Pilgrims' trusty agent, had also passed away, after writing of his intention to come this year for permanent residence with the colonists, and deploring the critical illness of James Sherley, another

capable helper of theirs, whose initials led in the joint letter received by the Colony the preceding year.

He, likewise, who in mistaken zeal had led the governmental persecution against the Pilgrims, had been summoned to a higher Sovereign. King Charles had ascended the throne which James relinquished.

The loss of those faithful leaders of their cause abroad was a severe stroke; and the more the little band pondered upon the situation, the more perplexing it appeared, so that their historian commented, long afterwards:

"To looke humanly on ye state of things as they presented them selves at this time, it is a marvell it did not wholy discourage them, and sinck them. But they gathered up their spirits, and ye Lord so helped them, whose worke they had in hand, as now when they were at lowest they begane to rise againe, and being striped (in a maner) of all humane helps and hops, he brought things aboute other wise, in his devine providence, as they were not only upheld & sustained, but their proceedings both honoured and imitated by others."

They went resolutely to work afresh, confining their efforts to planting and trading. Governor Bradford and Mr. Winslow proceeded by boat, with several hands, to Monhegan Island in Maine, where an attempted plantation was about to give up and had serviceable goods to sell. In the list were some more goats, which became a desirable addition to the other givers of milk, small and large, already at Plymouth.

They were well furnished with trading articles by

this trip, and enabled to pay off a number of debts, some of them before the time allowed, as well as to procure more garments for those who still needed them. Little by little their wants were being met, and actual discomfort prevented.

Their small and shelterless shallops were regarded unfit for distant expeditions, particularly in cold, bad weather; and their stowing capacity was insufficient. With only a house carpenter, albeit a clever person, not very much could be attempted in material construction; but they had reason to be gratified at his achievement. He sawed one of the larger shallops in two, and lengthened it by six feet of waist; then made a deck, affording an ample retreat below. This little pinnace, propelled with sails or oars, was finished after months of labor, much to the profit and convenience of the colonists.

Isaac Allerton was commissioned to go and treat again with the English company, or what remained of it, and carry forward the task undertaken by Myles Standish in behalf of the Colony, with a view to a final settlement. Though Allerton's Plymouth associates trusted in his ability, he was instructed to make no definite conclusions until they could learn the terms.

After extended and difficult negotiation, with the aid of the Pilgrims' few influential friends and the best legal counsel available, he brought back a formal agreement subscribed by forty-two of the Merchant Adventurers, which was satisfactory to the colonists. Eight leading planters now ran a great venture and made themselves responsible for the purchase, by them

and their partners, of the English company's total interest in the Colony, amounting to eighteen hundred pounds, of which two hundred were to be paid annually at the Royal Exchange in London.

The names of those who undertook this burden were Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, Allerton, Standish, Howland, Alden, Prence. Next year, 1627, the matter was confirmed, and the first instalment paid.

But it was ten years after the expiration of the proposed time limit for the fulfillment of this contract with the Merchant Adventurers, before Plymouth was free from heavy indebtedness to other parties in England; making a financial struggle of a quarter of a century from the landing of the Pilgrims, before they were at last disengaged from foreign creditors. To the lasting wonder of all who consider them, they exhibited alongside of their piety, a practical business ability and perseverance, which was not finally frustrated by reverses such as the seizure of consignments by national enemies, and the loan to themselves of absolutely necessary sums at the extortionate rate of thirty and even fifty per cent. An indomitable tenacity, and the endurance of rock, reposed in these gentle spirits.

The agreement being reached with their corporate patrons abroad, they next proceeded to adjust matters equitably among themselves, in respect to property ownership, and the better to distribute the burden of their foreign obligations.

Every holder of a single share in the plantation was allowed a lot of twenty acres, beside the one

acre already granted. As the father of a household could purchase a share for his wife and every child, this permitted quite a piece of land for families to live upon.

The village bordered the brook on the north side, and much of the planted tract sloped up from it on the south. Outlying meadows were reserved for hay, which was divided, standing, among those who had shares in the cattle.

The regular method of assignment was by lot, and the whole apportionment was so fair and just, that there was general satisfaction and contentment. The prospect of actual ownership was gratifying and wholesome, and the hope of freedom from their financial shackles stimulated the settlers to do their best.

To facilitate commercial advance, Governor Bradford, Captain Standish, and other competent men came before the body of colonists, recounted the weight of debt upon them, and offered to undertake the payment of it themselves, as a smaller company, provided they might have the trade of the Colony for six years. It was a hazardous step; none of them were persons of real affluence; and yet they felt this was the only feasible way to push trade, unhindered by too cumbrous an organization, in which a number of incapable persons, and even some unwilling ones, were sure to be found. Less ingenious minds, however honest, were glad to be rid of this responsibility, and readily acceded to the new proposition, willing to work as they might at home, for their own subsistence and the public welfare. They were to purchase their

exemption by annually delivering to this domestic company a specified amount of agricultural products. Yet the agreement was not to be effective until it should be laid before the foreign creditors and by them approved. This was considered the honorable course, though it could hardly be expected that the English merchants would object to a speedier settlement than in the nine years allowed, whether by one plan or another, provided they deemed it safe enough. After the six years of exclusive trading privilege as now proposed by these few individuals at Plymouth, the conduct of their commerce was to revert to the whole Colony, called the generality.

The local internal company dared to attempt, in two-thirds of the time granted for the full payment of the eighteen hundred pounds, not only the discharge of that incumbrance, but other debts devolving upon the plantation, approximating six hundred pounds, or a third of the other sum. This was now a bold venture indeed, in their still dubious circumstances and with the loss of former valued helpers abroad:—to assume liabilities aggregating between two and three thousand pounds, or more specifically, about twelve thousand dollars in our currency. Insignificant enough for a well established community, the load was large for these straitened pioneers in an almost unbroken wilderness, who recently during several years had struggled for their very lives. The feebleness of their condition made their courage colossal.

Yet these were no hot-headed speculators, rashly making chimerical castles in air, or busily blowing

mere financial bubbles with a foolhardy recklessness. They were a brainy group, and the outcome proved their judgment sober. They had taken the long look, knew what they were about, and, though purposing to be prompt, were too cool to be in a hurry. Their sound discretion never failed; and they displayed that rare balance, which blends quiet repose of mind with resistless energy.

With a prudence so noteworthy, there also appeared at this time a lofty height of brotherly love in their secret determination, which they dared not divulge to all even of their own, to prepare the way and finally gain the means if somehow obtainable, to assist their fellow-Pilgrims to come to them from Leyden, as those distant ones longed to do, whose sorrowful regrets had touched their great, tender hearts.

Their spiritual fellows and remaining agents in England were also not wanting in zeal and fidelity, as witnessed a letter of James Sherley, showing, too, that he and his Separatist companions were more exposed there, to the fires of persecuting hatred. So he wrote:

" Now I doubt not but you will give your generallitie good contente, and setle peace amongst your selves, and peace with the natives; and then no doubt but ye God of Peace will blese your going out & your returning, and cause all y^{t} you sett your hands unto to prosper; the which I shall ever pray ye Lord to grante if it be his blessed will. Asuredly unless ye Lord be mercifull unto us & ye whole land in generall, our estate & condition is farr worse then yours. Wher-

fore if ye Lord should send persecution or trouble hear, (which is much to be feared,) and so should put into our minds to flye for refuge, I know no place safer then to come to you, (for all Europ is at varience with another, but cheefly wth us,)——"

The effect of the Colony's stress of business burdens was to develop territorial exploitation. To fulfil their purposes, they enlarged the area of their industry. Southward and northward their commerce spread.

Another small pinnace was built on Monumet River, emptying into Buzzard's Bay. This could be reached by boat from Cape Cod Bay and Scusset River, with some colportage overland between those two streams; so avoiding the dangerous peninsular circumnavigation, and marking the main course of the present Cape Cod Canal. Thus was opened all the lower coast of New England, including the populous Narragansett Bay; access was given to the mouth of the Connecticut River, with its fair valley intersecting the country; and the approach was unimpeded, through Long Island Sound, to the New Netherlands. Here was trading ground indeed, all the way to the promising harbor at the Hudson's mouth and the seat of the mighty metropolis to be.

On the Monumet a store house was put up, and some men sent to live there, raising corn and swine, and ready to take the boat out when desired. This enterprise brought substantial returns.

Also to the north on the Kennebec River they again went, and selected a convenient trading place, on which they erected a house, where Augusta, the capital city

of Maine, should afterward arise. The Council for New England, over the signature of its president the Earl of Warwick, made out a patent to William Bradford, granting territory thirteen miles on the river, and extending fifteen miles on either side. Trouble occurred through the private rivalry of their supposedly reliable agent and former comrade, Isaac Allerton, in astonishing complicity with some of the hostile Adventurers. Nevertheless the business in Maine prospered so well at first that the American debtors gained headway. A post acquired on the Penobscot, after surviving managerial unfaithfulness, was twice plundered by the French, and lost to Plymouth.

For furs they gave those northern natives coats and shirts, blankets and rugs, corn and crackers, peas and prunes, knives and hatchets, procured from England and the fishing vessels. After carrying on trade at the Kennebec River for ten years, they leased the post for one-sixth of its profits, so continuing to receive a regular income from that source. Their second agent on the Penobscot River was Thomas Willet, whose sterling integrity in all business management was in refreshing contrast with the utterly untrustworthy character of many another individual or combination with whom they had to do in England and America. His keen commercial vision and his cordial manners, added to this unswerving honesty, caused his later appointment over the trade with the Dutch; and when New Amsterdam became New York, the English victors made him its first Mayor.

These Hollanders at Manhattan Island sent letters

to Plymouth in its seventh year, the year of the trading station's establishment near Buzzard's Bay. Before making their proffers of commercial relations, their correspondence opened with this ample salutation as rendered in English:

"Noble, honorable, wise and prudent Lords, the Governor and Councillors residing in New Plymouth, our very good friends: The Director and Council of New Netherland wish to your Lordships, honorable, wise and prudent, happiness in Christ Jesus our Lord, with prosperity and health, in soul and body."

And the communication closed in this amicable tenor, as translated later:

"In ye mean time we pray the Lord to take you, our honoured good freinds and neighbours, into his holy protection.

"By the appointment of ye Govr and Counsell, &c.

ISAAK DE RASIER, Secrectaris.

"From ye Manhatas, in ye fort Amsterdam,
March 9. Anº: 1627."

The answer of Bradford was equally cordial, and reminiscent of the Pilgrims' happy relations with the people of Holland.

"*To the Honoured, &c.*

"The Govr & Counsell of New-Plim: wisheth, &c. We have received your letters, &c. wherin appeareth your good wills & frendship toward us; but is expresed wth over high titls, more then belongs to us, or is meete for us to receive. But for your good will,

and congratulations of our prosperitie in these smale beginings of our poore colonie, we are much bound unto you, and with many thanks doe acknowledg ye same; taking it both for a great honour done unto us, and for a certaine testimoney of your love and good neighbourhood.

"Now these are further to give your Worpps to understand, that it is to us no smale joye to hear, that his majestie hath not only bene pleased to confirme yt ancient amitie, aliance, and frendship, and other contracts, formerly made & ratified by his predecessors of famous memorie, but hath him selfe (as you say) strengthened the same with a new-union the better to resist ye prid of yt comone enemy ye Spaniard, from whose cruelty the Lord keep us both, and our native countries. Now forasmuch as this is sufficiente to unite us togeather in love and good neighbourhood, in all our dealings, yet are many of us further obliged, by the good and curteous entreaty which we have found in your countrie; haveing lived ther many years, with freedome, and good contente, as also many of our freinds doe to this day; for which we, and our children after us, are bound to be thankfull to your Nation, and shall never forgett ye same, but shall hartily desire your good & prosperity, as our owne, for ever."

Notwithstanding all the suave salutations of the Dutch, and their evident friendliness, further epistles asserted a claim over English territorial and trade rights. The Plymouth Governor's versatile mind and ready tact were equal to this new crisis, delicate as it was, and fraught with grave possibilities. There was considerable correspondence, and mutual insistence, couched in conventional courtesy of diction. Bradford preserved part of these diplomatic communica-

tions in his Letter Book. He remained firm in the English title, knowing the grounds therefor, and requested the Manhattan magistrates to refer to their home government, while he significantly deprecated any future trouble to them from the British crown.

In the conclusion of one of his messages he offers this advice:

"We desire your Honours, that ye would take into your wise and honorable considerations, that which we conceive may be a hindrance to this accordation, and may be a means of much future evil, if it be not prevented, namely, that you clear the title of your planting in these parts, which his Majesty hath, by patent, granted to divers his nobles and subjects of quality; least it be a bone of division in these stirring evil times, which God forbid: We persuade ourselves, that now may be easily and seasonably done, which will be harder and with more difficulty obtained hereafter, and perhaps not without blows; so there may be assured peace and good correspondence on all parts, and ourselves more free and able to contract with your Honours. Thus commending our best service to our most noble Lords, praying for the prosperous success of your worthy designs, we rest your Lordships'

"Most sincerely affected and bounden,

WILLIAM BRADFORD,

Plymouth, Oct. 1, Anno 1627. Governour, &c."

This seemed to be enough. They desisted from such designs as might not be deemed "worthy" by the benevolent English Governor, and for which he did not say he might pray. The unwarranted question was dropped, as to the Dutch prerogative.

Next year the Manhattan correspondent himself, Isaak de Rasier, came to the Monumet station with trumpeters and a retinue, and was conveyed to Plymouth by a boat sent to meet him. After several days' entertainment, he returned to his ship, attended by some of the Plymouth men, who purchased a portion of his wares and prepared the way for further mercantile relations.

On arrival at Fort New Amsterdam, De Rasier delivered to those interested a picturesque description, still extant, of the fortified English Colony.

XX

FACING THE FUTURE

WHEN o'er the billows' heaving deep
The Fathers of our race,
The precepts of their God to keep,
Sought here their resting place.

That gracious God their path prepared,
Preserved from every harm,
And still for their protection bared
His everlasting arm.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Derived from British rights and laws,
That justly merit our applause,
Darlings of Heaven, heroes brave,
You still shall live though in the grave.
Live, live, within each grateful breast,
With reverence for your names possessed;
Your praises on our tongues shall dwell,
And sires to sons your actions tell.

—ALEXANDER SCAMMEL.

Sung at Plymouth in 1769, at the first public observance of Forefathers' Day.

Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis.
(As with the Fathers, so may God be with us.)

—*Seal of Boston.*

NEW ENGLAND'S first decade was nearly gone. Again the Mayflowers bloomed, these tender little beauties outlasting the grim might of once familiar terrors. The Howlands' nuptial day had come, and they resolved to observe it in the open.

They went out by the same gate as on the wedding trip, but not now one following another to avoid public scrutiny. Instead, a family of five, one upheld in arms, proceeded along the street and through the stockade, exchanging friendly greetings with passers.

No stinted portion of dry meal, as seven years before, did they carry now for refreshment, but a substantial lunch in which an ample Johnny Indian corn cake found appetizing accessories, with the special luxury of a little butter that Elizabeth had managed to make from their share of the black heifer's milk. "What an acquiry for Plymouth are these few hornbeasts!" she exclaimed. "As said a versifier,

> "Some countryes lack plough-meat
> And some do lack cow-meat.'

But we shall soon have both."

The day was glorious, bright and breezy. They climbed the Hill outside the palisade, and around to the place of their fearful encounter with the panther, at that ever memorable time of strife for life, and of mutual confession of love.

While the happy couple chatted reclining on the vernal carpet, and enjoying the relaxation from their customary occupations, the older youngsters rollicked around, now running about, now strolling and gathering the fragrant pink-white blossoms. Again, they played hoodman-blind, look-about-ye, and other games of English children, or contrived a see-saw with a long, stout stick laid across a log, the larger child keeping nearer the centre to maintain the balance. Baby Hope, as she lay, blew softly upon a corn-pipe whittled from a stalk, while she watched Brother John and Sister Desire, or brandished her chubby fists and kicked off her nether-stocks, gurgling with glee; and finally decided upon a nap. Then they that possessed teeth used them, to the steady demolition and unpausing attrition of Johnny cake and thin, hard-baked, oaten carvis-cakes, the best of their clap-bread because savory with caraway. They finished on comfortable-bread, a rarity made with such native sweets as were available.

As the head of the family and his helpmate sat looking out over the blue expanse of quiet waters that slowly overflooded the tide-marsh, Elizabeth turned to John and said: "You profess my comeliness has returned. But how will you speak, when it goes again never to return, if I be overyeared?"

"My liefest," he replied, "we wedded as souls, as well as bodies."

"Then, my husband, it is that we should go with William Shakespeare in saying fully happily in one of his sonnets:

"'Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;

. . . . . .

"'Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.'

"It is truth, John, that the fairest features grow foul and ruthful to see, by reason of naughty thoughts; and close-kept complots of the breast cry from the darkened brow. But goodness is ever decorous. And thy proper beauty shall abide though thou seest an hundred years here."

"I may not carry as many lines, Elizabeth, as thy good memory holdeth, but I'll put two to thy dozen, from the same source:

"'Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.'"

After a refreshing holiday, they descended in season for household duties before dark. The night watch saw them and in recognition waved his hand, who had appeared early in order to survey the landscape in good light, from the top of the new scaffold tower which had been built for a lookout.

As they reached the one street that crossed the main thoroughfare, at the corner they noticed the young foliage of Governor Bradford's wild rose bush, one of the flowering plants he afterwards mentioned in verses describing New England's natural products.

"Dost recall those roses I left in thine apartment when our house was Governor Carver's?" John asked Elizabeth.

"Recall them? I espied them too many summer eves to forget their delightsome daintiness; and I was about to ask thee to transplant a bush, with yonder cultivated one of ours. And if there be a little portion of flower seed to spare of that which is expected from abroad, let us deck the frontage of our home with marigold, salvia, and larkspur. What sayest thou?"

"That's quite comely," answered John, "and well combined. Son will soon, as a towardly child, be old enough to show how to make wreaths of the larkspur, and then press them in the back of the Bible or Psalter, even as 'twill not be long before thou as housemother mayest hold the horn-book before him for his first learning."

Looking up and down the street, they saw here and there signs of supper preparation, judging from the smoke curling afresh from the stone chimneys. Elizabeth remarked, "'Tis a pleasing sight, is this road we named First Street. And to my mind, this our hamlet hath now a likely look; though many would view it askance and wax merry over it, remembering London and Leyden. I care not for that, and maintain it is seemly, with the care bestowed by us upon it all,

every household tending its own quarters. There's no denying it for a stout-built row on either side the way. And thankful was I when they made an end of plastered green-wood chimneys, and when roofing of thatch-on-pole gave place at last to puncheon planks well trimmed and properly daubed betwixt. I said but little, yet deemed it poor improvement on the thatch, when they laborously strewed on layers of hemlock bark, granting the wet came not through. The same pitch that fended the rain courted the sparks.

"I would fain have sundry proprietors of sorry English houses for the poor—houses verily too evil for swine to winter in—look upon our secure abodes, the which, though void of any ostent, have proper fitments. Mark it well, there'd be a scurrying to sell those tenements of theirs, and more trouble to find buyers, if a law should be formed to force the owners to set their names thereon full plainly. For such owners be some of them held in high repute, and you must salute them among the great in worldly standing, or even at royal court, though of right they should be embarred in a bettering-house. And with many of them, their gains and greatness come of grinding into the ground, as it were, the faces of the lowly."

They drew near to their one door, solid enough to keep out anything. But there was no outer fastening as yet. They simply lifted the inner latch by the string which came through and hung on the outside. On entering they pulled it in through its hole, and pushed up tightly the wooden bolt. During the day

they had not felt uneasy at leaving the house thus unprotected against intrusion. Valuables such as money and records, what they had of them, were put in a strong-box and safely secreted in a proper place. Since the time when some of the serving men followed the example of Weston's tribe and stole corn in their desperate hunger, there had not been so much trouble from thieving; and the Pilgrims' worldly goods which they had brought over were of necessity very limited. The young housewife had observed, when all of them together left the premises in the morning: "Belike no man hereabouts would have the hardiment to turn hedge-creeper and slippery draw-latch, leastways of days, and go a-madding after what could be found in our habitations; and they'd be sharply attasked for it, if they so bodged their bad business as to invite exposture. If one would so beruffianise himself, he'd fare as well to sail over silt-up and paddle through float-grass after a kit-o'-the-candlestick, or go to gripple glare-worms for gold, in yonder dew-besprent cowlay."

Yes, there was little in the dwellings to tempt base minds, even such few as remained among them; and England still drained them for their largest debt. But what though a bare interior greeted these incomers? They were happy to enjoy its substantial shelter, its glowing hearth, its lowly living-room, the small yet restful sleeping apartments, two downstairs partitioned off and a loft for men or boys overhead, reached by huge pegs driven between the logs of the wall in lieu of a ladder. The settlers whittled many

pegs both large and small, since iron nails were scarce. For they dwelt in wood among the woods.

John placed some blocks sawn short from a small log, and turned over upon them, from the wall, the table of cumbrous ax-trimmed planks joined by two cross-pieces. He was taking some rub-stones and a bit of old rag to start a fire, when Elizabeth stopped him after lifting up the lid of her mother's portable oven. "No need to roast this bear's meat further, the last oily portion is done," she informed him, and added with a laugh, "'Twas strong enough to stand me well for many a day. Make no insuit to me to try again. I'll be content to let you and your little man consume all you desire on't, and after, make a flesh-broth of it. Give me rather a fish-pie of red herring, any day, or a stiff pease-pudding hot from the bag."

The old Dutch oven had done its duty well, the smouldering fire having lasted long enough, which had been heaped around and upon it on leaving that morning.

"I'll fetch some water speedily in our royal golden vessel," said John, "and we'll sup without delay." Accordingly he and the ubiquitous John Junior started for the town spring across the way called First Street, later named Broad Street, and now commemorating the Pilgrims' stay in Leyden.

A capacious dried pumpkin rind held by a thong, served for a pail, painted bright by the sunlight. Looking down at the sturdy toddler beside him, the father saw tightly clenched in his hand a large clam-shell stuck in a forked stick. "How now, younker?

Thou wilt ever be digging. Betake thee straightway to Mother with that fine soup-ladle."

The child obeyed, running like a spider to surrender the article where found, and returning as quickly. In so doing, he tripped on the stub of a small tree which the cutter had carelessly left protruding, too close to the highway; and falling on his face, he got a solid bump. He dashed away the tears, however, when his father set him up and soothed his head. Mistress Cooke coming up from the spring commented, "Now, John, if your John will not learn to stand alone e'en yet, but must needs fall hourly flatlong, you'll be tying the pudding-cushion on his forehead once more, and on his backhead likewise."

"I'm no babe," quoth Young America, to the amusement of both hearers; and he marched on ahead with as much dignity as his short stature would permit, whirling vigorously by the string, a boy's buzz-stone.

"What, another big-head?" exclaimed his mother on seeing the red swollen spot, for which she hastened to apply an "emollitive," with kisses mentally helpful. "Stand up, my son," she advised, "or thou'lt ne'er make a man. So! Thou hast put away every beteared fit-o'-the-face of babishness. And now I'll light the candles, for our balmy south-wester of the day hath brought up an early darkening cloud, and without a fire on the hearth we are lightless. Get you to the table, children.—What though fine threaden napery is awanting to overcover it? We may share a meal's meat, with as good relish as any otherwhere."

The soft breeze crept in at the little windows high

in the wall, the containing frame and panes of paper, saturated with linseed oil, having been removed in mild weather for air, to be replaced against rain. Then when required, the door was swung open for a few minutes; though the chimney, always large, made a good ventilator, especially when a fire was burning brightly from forestick to backlog.

Increasing Hope, from the cradle, cooed and reached toward the flames of the two bayberry candles, fluttering under the spring zephyr. Resting on the table they emitted their delicious fragrance, and gave light enough for the family to see what they were doing. Elizabeth was glad to make wax and mould gray tapers from the nutty fruit of the bayberry bushes, still abundant in Old Colony landscapes.

At each end of the table the father and mother stood, while he gave thanks, small John and Desire being on the side away from the wall. With bowed heads on which the lights played changefully, they clasped their hands in reverent attitude during the blessing; and then seated themselves on the blocks, each at a trencher of hollowed wood. It was customary for some children to eat from the same dish, but Elizabeth said she wanted them to live as becomingly as little folks in Holland.

Because of their outing this was more of a dinner than supper; and the pudding-time came regularly first. They took with a good relish part of the contents of the pudding-bag, some cold suppawn, being a coarse corn-meal porridge, with a little milk and maple sugar added; for the Plymouth settlers were

interested learners from the Indians, as to the use of maple sap. Then the parents cut up fine some bear's flesh for spoon-meat, since table forks were hardly known, knives taking their place without offence to etiquette. They ate the meat with slices of barley bread.

As they were about to repair to bed, John Second whispered to his sister, "When I am more bigly grown, Father saith I shall clamber away up to yonder loft, and sleep of nights. Then, what will you all do down here, if I be gone?"

"Oh-h!" said Desire, desiring to say more, but utterance failed her, at the vision of future privilege to be conferred upon her beloved brother.

"And list, Desire," he added in more confidential tones, "so I were greatly an-hungered, suppose you Father would chastise me if I made trial of even a little of that dry fish and flesh hanging with the squash-rings from the crosspieces, or parched blueberries on the floor?"

"No say now," lisped the three-year-old, who had caught the main tenor of the query. "John wait and see."

John shook his head at the dubious outlook for successful foraging, when his father called him to a more lowly place of repose. At an early hour the entire family were enjoying the sleep of the guileless. Their days were full, whether with work or play, and at night their slumber was sound. The head of the household himself had more than manual cares upon him, to tax his energies, since he had become one of the Governor's seven Assistants, and in fact a man

whose aid and counsel were generally in demand at New Plymouth, till his decease at fourscore years.

The newness of this plantation, however, was very different from what it was only ten years before; and other settlements to the north were now struggling into existence.

The first of the forty-two signatures, in the Merchant Adventurers' final compact of 1627, was the name of John White. The father of the Massachusetts Bay colonies, as much as any man, was Rev. John White of Dorchester, England, who named Dorchester, now a part of Boston, but which for the first years, as a separate settlement, surpassed in importance the future metropolis of New England.

The original peninsula called Shawmut and Trimountain, rising above the mouth of the Charles and destined to be the capital of the Commonwealth, had for its first, and for five years its only white occupant, Rev. William Blackstone, one of the few among Robert Gorges' people who did not desert the northern region. He dwelt undisturbed in a house with garden and orchard; and devoted his leisure to study, since possible parishoners at Wessagusset had slipped away on its second failure. His literary tastes made him a fitting forerunner of the culture which was to grace the Athens of America.

Across at Winnisimmet, now East Boston, Samuel Maverick and David Thomson also remained after Gorges, the evanescent Governor General, departed from America. Thus expiring Wessagusset did not, as was intended, overshadow the Plymouth settlement

of despised Separatists, but even contributed members of quality to prepare the way where the large colony of Puritans was soon to come. Maverick was a personage of importance, with servants at his behest, and fortified dwelling and trading house with a palisade and four cannons. Likewise the doughty Scotchman Thomson held the harbor island which bears his name.

Worse than the forsaken Wessagusset, if possible, was Merry Mount Wollaston on the south shore, where for a few years before the general Massachusetts immigration, a debauched band of thirty held high revels, until Salem and Plymouth had to interfere, for the sake of the public peace and to pacify the aggrieved natives.

While the godless Wollaston established his gang in 1625, the devout and prudent Roger Conant conducted a party to Nantasket, whence they soon went to Cape Ann on fishing business, and next year settled at Naumkeag, now Salem.

In Plymouth's eighth year, the Council for the Affairs of New England granted to some knights and gentlemen of old Dorchester the land between the Charles and Merrimac and their tributaries. Charles the First confirmed the grant next year, and the patent was given under the broad seal of England.

Reference was made, in this Charter of 1629, to a weighty purpose entertained, when the sovereign stated: "—our said people, inhabitants there, maie be soe religiously, peaceablie, and civilly governed, as their good life and orderlie conversacon maie wynn

and incite the natives of country to the knowledge & obedience of the onlie true God & Savior of mankind & the Christian fayth, which, in our roal intencon & the adventurers free profession, is the principale ende of this plantacon."

In fact this was no new idea, regarding one object of the American colonies. The Virginia Charter of 1609 and the New England Charter of 1620 both declared in the same terms concerning the settlements as foreign missionary stations:

"The principal effect which we can desire or expect of this action, is the conversion & reduction of the people in those parts into the true worship of God & Christian religion."

In 1628 the staunch Puritan, Captain John Endicott, soon afterward Governor, with the tolerant and worthy Conformist clergyman, John White, led a small company to Naumkeag, where Roger Conant's party, after some hesitation, received them in peace. Therefore the name of that reinforced colony became Salem. No natives were present, and few were near, from fear of the tribes to the east. Next year three ships brought two hundred passengers, landing some at Salem and others at Charlestown, the latter place having long been an empty name on Capt. John Smith's map of New England. Only Thomas Walford the blacksmith was found there, in a thatched and fenced house. The Sagamore John heartily welcomed the newcomers.

The Governor at Salem proceeded to recognize

Plymouth's head in this truly fraternal manner (his spelling made modern):

"To the worshipful and my right worthy friend, William Bradford, Esq. Governor of New Plymouth, these.

"Right Worthy Sir,

"It is a thing not usual, that servants to one master and of the same household should be strangers; I assure you I desire it not, nay to speak more plainly, I cannot be so to you: God's people are marked with one and the same mark, and sealed with one and the same seal, and have for the main one and the same heart, guided by one and the same spirit of truth; and where this is, there can be no discord, nay, here must needs be sweet harmony; and the same request (with you) I make unto the Lord, that we may, as Christian brethren, be united by an heavenly and unfeigned love, bending all our hearts and forces in furthering a work beyond our strength with reverence and fear, fastening our eyes always on him that only is able to direct and prosper all our ways."

The following summer the sincere and cultured pastors at Salem, Higginson and Skelton, though ordained clergymen, wished to be set apart anew. To this religious assembly William Bradford and other delegates from the Plymouth church were invited. Adverse winds delayed their arrival, but happily they were in time to give the right hand of fellowship to their brethren of the northern Bay. This imposition of hands by several lay members eminent for piety, signified the thoroughly informal and spiritual char-

acter of the occasion, and that they did not require ecclesiastical authority.

Late in this summer of 1629, the familiar old Mayflower again brought its Pilgrims for Plymouth, thirty-five souls from Leyden, who landed first at Salem in the mentioned expedition thither, of two hundred persons. The Leyden immigrants had almost despaired of ever seeing their friends in America. When reunited at Plymouth, it was said of them that "they quickly grew into church order and set themselves roundly to walk in all the ways of God."

Soon afterwards a smaller number came from Leyden, but poorer and less capable than the first contingent, being sent by the indiscretion of their friends; so that their expense exceeded the larger group by a hundred pounds, and they became an actual menace to colonial success because they were not only newly clothed in addition to being transported, but had to be sustained for a year and a half, and provided for in every way. Yet they were a guileless, God-fearing folk, and with patient consideration were accepted, and finally accounted useful to an extent. The burden of their transportation and maintenance, the latter nearly as costly as the former, was shared with them by several new partners in England. It was equivalent to a full sum of over five thousand dollars; and the part which Plymouth had to pay became a chief cause for the continuance of the Colony's indebtedness during its first quarter of a century. Writing of these obligations assumed at this time in behalf of the Pilgrims from Leyden, the historian observed:

"These things I note more perticulerly, for sundry regards. First, to shew a rare example herein of brotherly love, and Christian care in performing their promises and covenants to their brethren, too, & in a sorte beyonde their power; that they should venture so desperatly to ingage them selves to accomplish this thing, and bear it so cheerfully; for they never demanded, much less had, any repaymente of all these great sumes thus disbursed. 2ly. It must needs be that ther was more than of man in these achievements, that should thus readily stire up ye harts of shuch able frinds to joyne in partnership with them in shuch a case, and cleave so faithfullie to them as these did, in so great adventures; and the more because most of them never saw their faces to this day; ther being neither kindred, aliance, or other acquaintance or relations betweene any of them, then hath been before mentioned; it must needs be therfore the spetiall worke and hand of God. 3ly. That these poore people here in a wilderness should, notwithstanding, be inabled in time to repay all these ingagments, and many more unjustly brought upon them through the unfaithfullnes of some, and many other great losses which they sustained, which will be made manifest, if ye Lord be pleased to give life and time. In ye mean time, I cannot but admire his ways and workes towards his servants, and humbly desire to blesse his holy name for his great mercies hithertoo."

Plymouth's tenth year saw about three hundred souls living there. And the Bradford Patent, made out later regarding the Kennebec trading territory, also defined the area of the Old Colony, from Cohasset below present Boston harbor, to Narragansett Bay.

Contemporary with the closing of Plymouth's first decade, the Massachusetts Bay Colony was granted local government. Laws for the public good could be made, if not in conflict with the English general authority. The Governors were appointed by the King, in marked contrast with those at Plymouth, who were elected by the colonists themselves in popular ballot.

In the spring of this year of 1630, there arose the greatest threat of native hostility which had as yet appeared, considering its scope. The Indians, friendly tribes excepted, planned an insurrection extending from the northeast coast of New England to Narragansett Bay on the south. Charlestown was informed of the conspiracy by that ever loyal friend of the whites, who was called Sagamore John. The plan was to come together at Plymouth, in a grand sporting festival, the precedent being remembered when Massasoit and his men were entertained there. The request was made in all openness and seeming amity. But Governor Bradford perceived the peril, and refused the petition: whereupon they boldly declared: "If we may not come with leave, we will come without."

The warriors rallied not far from the little settlement of Charlestown, which, with its feeble colonial neighbors in the north, they studied to destroy. The case was like the meditated murder of several infants and a child in its tenth year, Plymouth being the main objective in this desperate attempt.

It was truly a critical time for Charlestown. Its

few men, women, and even the children went to digging earth-works with all speed, and built a small fort on the crest of the town hill. But peaceful Salem let its cannon speak, with quickly pacifying effect. The natives, terrified by the thunderous detonations, withdrew; and the whole design was abandoned. No blood was spilled. Individuals from the former hostile host came among the planters, seeking to ingratiate themselves, and affirming they were the colonists' "good friends." Their white friends, however, were wisely wary. Shame and fear made the majority of natives keep their distance now, during these early colonial days. And the hundreds of new English immigrants, already on their way across the ocean, soon precluded further trouble from these Indians at the coast settlements, where also the comparatively flat country allowed the white people more ease of communication among themselves, than in isolated valleys or hills of the interior.

Before the spring was gone, the ship Mary and John brought one hundred and forty persons who located on the pleasant little peninsula of Savin Hill, forming the first settlement in Dorchester, the Indian Mattapan.

As New England's oldest township was entered by its most notable men on the first day of winter, 1620, the future metropolis was approached in the Bay by its colonial leaders on the opening date of the summer of 1630. The Arbella, flag-ship of the New England fleet, came to Salem harbor at two o'clock next morning, Saturday, June 22, New Style. Pilgrim shallop

and Puritan ship reached the precincts of their respective ports on Friday, a day of holy memory and gratitude among all disciples of the Hero of Calvary.

But how different this Friday from the one ten years before! Then, the event of entry was fraught with suffering and deathly danger: now, though these like those were in darkness as impenetrable as their destinies, safety attended their gallant vessel, and the sweet breath of the season of growing fruition ministered unto them. Guiding shallops preceded the flagship. The stillness of the night-enshrouded wilderness was broken by the reverberation of her saluting cannon. Salem heard, and knew the cheerful meaning of the fiery voice. The adventurous Lion had led the flotilla, arriving a few days sooner than the Arbella.

John Winthrop, who had been appointed Governor of the Massachusetts Bay in New England before he sailed from Yarmouth in April, now went ashore when the day was come, in company with his fellow-passengers, about twenty gentlemen and ladies of note, and met the settlers of Salem. The visitors remained over Sunday; and were refreshed, after their long continued sea diet, by an abundance of strawberries found in the woods.

They entered Boston harbor and the mouth of the Charles River, and most of the passengers disembarked at Charlestown, on Monday morning, just as the Forefathers had gone ashore at Plymouth after their Sabbath rest, alone on a wave-washed island instead of among greeting friends as at Salem.

The Charlestown portion of the two hundred that had come the year before with John Endicott, first regular Governor of all the Massachusetts Bay, were again in an emergency, as compared with the company at Salem that had reinforced Roger Conant's pioneers of 1625. Both Salem and Charlestown, a few weeks previously, had escaped the horrors of massacre such as in later times befell many a settlement at the hands of the savages. But the latter colony was nevertheless still in distress, because of privations. The mortality of their first winter, like that at Plymouth nine years before, had been terrible, more than fourscore of them passing away. Many now were weak and sick. They had hardly enough corn to last a fortnight; and the timely newcomers were obliged to provide food for them, though their own allowance would require prudent stewardship during the uncertainties of settling.

On Thursday of this eventful week, Governor Winthrop and other leading men went in search of a colonial site for part of the multitude belonging to their expedition, most of whom had not yet arrived. This would prevent crowding upon the existing plantations in their precarious condition. The party toured in the neighborhood of the Massachusett Indians, who would naturally locate in desirable districts; and they returned Saturday, visiting a group of settlers on the harbor border at Nantasket. Until suitable places could be found, they all tarried at Charlestown, subsisting, before harvests matured, on the rations provided them in England.

By the eighteenth of July the main body of the New

England fleet had come in, and that date was set for a day of public thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, throughout these plantations. Besides the ships that had already arrived, there were now here no less than ten others, some of them carrying two hundred passengers and more. Altogether there was quite a multitude, about fifteen hundred.

One of these, the second son of Governor Winthrop and a youth of promise, was no longer permitted to be a comfort to that excellent man, his father, or to spend his life in America. Having safely landed July 12, the next day he was drowned in a creek, meeting the same strange fatality which had so soon removed the consort of Plymouth's coming leader.

The voyagers, like those of 1620, had been so long confined aboard ship that a large number were afflicted with scurvy and fevers, from which some would never recover. But they were not forced to stay in these vessels as places of refuge from an inclement season. In the height of summer warmth they all came ashore, and promptly pitched an encampment of tents, or hastily erected booths, around the Town Hill. Cottages began to be built without delay. The Governor and other specified patentees, including gentry, occupied a large house constructed the previous year by one Master Graves.

Public gatherings were in the open air, and preaching services were conducted beneath a tree, by Rev. George Phillips and Rev. John Wilson, who became the first pastor at Boston. There was need of their holy offices, also, for many whose voyage of life was

closing, because of the increasing plague of scurvy. They departed with tranquil spirits, from those hard circumstances and strange surroundings.

So severe and extensive was this afflictive dispensation, that Governor Winthrop, himself mourning for his son, requested Salem and Plymouth to observe with them a day of prayer, the second Friday in August, which was July 30 by their calendar.

Much suffering also was caused by the scarcity of good water. But Shawmut, the place of Clear Water, rose just across the briny estuary of the Charles. Here was the residence of Blackstone the clerical recluse. Having for several years held as his own an area of about fifty acres, he now sold it to Winthrop and his fellow-patentees. His rural estate still preserves its beauty of nature, in the midst of the mighty metropolis, comprising the spacious Boston Common. It was included in the triple-peaked peninsula called by the English Tri-mountain and, with better euphony, Tremont; but which was established as Boston, after the English city of that name. As with Plymouth and a host of American communities, places of endearment in the motherland were perpetually brought to mind by applying their names to these new settlements. Similarly, the words Pilgrim and Plymouth have been placed upon a throng of churches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Boston was first settled by a company from Charlestown on September seventh, in their reckoning, the seventeenth in ours, as the last summer season was coming to its close, in that notable decade.

Still more extension was caused by the inconveni-

ences of these colonists' first thirsty summer. Sir Richard Saltonstall and Rev. George Phillips led a party a little way up the Charles River and chose a place of abode which they called Watertown, thankful to find in abundance the necessary beverage of life.

There was winnowing too, as well as expansion. The choice of humanity was sifted like wheat, through the threshing of tribulation. Not only had the weakest succumbed, for the safer continuance of their surviving brethren, but others who felt unequal to this arduous enterprise concluded to go back to England. As many as a hundred returned, in vessels that were dispatched to Ireland to obtain food supplies. The overpeopled plantations were glad to be rid of these irresolute or incompetent persons.

There surely was need of resolution. And the high purpose of these enduring pioneers was sustained by prayer. Captain Johnson's "Wonder-working Providence," written in later years, recorded this petition: "Lord Christ, here they are at thy command, they go; this is the doore thou hast opened upon our earnest request and we hope it shall never be shut."

Before sailing in April, for the West, the appointed successor of Governor Endicott of Salem, John Winthrop, who was also the first civil head at Boston, with Sir Richard Saltonstall, and Thomas Dudley a future chief magistrate followed in office by his son Joseph, these and more wrote a letter to representatives of the Established Church of England, owning her as spiritual mother, expressing charity for all her good, and requesting her supplications for their suc-

cess in this eminently Christian cause. Indeed, a number of tolerant Conformists, equally accepted as noble and sincere men of God, were among the first clergymen of New England. They were altogether different from any clerical renegades whom the Adventurers had vainly attempted to foist upon the country. These fulfilled their shepherding well, in the fifteen formative years now following, when nearly three hundred ships brought more than twenty-one thousand, a distinct colonial migration unparalleled in history. The American pioneer resembled in spirit the Spartan mother and her son, whom she exhorted to return from the field of battle either with his shield or upon it.

One of the clergymen that had come to Massachusetts was Rev. Ralph Smith, whom some men from Plymouth found at Nantasket in the summer of 1629. They perceived his devout conversation, learned that he had been a preacher, and took him home in their boat. The Pilgrims showed him hospitality, invited him to address their congregation, and finally accepted him as their first ordained minister. Though of rather ordinary abilities, he continued as pastor for six full years, until it was felt by himself and others that the responsibility was too burdensome.

Before the worthy Winthrop had completed his third year as head of the Massachusetts Bay settlements, he resolved to pay a visit to his gubernatorial brother, Bradford, and associates. Sympathy and fellowship were desirable. There had been great sickness at Boston in its beginning, and communication

with Plymouth was a natural consequence. Horses and cattle had been exchanged, and the Bostonians bought every available commodity of use in their critical condition. These very exigencies promoted better acquaintance with their neighbors in the Old Colony.

With Governor Winthrop went the Boston pastor, Rev. John Wilson, and two others. Their journey was made partly by water and latterly on land. Informed of their coming, Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster, and companions hastened out to greet them before nightfall, and attended them into the town. During their stay of some days, they received the best entertainment that could be given them, at the executive residence and other homes. And when they returned, they were escorted on their way some distance, Bradford making his mare carry Winthrop.

The Boston chief dignitary, historian of Massachusetts Bay as Governor Bradford was of Plymouth, wrote of the Sabbath which he and his comrades spent with their Pilgrim brethren. At that time Roger Williams, afterwards the devoted missionary among the Rhode Island Indians, was spending a couple of years at Plymouth, and was mentioned by Winthrop in his narration. Thus the record reads, modernized:

"On the Lord's Day was a sacrament, which they did partake in; and in the afternoon Mr. Roger Williams, according to their custom, propounded a question, to which their pastor, Mr. Smith, spoke briefly. Mr. Williams prophesied the topic he had submitted; and after, the Governor of Plymouth spoke to the

question; after him, the Elder; then some two or three more of the congregation. Then the Elder desired the Governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Wilson to speak to it, which they did. When this was ended, the deacon, Mr. Fuller, put the congregation in mind of the contribution, upon which the Governor and all the rest went down to the deacon's seat and put into the bag, and then returned."

Edward Winslow also once described another feature of their worship:

"We refresht ourselves . . . with synginge of Psalmes, making joyfull melodie in our hartes, as well as with ye voice, there being manie in ye congregation verie experte in musick."

By this visit the colonial leaders had opportunity to confer, in Christian unity, on matters of mutual interest, before there was thought of their respective territories becoming merged indissolubly into a noble Commonwealth. They could not well foresee that happy event. Personally, both men could have adopted these words of a sampler later made, and might have expressed for themselves its prayer, when they finished their public labors long and faithfully sustained:

> Of home, contentment, health, repose,
> Serene delight while years increase,
> Grant weary life's triumphant close,
> In some calm sunset hour of peace.
>
> Come bliss that reigns above,
> Celestial May of youth,

Unchanging as Jehovah's love
And everlasting as his truth.

Bradford did declare, before he departed twenty-five years afterwards, his fatherly affection for those whom he had served in heavy responsibilities, writing these lines:

Farewell, dear children whom I love,
Your better Father is above:
When I am gone, he can supply;
To him I leave you when I die.
Fear him in truth, walk in his ways,
And he will bless you all your days.
My days are spent, old age is come,
My strength it fails, my glass near run:
Now I will wait, when work is done,
Until my happy change shall come,
When from my labours I shall rest,
With Christ above for to be blest.

Though his own career closed shortly before three-score and ten, in the month of May, 1657, and, as Cotton Mather of the Puritan settlements generously observed, he was "lamented by all the colonies of New-England as a common father to them all," yet these other verses regarding himself may well stand to represent the experience of all his fellow-Pilgrim pioneers at Plymouth:

From my years young in days of youth,
God did make known to me his truth,
And call'd me from my native place
For to enjoy the means of grace.

In wilderness he did me guide,
And in strange lands for me provide.
In fears and wants, through weal and woe,
A pilgrim, past I to and fro:
Oft left of them whom I did trust;
How vain it is to rest on dust!

. . . . .

Wars, wants, peace, plenty, have I known;
And some advanc'd, others thrown down.

. . . . .

When fears and sorrows have been mixt,
Consolations came betwixt.

With what hearty sympathy he could have listened, if permitted, to the New England Hymn sung soon before the formation of the nation, at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Pilgrims' advent! Its last stanza breathed this prayer:

Lord, guard thy Favors; Lord, extend
Where farther Western Suns descend;
Nor Southern Seas the blessings bound;
Till Freedom lift her chearful Head,
Till pure Religion onward spread,
And beaming, wrap the Globe around.

But if, after another century and a half, he could again grace with his quiet dignity a larger, wider celebration of his first coming and that of his companions, what would he say to his numerous and admiring descendants, and to his successors in American citizenship? Competent to address us, because, even before his removal to higher than human realms, he was well established in those principles of righteousness and

faith which are potent irrespective of time, he would thus voice his soul, a holy soul, reposeful in energy, lowly and loving, sweet and brave:

"What hath God wrought? Give him the glory. His gentleness hath made you great, beyond our utmost expectation. Therefore be thankful.

"The murmur of myriads salutes mine ears, the hum of mighty industries, the sound of marvellous mechanism, the sight of things colossal. All this superb handiwork of man is a testimony to God, who gave it room to play between the oceans, and an atmosphere of peace in which to develop.

"Preserve that peace. Consider its causes, and prolong its promise. We speak not to the scornful, while they continue in pride, but to the faithful and thoughtful; also to the erring or uninformed who yet may learn wisdom.

"Regard the quality of greatness, its invisible but eternal fountain. O my country, the land of my adoption, cultivate the spiritual! Without that, you had never nurtured a united people of power. Other lands, even in the Western World, were as rich and promising by nature; yet their multitudes remain fragmentary and factious, and by disunion and illusion their strength is small. Attend then earnestly to the counsel of one of your Presidents:

"'It is a good thing to have the extraordinary material prosperity which has followed so largely on the extraordinary scientific discoveries of recent years, if we use this material prosperity aright. If we make it the only ideal before this nation, if we permit the

people of this Republic to get before their minds the view that material well-being, carried to an ever higher degree, is the one and only thing to be striven for, we are laying up for ourselves not merely trouble but ruin.'

"Hosts of the good and sincere gladden us observing. There is a health of character with a wealth of resources. Religion and education go hand in hand, onward and upward. Government has for a standard the rule of the people; and special privilege, darkly stealing the popular rights as once it afflicted us, is sure to be curbed when brought into the broad daylight of publicity, so long as public conscience lives.

"The pessimist is no safe patriot; for God reigns, and can not fail. The alarmist communicates his nervousness, for the general detriment. But he who takes a diagnosis of common conditions and makes a partial report thereof, is also reprehensible.

"Two evils threaten. They are godlessness and lawlessness. Both are born of insubordination. Wherefore is this? Must democracy run riot? Why lash your liberty full speed to license?

"Godlessness finds it convenient to have easy notions of Deity, ignoring his holiness, and ascribing to him such soft toleration of sin as would make charity most uncharitable in permitting disastrous lapses, in private and public conduct. Let your culture be symmetrical, full-orbed, including the knowledge of God, all that may be apprehended concerning the Infinite Being with whom we have to do, and from whom none may fly. You expend enormous sums

upon institutions designed for intellectual advancement—sometimes, however, inquiring the will of athletic interests, secret fraternities, and sororities. Knowledge is power, and wisdom is the most elevated form of knowledge. Higher education will be higher yet, when it recognizes always the mind of the Most High. If the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, defiance of God is the beginning of folly. And the end of folly is destruction.

"It is time to suppress a maudlin sentimentality now found among you, which raises a dismal wail on every attempt to enforce law, in government either human or divine. Did not Abraham Lincoln, he who refused to defend as innocent any he knew to be guilty, make this plea for orderly conditions?

"'Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpits, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice.'

"Lawlessness appears as threefold: the condoning of crime, dishonesty in business, and sensual pollution.

"As to the common toleration of murder and all crimes: to cite the worst, and face it fairly, you have nine thousand murders annually. Lower that record. Old England, from whom we came, now contains few murderers, for what she has she hangs. Hatred takes warning. Your average number of homicides, in proportion to population, is seven times worse than Europe's worst instance; while across your northern

border but one Canadian in a million suffers a violent death, the best showing in the civilized world, in so far as it is civilized.

"Concerning dishonesty in business: it is another form of moral anarchy which of late years has yielded considerably to the pressure of applied legislation and popular insistence. It is the deliberate willingness to commit practical robbery, as when prices are cornered, all that is possible being taken by actual fraud or in its spirit, with entire unconcern about the victimized public or individuals.

"Your effort is good, to rid yourselves of a vaulting tariff, 'protection' only to the popular (and increasingly unpopular) plunderers, who, undisturbed by foreign competition, have felt the more free to crush competition at home, fixing the prices of necessary commodities in strange contrast with the same articles in less productive countries across the sea.

"Business enterprise with you has largely run to combinations, whose profits accrue till they exceed the treasuries of some of the minor national powers; while as a result of this and the fictitious valuations of cold-blooded market manipulators, many children go to school too faint for mental application, though the meat cart with its prohibitive prices passes the family door, and common food-stuffs join the throng of jumping quotations. Yet bread-winners must perforce aid the military schemes of nations whose greatness was due to the diffusion of Christian doctrines, that they may so far revert to their earliest pagan savagery as to devote the larger part of their income

to the maintenance of things martial, particularly the construction of unenduring machinery of international murder, paying, ostensibly to prevent war, much more than the cost of actual wars of magnitude. The very attitude of menace is a strong promoter of enmity, though all were peace before. And for this pleasing possibility the people pay.

"But what do the people wish? And why do they allow that for which they care not? Let your protests grow and be followed by action, sane and quiet, yet firm and thorough. Already you are in the midst of a contest between genuine democracy and an insatiable plutocracy, a strict oligarchy, unconfessed, working with secrecy, and the more pleased the fewer its members. They do not desire a real Republic. They wish to preserve its semblance, as did Octavius Augustus when with consummate adroitness he was busily building imperial power within the shell of the Roman commonwealth. It is too late in history now, for even your shrewdest aristocrats to try to imitate, in any measure, the policy of the Cæsar and his clique. It is enough to let him and his live in modern Europe as Kaiser or Czar and circumvolvent princely coterie,—but the task is no easy one there. Here, any like ambition is hopeless, for magnates in governmental chairs, or back of them; yet only your vigilant watchfulness will prevent much determined and damaging effort in that direction, where the welfare of many is without hesitation sacrificed to the capricious pleasure of the few.

"'Influence is not government,' said your Wash-

ington. Set it down for a fixed working principle: whatever his ability, a man is unworthy to represent the people who, to retain his seat, will vote for any measure which would be hurtful to his country. Remove such cowards. You are beginning to be weary of, and rebel against, an Invisible Government, with its whispering, Lilliputian lobbyists and its corporation lawyers seated as legislators, whose sole guiding principle is expressed in the dictum, 'How much is there in it for me?' When no 'big business' is involved, the manipulators alike of laws and industries scorn what they deem inconsequential bills, and Congressional halls have looked lonesome, while these patriotic representatives of themselves enjoy the balmy air and roll over the broad boulevards of the national capital.

"You have been able to glean a little consolation from the fact, that justice is usually meted out for petty offences. The majesty of the law is invoked and sentence is imposed—when an underpaid, distressed father steals a few small shoes for his family after their feet have felt the ice and they have almost forgotten what it is to ride. But it is quite another matter when a soulless plutocrat, in a human shape, robs with regal lavishness a whole city, or, as railroad president, the public at large. Before his immunity bath, he only requires a valet attorney adept at whitewashing soot, and sufficiently resolute, in the presence of holy truth, to deny it with stern, impressive eye and voice. What masterly decisiveness! What superb daring, despite heavy hazards! And how glorious the

outcome and end, of accomplishments so brilliant—some dirty dollars, and a notoriety which is notorious, before the hearse hauls off a fat corpse! Add perhaps a garlanded shaft in the graveyard; and in the daily press a flattering obituary notice, with portrait thrown in, which, however, can not quite pass into oblivion without some laughing in the sleeve and many blushes.

"Nobly declared your President at the Semi-centennial of that critical struggle for the Union, at Gettysburg:

"'The days of sacrifice and of cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right. . . .

"'Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellowmen in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.'

"A third most prominent form of lawlessness is moral pollution. Sophocles' allusion passed for a jest, that even the judges were guilty of marital infidelity; but it was no joke when his bright yet fickle nation finally expired in voluptuous enervation, as an independent people. And there is among you a too prevalent misconception of the meaning of marriage, as a matter of love rather than of lust and bargaining for cash and social station. The proportion of divorces, one in every twelve marriages, is rightly called

astonishing and sickening. Again, as once in pagan Rome, the complaint is often founded on fact, that people 'marry that they may divorce, and divorce that they may marry.' This practice your reformers do well to resist strenuously, for it disregards the teaching of Christ, and is nothing less than consecutive polygamy. Cancerous Mormonism at least cherishes and supports its plural wives, but the heartless custom of 'tandem marriage' first spurns its victims, then turns them out alone into the cold world.

"A multitude of otherwise reputable persons ignore the noble principles of eugenics, now commanding better attention; and by causing prenatal weakness, these persons declare their own contemptible helplessness of will, while they cruelly impose life-long suffering on their unprepared or even accidental offspring, and cast a burden upon society. But more than to study eugenics, they need for their own natures the new birth, one that is real rather than nominal, showing its Christlike vigor of character in life itself.

"Since our day, the trade in alcoholic beverages has developed to such proportions and adopted such traitorous methods, that it has imperilled the republican form of government, and imposed upon the people heavy losses, spiritual and material. The national revenue from this business is an inappreciable quantity, in comparison with the industrial wreckage directly caused thereby. Even though the sense of honor were dead as stone in every human soul, it is well that this lowest consideration, on the basis of hard cash, is being recognized by men of affairs, men

of large financial ability and keen commercial insight, statesmen of no mean standing and leaders in every secular profession. This unceasing conflict has involved more than the company of clergy and professional reformers and a certain political party.

"Again listen to Abraham Lincoln, in what he observed, on the very day of his assassination, to one still with you:

"'Merwin, we have cleaned up, by the help of the people, a colossal job. Slavery is abolished. The next great question will be the overthrow of the legalized liquor traffic.'

"Asked if he was willing that his words should be made public, Mr. Lincoln replied, 'Publish them as wide as the daylight shows.'

"As frost smites fever, the blizzard was emblematic of unsparing moral opposition, outside that greatest gathering of reformers which the world has seen, the recent assemblage of honorable personages in the heart of the Union, who, regardless of party distinctions, passed this resolution:

"'The liquor traffic is national in its organization, character, and influence. It overflows the boundaries of states and refuses to be regulated or controlled. It is a federal evil; a national menace, too powerful for state authority, requiring national jurisdiction and treatment. It beggars the individual, burdens the state, and impoverishes the nation. It commercializes vice and capitalizes human weakness. It impairs the public health; breaks the public peace and debauches the public morals. It intimidates and makes cowards of

public men. It dominates parties and conventions. It cajoles, bribes or badgers the makers, interpreters, and administrators of the law, and suborns the public press. . . . It leaves the American people but two alternatives—the abject surrender of their inherent right of self-government or its national annihilation. Between such a choice free men cannot hesitate.

"'We therefore declare for its national annihilation by an amendment to the federal constitution which shall forever inhibit throughout the territory of the United States the manufacture and sale and the importation, exportation, and transportation of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage.

"'To the consummation of this high purpose we hereby pledge, as pledged our patriot fathers one hundred and thirty-seven years ago for the nation's independence, "our fortunes, our lives and our sacred honor," and for it invoke the support of all patriotic citizens.'

"It was realized, there at Columbus, that the contest, under the stronger reorganization of the Anti-Saloon League of America, was just begun, even as Mayor Mitchel of New York declared in the instance of Tammany's latest overthrow which should be made permanent. And with reference to this business which the Supreme Court has pronounced 'an essential nuisance,' you are asked, in behalf of sobriety, order, and general prosperity, to elect representatives to Congress who approve this proposed amendment and are ready to work for its passage.

"Children of the twentieth century, there is no

denying the fact, that at the base of economic and social troubles is the want of a proper fear of God. Let your faithful evangelists continue to relieve the situation still more, with those among the pastoral preachers who are also reachers of men, ministers who are not self-servers, but true ambassadors of a God who saw the sin of the world was serious enough to require the sacrifice of his Son. When others in the pulpits preach more about Jesus Christ and him crucified, and less on current events, calisthenics and ventilation, they will begin to affect the mighty bulk of the populace and correct the appalling Sabbath conditions in the West, with those in the East that are perverse, as revealed by the Men and Religion Movement's map of the United States, showing the percentage of non-attendance on the means of divine grace, in God's house.

"How long shall it be true that even in my New England, the Protestant church attendance will not exceed in number those who resort neither to cathedral nor chapel, nor any place of public worship whatsoever? Though our first Pilgrim church building was not raised till almost the middle of the seventeenth century, soon after the last payment of our foreign debts, yet we assembled on the Lord's Day regularly from the beginning. Preserve your Sabbath. Consider it as neither dead yet, nor dying. Its universal disregard would mean your national decline: and the higher the ascent, the more terrible would be the fall. Whether one man or any collection of men, whoever builds on the Decalogue builds securely.

"This dislike of the sanctuary, the focal centre of Christian civilization, is one result of easy affluence or the vain thirst for it, and the outcome of boundless egotism. In visiting homes of luxury, one often finds, with a highly developed regard for the humanities, a complacent smile of conceit in the matron, a self-satisfied air of superiority in the man. And if the aversion for Christian institutions is due to a mode of thinking, it is not the product of conservative teaching, but the lack of it; as is shown where either sort of doctrine prevails. Let history attest.

"But if there is any power in this cult of breadth, this recrudescence of old tenets reputed as modern, put it to the proof. Truth is what is truly wanted. Said our Milton, he who was already a thoughtful lad of twelve the very month we trod the Rock:

"'Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, so Truth be among them, we need not fear. Let her and falsehood grapple. Whoever knew her to be put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?'

"'By their fruits ye shall know them,' said that great Master who was much more than a Master, and far more than a Savior by force of example.

"What is effective? What works? What feeds, sustains, and quiets the hungering of the heart, the passionate yearning of the soul? Let a supercilious dogma of negation—than which no creed is more rigid, no doctrine more iron-clad—let such spiritual anarchy cut itself loose from the atmosphere of centuries of humble Christian faith, give itself plenty of

room, and honestly go to work to prove its worth, instead of stealing churches and colleges and seminaries whose glorious construction has never been, and never can be, on such foundations. They wrought so nobly that their achievements were accounted a prize to be grasped. Now you try, who tenaciously hold a doctrine you call new. Go forward. Here is your challenge. Will you take it? The test is fair. Only be sure to choose some field where the alleged defectiveness of the evangelical faith has never operated. Why not? You who claim to possess broad thought and free religion, you who have declared that the Cross is a failure and that its holy Occupant made a mistake, you, if allowed isolation such as Plymouth Rock witnessed, would then be perfectly unimpeded, your cherished dogma would have full play, untrammelled by all that is narrow, unprogressive, and not up-to-date.

"If Republican, or Democratic, have the courage of your convictions and stand by your party platform: if Unitarian, or Universalist, come out where you belong, and take the consequences like men. In this be scientific, and classify yourselves. For this is not a question of liberty of opinion, but of honesty in religious location. Say not, that the schools are indistinguishably commingled. The so-called 'liberal' creed is soon recognized, if only by its effects, in whatever camp it creeps with a stealth most illiberal. When open and confessed, it has at least the virtue of honesty, and in so far commands respect.

"The laxities of liberalism have let down the bars.

In your marvellous modern elevation, some have even risen above law. Many of you make religion an elective. Never mind: you of the twentieth century ultra-progressive cult are naturally so great and good, you are so refined and wise, that it were cruelty to put you under authority, terrestrial or celestial, as though you were children. You pass your private judgment on such civil statutes as embarrass you; and if you find them thus inconvenient, you study to avoid or evade them. And as for any divine obligations, you have no time to pray, even if such a habit were not too ancient for your liking. Whenever you take a fancy to stroll into a church building on Sunday mornings, provided the shameful, flaming Sunday news sheet palls, or it is not tempting enough outdoors to suggest an automobile spin, you then assemble in order that you may blandly exchange compliments with the Deity. You almost consider him under obligations to you, for the magnanimous courtesy of your presence there, semi-occasionally. Therefore with many, the holy day has rightly been termed a 'noisy, nerve-racking holiday.' This is no fanciful sketch. Let every Pharisee look in his mirror.

"Loose and easy thought, lauded as broad but certainly shallow, sanctions such carelessness and levity like that of revellers on a muttering volcano. A gathering of clergy, in a breezy western city, heard and approved a naturalistic statement of 'theology,' but were electrified on being informed it was an exact reproduction of Hume's atheistic philosophy. Great is modern progress, if it is to tread such a circle as

that! Return, Cicero, and exclaim again, '*O tempora, O mores!*'

"Again, a denominational star to whom large meed of adulation has been paid, asserted, in that reckless progressiveness which marks all skepticism, that other men have been as sinless as Jesus. This contributes to our hopefulness. The ulcer of humanistic error is working its way out.

"Do not justify the wild anarchy of your Neo-Paganism by claiming me as an example of such over-adventurous, foolhardy license, simply because I sought liberty from lifeless, ecclesiastical ceremonialism in collusion with degenerate social ethics and governmental tyranny. We Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock, not Niagara. The Puritan movement was planetary, not meteoric.

"What is solemnly passed out to you, intermittently, as the restatement of the religious belief of all thoughtful minds, would be more correctly described as a restatement of belief which sundry teachers dole out from the safe inclusion of seminary walls. A prominent university head says of that species of pedagogues who pronounce those groundless vagaries, that they seem to have experienced an atrophy of religion. The faith of vital, practical Christianity is symbolized by one of the largest statues in the world, that colossal granite figure overlooking Plymouth Bay, holding the Bible, and pointing heavenward.

"Truly spoke Robert E. Speer, now with you, when he said that the root motive of skeptical criticism of the Bible was 'antagonism to the supernatural.' With

compassionate consideration for all in the position of sincerely doubting Thomas, hear a few from many voices exposing, in continental Europe and particularly in Germany, the theory of a godless human origin, to mention only one more phase of unbelief, yet one that is being greatly discredited. The eminent biologist Oscar Hertwig affirms that 'Lamarckism and Darwinism mark but passing phases in the history of science. They offer but fragments of truth. Presented as dogmatic theories, they are but an obstacle to progress.' He maintains that animals differ among themselves as much in their germ cells as in their full development. And Fraas, for many years a specialist in fossils, declares: 'The idea that mankind has descended from any Simian species whatsoever, is certainly the most foolish ever put forth by a man writing on the history of man. It should be handed down to posterity in a new edition of the Memorial on Human Follies. No proof of this baroque theory can ever be given from discovered fossils.' Likewise the scientist Virchow states: 'I have never found a single ape skull which approaches at all the human one. Between men and apes there exists a line of sharp demarcation.'

"The physiologist and former mathematician Elie de Cyon, long a professor at the University of St. Petersburg, thus testifies in his book entitled 'God and Science':

"'The atheistic evolutionary speculation found immense popular vogue among those who desired to see the Creator dethroned, who wished to be delivered

from religion and the restraints imposed by the moral law on covetousness and human passion.' He asks: 'What psychological truth or what historical fact have ever been demonstrated by experimental proofs approaching, even at a distance, those which demonstrate the Divine origin of the Gospel's revelations? The culture of the entire civilized world and the history of myriads brought out of ignorance and savagery to the light of faith and science, reply, None.'

"England's State Church is in happier condition, spiritually, than when we embarked upon the Mayflower. On either side of the sea, lawlessness will lessen in relation to government divine and human, when more of you learn to respect authority. Given a rightful, an omniscient, and omnipotent Ruler, and the most complete liberty lies in obedience. A most worthy member of the Church of England, William E. Gladstone of honored memory, said concerning this requirement of humility:

"'Be it observed then, that authority claims a legitimate place, . . . not as a bar to truth, but as a guarantee for it. . . . A general revolt, then, against authority . . . is a childish or anile superstition, not to be excused by the pretext that it is only due to the love of freedom cherished in excess. Such a superstition, due only to the love of freedom cherished in excess, may remind us that we should be burned to cinders were the earth capable of imitating its wayward denizens, and indulging itself in an excess of the centripetal force.' And hear the Grand Old Man's conclusion: 'If it be the glory of

the age to have discovered the unsuspected width of the sway of law in external nature, let it crown the exploit by cultivating a severer study, than is commonly in use, of the law weighty beyond all others, the law which fixes, so to speak, the equation of the mind of man in the orbit appointed for the consummation of his destiny.'

"And we who have gone before, rejoice to behold in the Church of Christ on earth better representatives of British prelacy than in our day. There was Frederick Temple, not many years ago a bishop of London, who, in lectures on The Relations of Religion and Science, remarked: 'Often the unlearned and untrained by sheer goodness of life attain to a wonderful perception of spiritual truth, and the holiness of the unlettered peasant reveals to his conscience the law of right conduct in circumstances which perplex the disciplined and well informed. As the human race has learned the highest spiritual truth by direct communication from God, so too on communion with God, far more than on intellectual power, depends the progress of spiritual knowledge in every human soul.'

"What European authority on ethics and pedagogy is more respected than Professor Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, now teaching in the University of Zurich? His works are widely read. Listen, while he analyzes current tendencies, and observes:

"'The principle of intellectual freedom is being carried to an extreme which will render a stable civilization impossible. It is tending, indeed, to destroy all systematic thought. Mere personal liberty of

thought alone must finally result in a complete vagueness and lack of definition. . . . Here lies the weakness of the modern man, his intellect is not restrained, complemented, and balanced by other portions of his nature; it has attained a kind of false independence, and does not work in harmony with his highest qualities of soul. The sort of intellectual freedom that prevails today, instead of promoting, as it should do, individual and social wholeness, simply acts disruptively, and by reducing all truth to a matter of individual opinion, makes it hypothetical and deprives society of any uniting central principle.

" 'It is not for a moment urged that anyone should blindly obey an external authority. It is profoundly true that no religious truth can have real significance for any individual unless he makes it his own and understands it inwardly. Today, however, the individualistic principle is employed as a cover for mere humanism—it is used to justify a general anarchy in religious matters, to give each individual the right to practically create his own religion. . . . Real personal freedom and real development of the individual are inseparably bound up with the recognition of an inviolable authority.'

" Dr. Foerster raises and answers this question: 'What remains of Christ if one does not accept the deep mystery of the Son of God? Christ is soon placed on the same plane with Goethe and Kant, and at last held to be antiquated or even excelled. . . . What character-forming power can come from such Christianity? Orthodox Judaism which concentrated

all its powers on God was far superior to this diluted Christianity.' And he confesses: 'What the Christian Church in principle demands is not a sacrifice of intellect but a sacrifice of arrogance.'

"In agreement with this, the president of one of your western seminaries speaks with refreshing distinctness, and incidentally defends the dictionary:

"'All sorts of liberal Christianity need a restored sense of the historical content of words and the practice of common honesty in the use of them. Christianity means something distinct and precise; it has won this meaning through the conflicts of centuries; and it is only decent ethics to use the words truly in the speech of the present day.

"'By no possible stretch of the imagination can a system that denies supernatural revelation, the need of divine grace in salvation, the divinity of Jesus, and the authority of the Bible, be called Christian. To empty a word of all the content that has been given it during its history and then use it to convey false meanings is arrant dishonesty. It is unworthy of religious men.'

"Those who seek salvation by morality, and who glory in scientific exactness, should give exercise to sincerity and accuracy in this particular. And to this end let them peruse the works of Sir Robert Anderson, who has the reputation of being the greatest living authority on legal evidence.

"Referring to his clear and forcible book on Pseudo-Criticism, a deceased American jurist once expressed his own abhorrence of 'the perfidy of those who, no

longer believing in the fundamental, cardinal principles of Christianity, retain their positions in the ministry or in theological institutions in order to promulgate their assertions and to destroy all belief on the part of others—tearing down and trampling on the flag they have sworn to defend. The evil which they are thus accomplishing is incalculable; and, as Sir Robert Anderson points out, the church which retains such men becomes a partner in the iniquity.'

"Professor G. A. Johnston Ross, now with you in America, has revealed his 'misgiving lest there should be an infusion of paganism in the Jesus-cultus which neglects the Cross; lest it should be a beautiful but pseudo-Christian devotion which, like the Mary-cultus, has certain unmistakably beautiful effects in the realm of self-discipline and yet lacks the characteristically Christian element of conducting the abashed and contrite soul into the sin-scorching presence of the Supreme. . . . The faith which magnifies the unmerited and sin-destroying grace of God is the only satisfying religion, because it is the only adequate interpretation of all the facts, is the only successful antagonist of pride, and the only religion that can form a permanent foundation for holy living and unpresumptuous hope.'

"Our faith and the faith which you, our spiritual children, still hold unbroken, has been held up to contempt, and represented in an exaggerated picture that we can not recognize. We had sins enough, but should not be charged with what did not belong to us. Doubtless we were guilty, at times, of the same censorious

asperity which your derisive liberal mockers have frequently displayed.—Our religion, however, was not one of slavish terror, as alleged, if we did need to confess our various transgressions. Occasionally someone among you bestows a lurid description of the theological bondage in which he was born, and feelingly tells the tale of his emancipation into light and largeness of life, as though he had fled the valley of the shadow of death itself. It sounds well, and serves a purpose. But just what does such a one say? What great doctrine does the so-called modernist have which the Lord Christ did not give from the first?

"Rejoice with us, O all sincere souls, that God is love. Ponder the pages of my history of his dealings with our poor people at Plymouth, and you will find our grateful recognition of the Heavenly Father's affectionate regard.

"And do you discern in my account, or in distinctly religious writings of my time, a lack of philanthropy? Did we not earnestly endeavor to perform the duty of brotherly love which you extol? Only, we placed no dependence upon it, did not glory in it, nor hope for salvation because of it. Other-worldliness inspired us the more, to do what we might for this world. The Omnipresent was humbly felt to be near; if distant, no less also within—not an implacable Potentate far removed from his world, whom Christ had to labor with as if he were our unfeeling foe. To us there was transmitted, as to you, the precious truth of God's longsuffering charity for the outcast.

Did you originate the Parable of the Prodigal Son? Or did we quite forsake the spirit of the early Gospel?

"We accepted those essential verities, which many of you claim as a peculiar acquirement of later times. But you have some marvellous silences. You do not say as much as that clear-toned Manhattan trumpet, the *Christian Herald:*

"'Christ enjoined social service and plainly taught that his treatment of men in the last day would depend on their treatment of each other here. And yet he laid the emphasis on the new birth, on the supreme love for him out of which all love for one's fellows and all true social service flows. . . . The supreme passion for saving the souls of men is the one thing needful for the church of today, and all the social services, the sweet charities that have characterized the Gospel in the generations of the past will beautify and sanctify our own.'

"You are pitifully tacit where you should be strongly positive. God's light and love and liberty are, as they should be, sweetly recited; yet you have a further concept toward which you lead through those avenues—and then stand mute. Your reticence has the merit of being shamefaced, if it can not be commended for outspoken frankness and unclouded clearness. The inference, however, is plain enough and masses of men take shelter there. The implication is, that Heaven will not be denied to the unholy.

"Perhaps in your critical discriminations you do not accept as authoritative, despite adjoining warnings against Scriptural mutilation, the grief-laden an-

nouncement in the conclusion of Holy Writ: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he who is filthy, let him be filthy still.' Insulted love, not bloodthirsty ferocity, breathes in those awful words, from him who also protested: 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.' Yet the security of his dominion must not be endangered by the unutterable enormity of rebellion.

"And again the Son of God lamented over Jerusalem: 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.—Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.—Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' The door of grace stands open to all: but incorrigible, stubborn spirits shut themselves out, hating the holiness beyond those happy portals. For they call evil good, and good evil. They love darkness rather than light.

"You have scoffed at the doctrine of election, and by extravagant portrayal made it seem absurd. Is it unreasonable? If obedience to the rightful Ruler were constrained, involuntary, like the action of puppets pulled by a string, the joy of loyalty would be unknown. There was no coercion; but with the privilege of free choice, of that willing submission which is most acceptable to God, came the inevitable possibility of the soul's refusal, its withdrawal in haughty defiance. In the nature of things, ever in harmony

with the divine nature, this liability could not be avoided. And as for election, what is it but that the All-knowing foresaw with infinite sorrow this fateful decision of evil dispositions, to whom every inducement, of reason or Revelation or both, would be offered only to be spurned? Then, in the indignation of wounded love, love conquering everything except the freedom of the personal will, it only remained for the Lord to allow the spirits of men their own fixed preferences; and he chose in glad election, for his sympathetic company, those who scorned him not. All this he did in anticipation. Offended the more because of his long foreknowledge of that fearful soul-suicide, he pronounced in advance the doom of those who would so act, whom also he must resist for the integrity of his empire. Nevertheless in their life-time, all men have the urgent, faithful pleading of the Holy Spirit as though it were unknown in Heaven, what their final choice would be. God can not forbear his tender entreaty.

"To clarify distorted thought, compare always your own standards of human justice, where you do not, with grievous results, lapse therefrom. Do you call your civil laws cruel, arbitrary, and tyrannical, because the perverse are determined to break them? If the heart of man is persistently defiant, whose is the blame? The onus is upon the offender, not the Judge. You often recognize the truth in the democratic instance. Why balk at the parallel in the case of the Supreme One?

"With the exception of atheists, agnostics, and the

utterly indifferent, they who decry dogmas and creeds and theology are merely thinking of certain beliefs which they refuse to accept. Consciously or unconsciously, those who are not quite yet complete disbelievers formulate a theology of their own, and that a very emphatic and decided one, a system of doctrines as assertive as fragmentary; for they cut out a segment from the circle of truth, and insist that it is comprehensive, while they artfully obscure their tenacious tenets by a glitter of innocent generalities. But as well belittle the relation of sunshine and rain, or frost and drought, upon the planted crops, as to disparage the effect of religious belief or negation upon human life.

"If you would go forward with new vigor, come back to Christ. As your locomotives can not tolerate spread rails, so keep within bounds along the path of weighty doctrine. Let not your church creed be 'broad enough to include' every denier of the Galilean. It is well that hosts of his faithful followers can rightly answer the searching interrogations of Dr. Peter Forsyth, from our English Cambridge. After he had delivered his sermon on Christ for Man and Man for Christ, at the International Congregational Council at Boston in 1899, that august body rose to its feet and sang with one voice, 'In the Cross of Christ I glory.' And these are the solemn alternatives he displayed to view:

"'When the books of history are made up, and the long result of humanity is achieved, will it be said that Christ was the chief contributor to glorious his-

tory, or that history was the chief contributor to a glorious Christ? Was Christ there chiefly for the service of man, or man chiefly for the service of Christ? Man's chief end—was it to use Christ, or serve him? . . . In a word, is Christ our spiritual benefactor in time, or is he for all eternity our spirits' Redeemer and King? Do we owe him gratitude or worship, our thanks or our souls? . . .

"'After all the development of Christianity, how does it now stand to Christ? . . . Has Christianity outgrown him? Has it left him behind in its career of culture? Did he just stand at the beginning and start a movement destined to pass out of his hands? Was he a mere founder? Does he become more and more remote as the spiritual development goes on which he began? Is his religion just the spiritual side of a great stream of human evolution which produced Christ as much as it has been produced by him? Is the main stream the spiritual evolution of mankind by its native resources, with Christianity for the largest tributary, whose well-spring was a Christ in now far distant hills?

"'Or is it the other way? Is an eternal, an ever identical, unseen Christ the main stream, with human culture for the main tributary? Does all history flow into the eternal life and actual royalty of a living Christ? When Christ came, was he not a descent of God into history? Was he produced by culture, the result of spiritual evolution, a soul caught up in the gathering mass of human development, utilized there, fixed and imbedded there, and then finally covered

up where he stood by later accretions? Was he the humanity of God revealed and infused into history, or was he only the humanity of man evolved by the progress of history? Was he the re-creation of humanity, or only its fruitage? Was he the Redeemer of its wreck, or only the epitome of its progress? . . .

"'Can the real progress of Christianity ever be a forgetting of Christ in the hope of new guides, new Messiahs? Or is it the growing embodiment of a Christ who already is, once and for ever, all that humanity must hope and strive to be? Is our great future a closer realization of Christ's presence or a wholesome forgetting of his past? Men are founders who must be forgotten if their work is to prosper. Mohammed sits on the neck of the theism he established. Does Christ? Or does he rather sit in its soul? Is he the humanity within humanity, the one intervention of God himself to reconstitute a broken race and re-create its chaos? Is Christianity . . . a great human movement, or the history of God's personal action in his world? Is it a human episode, or the biography of God in man? Is it dependent on human culture, a phase of its refined sensibility, or is human culture dependent on it? . . . Is Christ the Redeemer of a lost race, or is he the ornament and benefactor of a race that needs no redemption, but only room and time to work out the fine powers latent in its healthy but cloudy soul?

"'It is not a choice between Christ and no Christ, but between Christ as our great spiritual hero and Christ as our Lord and God. . . . It is between a

Christ we are only proud of, a Christ who makes us proud of belonging to a race that could produce him, and a Christ that abases us, that makes us ashamed of ourselves for belonging to the human nature that cursed him. It is between a Christ who appeals to our cultured sensibilities as a fine ideal and a Christ whom the culture of the world ignored, refused, and slew, a Christ whose mercy and grace alone rebuilt out of that suicidal crime a new humanity, founded on the confession that he and his future is the one thing we need and the last thing we deserve.

"'The issue, then, is between the Christ of our admiration and the Christ of our repentance; . . . between a Christ who is mostly in the past and a Christ who is mostly in the future; between a mere Christ of history and a Christ of eternity in history; between a Christ subject to all the conditions of humanity and a Christ to whom all human conditions are subject; between a Christ who is modified by each age, and one who modifies all the ages; between a Christ who is a failing personal force as time goes on, and one who, in his immortal, effectual, and royal person, is the force which moves the race and makes the new world. . . .

"'You cannot respond to that historic figure with a mere historic judgment, a mere belief or admiration. You do not respond aright till your soul answers, My Lord and my God.

"'The Redeemer is the world's destiny. He is the truth of all things. All things are delivered unto him by the Father. At the end of history is the saving

Word in whose irrepressible fulness history began, in whom all things hold together, and who at last emerges on the summit of things as the manifest soul of things. Mankind in its struggle, tragedy, and triumph is completed in him. Beneath and beyond all the sad and strained music of progress is the Song of the Lamb slain. Out of the stormy Song of Moses rises clear and strong the Song of the Lamb.'

" His disciples may rejoice that he shall rule whose right it is, though this planet were dashed from its orbit. But the Son of the Highest, having come to die for its inhabitants, will not desert such as receive him. 'He must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet.' If our observation, while and since we were in the fleshly body, has convinced us that periods of doubt and indifference, inevitably working disaster to general ethics, have been succeeded by the happy revolt of religious awakening and devout enthusiasm, then may it be so now. Clear faith and joyous spiritual life will not, however, be encouraged yet, if you pursue a policy of inertia, and acquiesce in perverse conditions.

" Children of God, some of you our own kindred in the natural generations, give yourselves to prayer. Pray, alone and together, for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. And when Christians are in earnest in secret communion, there will be no difficulty about sustaining assemblies for prayer. The prayer meeting is wisely called the spiritual thermometer of the Church. And in places where it is lagging, that is because love for the Lord grows cold. Souls fer-

vently devoted will always delight to meet one another for worship, and for their common establishment through the infallible Oracles of the Father Almighty.

" Remember the counsel of the commander of your Federal armies in the throes of civil contention. Long before that, even before my day, King Edward VI at his coronation had declared: ' There is yet another sword to be delivered to me. I mean the sacred Bible, which is the Sword of the Spirit, without which we are nothing, neither can we do anything.' And General Grant, your eighteenth Chief Executive, offered this sound advice: ' Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor to your liberties, write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book we are indebted for all progress made in our true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.'

" ' The word of our God shall stand for ever.' In it find his promises, and daily in his presence plead them. Then arise and act. Cæsar's soldiers battled with redoubled ardor, when Cæsar viewed them. Toiling Christian patriot, you are not unnoticed by the Captain of your salvation. Hear his charge: ' Be of good cheer. I am. Be not afraid. All power is given unto me in Heaven and upon earth.'

" ' He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law.' "

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